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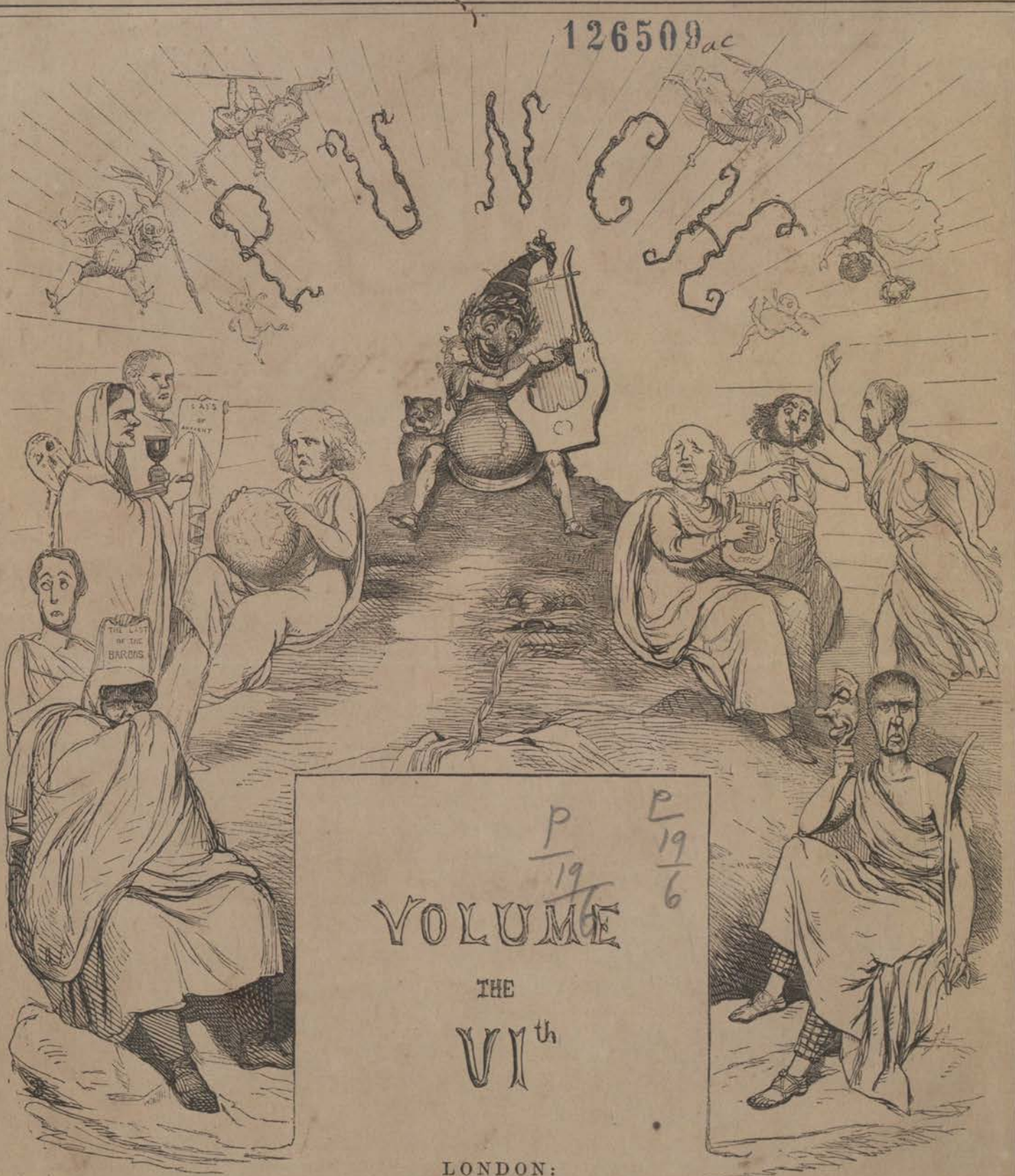

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VOLUME THE VI^th

LONDON:
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LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Prize Preface.

EVEN as the farmer's wife, shaking in her apron the cereal grains, bringeth all sorts of fowl about her—now calling to cocks and hens, and now with her supper-voice charming doves and pigeons from cot and roof,—now making some distant goose give forth a hopeful gaggle, and now evoking even from ducks a hilarious quack,—even so hath PUNCH, shaking his purse of a hundred guineas to all men with pens—a Hundred Guineas, the reward of a Prize Preface to this his Sixth Volume—brought around him every sort of quill, now fluttering with hope, now tremulous for gold!

Alas! why cannot the resemblance continue? Why, like the aforesaid farmer's wife, cannot PUNCH shower liberal handfuls to all? Why hath he no more than One Hundred Guineas for one successful bird? In truth, if PUNCH, as his old friend *Brutus* once hinted, could

"Coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas,"—

he would have more than enough to satisfy all comers. His sympathies are unfathomable; but though deep, his pocket has a bottom.

Otherwise, how would he cast about him the golden grain to the quills stained to attempt the Prize Preface! He would throw

a handful even to that gray old goose—an ex-minister. He would not withhold some recompense from yonder jackdaw, plump and glossy as he is with comfortable roosting in a church-tower; he would even scatter the grain to that flamingo, a field-marshal:—and how would he shower it down among the small birds that with timid, trembling wings, have answered to the call of—"PREFACE!" But PLUTUS is a tyrant, and permits PUNCH to give only One Hundred Guineas to one successful quill.

Prefaces, multitudinous as snow-flakes, have dropt into our letter-box. They have all been read by the Judicial Committee—whose names are given in the last page—and the Prize declared. We are happy to state that we have received the permission of the writers to print the effusions herewith presented to the reader. A thousand others have passed into the purifying flames.

Each Preface was sent with simply a motto, or quotation, to distinguish it. The selection being made, we now—with the consent of each writer—give his name.

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

"RUDE AM I IN SPEECH."—*Shakspere.*

PUNCH herewith publishes his Sixth Volume. If he were given to boast, amplify, exaggerate, accumulate, or heap words on words to his own glorification, he might here observe that he, above all men, has been the public's friend. That in the street or out of the street, orally or in print, sleeping or waking, eating or temperately drinking, his one, sole, single thought has been for the benefit of human nature, and never, directly or indirectly, for the base, foul, fetid soul-destroying threepence (fourpence stamped) at which his weekly sheet is given—(he may, indeed, looking at what it contains, say *given*)—to universal mankind. PUNCH might boast, but he never does! No; even his worst enemies—and he is proud to say he *has* enemies—the mean, the malignant, the envious, the crass, the wicked, and the corrupt—cannot lay their hands upon those hollow, burnt-out cinders, their hearts, and charge PUNCH with boasting. Neither can he fawn or gloze! But this he *can* do—he can, when it suits his purpose, rail at all people the same, and, like a human cameleon, forswear every shade of opinion, when for the moment he has ceased to wear it.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"I SHOULD BE MAD TO WRITE A PREFACE."—*Wellington's Speeches, slightly improved.*

"FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH presents his Sixth Volume to the Public. FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH believes it to be an admirable Volume—his best yet. If, however, the Public think differently, why, the Public are welcome to do so."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"MASTER SURECARD, AS I THINK?"—*Shakspere.*

PUNCH, in presenting his Sixth Volume to the consideration of the world, may be allowed to look proudly back at his career. If, in the course of his public life, he has now and then altered his opinion, he has never done so but, as he conceived, for his own benefit. Neither has he, with a false and squeamish modesty, refused to avail himself of the measures of any man, or any set of men, when—time and place altered—he has deemed them conducive to his own advantage. He has levied a slight tax upon the income of the nation, which has been joyously paid. He will, whatever the nation may think to the contrary, continue to lay that impost. Having been "regularly called in" to prescribe for JOHN BULL, he is determined to make the most of his appointment. GOD save the QUEEN, and no money returned!

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P.

"Young Ben he was a Nice Young Man."—*Hood.*

All great deeds have been achieved by young men. Punch—as literary Punch—is, with his Sixth Volume, only three years old; yet what has he not accomplished? He hath taken the hearts of the nation captive! He hath, by his downright singleness of purpose—by his invincible yearnings for all that was pure, and genial, and actively benevolent in the spirit and institutions of the olden day—awakened throughout Great Britain a soul that is now wrestling with the craft, and sordidness, and miserable egotism of the mere money-changers. Under the influence of Punch, John Bull, like a wrinkled viper, will cast his skin, and—*exultans in suis viribus*—become Young Master England. Punch is only another of the long line of illustrious youth who, at certain seasons, have been sent for the world's health and progress. Look at Gargantua when he was only one day old! Consider Master Betty when he numbered only eleven years! Forget not Hercules in his cradle! Ponder upon Clara Fisher at Drury Lane—Giulio Regondi at all the concert rooms—and the Masters Collins, with their fiddles, at the Adelphi: Jack the Giant-Killer in times past—and the Boy Jones of the present generation! All these names bear witness to the power of youth: and it is youth, and youth alone, that has given to Punch the sovereignty he now holds!

It has been remarked by the surpassing author of the brilliant *Coningsby*, that the world, although it dreams not of the glory, is at the present time governed by the Hebrew mind! Punch can bear testimony to the fact. Once Punch wanted money. Who lent it him at sixty per cent.?—a Jew. Who sued him on the bill?—a Jew! Who arrested him?—a Jew! Who sold him up?—a Jew! These, however, are common events. The world, however, will be startled to learn that Punch himself—witness his nose—is a Jew! With this truth made manifest, truly, indeed, did the eloquent and deep-thoughted author of *Coningsby* declare that the world was "governed by the Jewish mind." We shall publish our next volume in Hebrew.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"Jack Sheppard is a Thief, but he never told a Lie."—*Ainsworth.*

This is Punch's Sixth Volume. It has cost us much labour, but the labour we take pleasure in gives medicine to annoyance. It is true we labour all the week, but how sweet is our repose on Sundays! Then with village maids we stray, where lo! the gentle lark sings most musical, most melancholy. Then returning to home, sweet home, with the pearls upon our brow, we sit us down and tell strange anecdotes of the deaths of kings. 'Twas ever thus with us in childhood's hour; and, feeling that the boy is the parent of the adult animal, thus shall we proceed. We have finished our Sixth Volume. To-morrow to fresh meadows and clover new! In six months more we shall say of our volumes, in the touching words of the poet,—"We are half-a-dozen and one."

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

"Wanted, a Large House, Handsomely Furnished, in one of the Squares."—*Daily Advertisements.*

Punch, having finished his Sixth Volume, calls upon the gratitude of the public to do something for him; and, to save all confusion, will state what he wants. Namely, a house in Portland Square, his own freehold, handsomely furnished; cellar stocked with wines; an extensive library; and a liberal yearly income for condescending to accept the present. Direct to Punch's Office, Strand. N.B. There must be a back attic made for Punch's dear friend, George Jones.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

"KINGS ARE PARTIAL TO LOW COMPANY."—*Burke.*

THIS is our Sixth Volume. It is first-rate. It has, perhaps, one fault: it is printed, we guess, in too large a type. We shall endeavour henceforth to print it in a type so tarnation small, that it will require raythe quick eyes to see its face. Having done this, PUNCH hopes to go ahead, and so, from his extreme littleness, to become an immense favourite at the Palace.

We have now to give the names of the Reading Committee, with their verdict.

Reading Committee:

LORD LYNDHURST,
LORD DENMAN,
LORD COTTENHAM,
LORD CAMPBELL,
SIR N. C. TINDAL, KNT.,
SIR T. COLTMAN, KNT.,
SIR J. PARKE, KNT.,
SIR JAMES FOLLETT, KNT.,
SIR JOHN PATTESON, KNT.,
SIR LANCELOT SHADWELL, KNT.,
SIR J. L. K. BRUCE, KNT.,
SIR JAMES WIGRAM, KNT.

"We, the Reading Committee, appointed by PUNCH to read the Prefaces to his Sixth Volume, sent in by Candidates for the Prize of One Hundred Guineas, do hereby declare that the writer of the Preface with the quotation, "*Rude am I in speech,*" is, in our opinion, entitled to the Prize, as containing the greatest amount of swagger in the fewest possible syllables. In testimony whereof, witness our hands:—

(*Here follow the Signatures.*)

"*Lovegrove's, Blackwall, June 20th,* 1844."

Upon this, PUNCH immediately handed over the Hundred Guineas to the fortunate writer, as will be seen from the subjoined receipt:—

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

On the 6th of January, 1622, King James I., riding out on horseback after dinner, pitched head foremost into the New River. Nothing could be seen but the soles of his Majesty's boots. Sir Richard Young, who was close to the king, obeying the impulse of humanity, pushed one of the grooms in waiting into the river to assist his Majesty. James had been with a tasting order to the London Docks in the morning; and the best-informed historians are of opinion that the accident was the result of the visit. The king was so annoyed at the circumstance, that he never touched water (except for ablutionary purposes) during the remainder of his reign.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

The Season.

The season will prove unsettled in many quarters which were due on the previous rent-day. Clowns commence to sing about this time in lane and garden: and *hot codlins* are the fruit most in season.

Note.

By a *mean temperature* is meant the heat of fires paid for by the day, in second-floor lodgings.

Things to be borne in Mind in January.

To tell your servants on New-year's day that you are not at home to your god-children, if they come to see you.

That holidays do not end until about the 21st; up to this time it is best to understand that all the pantomimes are very bad and not worth seeing.

Those who have not been accustomed to keep books should now begin to do so, and open accounts accordingly. By this means, it is possible you may collect a handsome library by the end of the year.

Hints for Dramatic Authors.

Prune off shoots of the French stage, and transplant Vaudevilles against the season. Dig up old plots, and nail managers. Drill supers, plant friends in pits, and train slips to applaud.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

The thermometer falls with the extension of day. So, with the diffusion of enlightenment, descends the sliding scale.

Effects of the Weather.

The tiles are hoary. The cocked hat of Lord Nelson is crested with snow. The wig of George the Third is powdered, and Major Cartwright, suffering from his exposed situation, applies to the Parish for the privilege of tallowing his nose, and puttling his feet in warm water.

Advice to Debtors.

Remember to give strict orders that you will not be "at home" for some time—especially to any top-boots, or blue-bags, for you may find, after proposing to read your creditors' *bills* that day six months, that in the event of your endeavouring to make a *motion* in favour of Boulogne, the sheriff will walk in and *divide the house* with you.

Moral Reflections.

Who can pronounce the name of January without one passing thought of its dividends? And who, unpossessed of capital, can think of them without a sigh? Ah! how many omnibus loads of happiness will go from Paddington to the Bank on Plough-Monday!

ON THE WINTER QUARTER.

Moore assures us that this quarter commences in the sixth house, occupied by H., but it most probably does the same at every other house in the street where rent is payable. Violent electrical excitements may be expected during the holidays, at the Polytechnic; and on Black Monday, storms disturb the domestic atmosphere. On the 7th, the sheriff takes calomel—Moon is under the influence of Mercury, (*see Zadkeil*). Herschell is in conjunction with Pisces, at his own dinner-table, on the 1st, and China suffers from the oppression of Turkey, about the same time.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Prudent families ought this month to look up old gloves, and see what will clean up for evening parties. "General invitations" may be given at all times by persons of stingy disposition advantageously; because they may be proffered with much warmth, but are sure never to be accepted.

Monthly Farming Operations.

Set your boys to thrash grain; and if you find them bad in grain, thrash the boys also. Pull out your plough to be ready for Plough-Monday. Look to the horns of your cows, to take care they don't get "crumpled."

1	M	A.D. 1810. A basket is found, by Snore the watchman, at midnight, tied to the knocker of the door of the *Morning Post*. The basket contains an infant, labelled "Jenkins," and a plated teaspoon, marked with a ducal crown and the cypher K. Snore takes the infant Jenkins to the workhouse.
2	Tu	E. Burke b. 1730. Who, like Gunter the confectioner, "Gave up to *parties* what was meant for mankind."
3	W	King of Prussia builds a theatre for the Greek plays in the open air, 1843. Unfortunately preceded by Rouse, whose *Grecian* Saloon is nightly filled with "The *Clouds*," though NOT by Aristophanes.
4	Th	Bavaria reduces the Interest of her National Debt from 5 to 4 per cent. 1830. Sir Peter Laurie, with his usual philanthropy, proposes a benefit ball for the "*reduced consols*."
5	F	Duke of York d. 1827. To commemorate the *credit* he had with his countrymen, a column is run up, which ends with a very *heavy figure*.
6	S	Great Storm 1830. Rained mutton-pies, *i. e.* cats and dogs.
7	S	**1 Sunday after Epiphany.**
8	M	Plough Monday. Albert, the "Prince of British Farmers," has his annual cut into the English soil.
9	Tu	The French entered Holland, 1794. Young France went into pinafores, 1843.
10	W	The English paid to evacuate Canton, 1842. They take "tea and turn out."
11	Th	1616. The boy Jenkins enters the charity school, becomes a ripe scholar, and carries off the prize leather-breeches.
12	F	Linnæus d. 1778. Science crowns him with a wreath of *Botany* Bays.
13	S	168 Persons apply to be admitted as Attorneys, 1842. Moral Reflection—Alas! How often must the depravity of human nature be *admitted!*
14	S	**2 Sunday after Epiphany.**
15	M	Molière b. 1620. Founded the French Drama, which has since founded the English Dramatic Authors' Society.
16	Tu	Clock too fast 10 m. St. Clement's Church clock 1 h. 30 m. too slow.
17	W	Franklin d. 1790. Born *pro omnibus*, and was the first of *Cloud's conductors*.
18	Th	1820. Jenkins, having finished his English education, is hired to wash and comb poodles, at Sig. Gammonetti's dancing-dog *depôt*, and, when wanted, to make one in a *cotillon*. Picks up and puts by a few bits of broken Italian.
19	F	A Quantity of Fireworks discovered in the organ at Wurtemberg, 1843. Well! If the organ had taken fire, they surely might have put it out by *playing upon it*.
20	S	Mr. Williams resigns contest for Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, 1843. Having received the support of Mr. Satan Montgomery, he thinks he cannot do better, and knows he cannot do *verse*.
21	S	**3 Sunday after Epiphany.**
22	M	Lord Byron b. 1788. Thorwalsden *cuts* him, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster shut their doors against him.
23	Tu	The Dukes of Saxe Coburg arrive in England 1842. Take pot-luck at Windsor, and find it much better luck than they left behind them.
24	W	1822. Jenkins moves, on increased wages, to Madame Chips' Magasin des Modes and establishment for close cottages, in Cranbourn Alley; and, though errand-boy, makes himself master of the "World of Fashion."
25	Th	Father Mathew promises to visit Scotland, 1842. The *Macintoshes* pass a resolution not to imbibe water.
26	F	The Brazils discovered 1496. The African sugar slaves are made to know the *sweets* of labour—and get the *case*.
27	S	Moon farthest from the Earth. Our Sheriff F. G. takes his evening cheroot on the tiles.
28	S	**4 Sunday after Epiphany.**
29	M	George the Third died 1820, } And left a statue at which critics rail, } To point a moral and to point a *tail*.
30	Tu	Charles the First lost his Head and his Crown, 1649. Some kings have lost the one, but kept the other.
31	W	Cato took poison 46 b.c. La! British brandy wasn't then invented.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO A CHARITY DINNER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

In 1582 the Duke of Anjou, having waited the result of a Valentine to Queen Elizabeth, which was returned to the Dead-letter Office, resolved to "*conquer sou heureux*," or cut his lucky. The royal flirt went with him as far as Canterbury, as she said, to "see him off;" but the general supposition is, that having heard of Canterbury brawn, she wished to taste that indigestible edible in all its native purity and toughness. The Queen left Anjou dreadfully cut up, as he had burthened himself with tailors' bills to a considerable amount, and when we consider the state of his mind on arriving at Deal, we cannot be surprised that he remained a long time in the Downs.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

The Season.

Snowdrops may be expected from the tops of the houses. If the frost continues, soles are usually dressed with skates, followed by flounders and watersouché.

Zoological.

The Woodlark renews his note, and the Thrush offers his friendly bill for our acceptance. The silly Sparrow hops about on the window-sill, and the eagle at the Colosseum sheds his nails.

Things to be borne in Mind.

On the 14th, keep tea-kettles boiling to unwafer Valentines. Close carefully and return to the Post-office if disagreeable, that the money may be refunded.

Remember to mislay the key of the cellar, after asking people to dine off salt fish on Ash Wednesday.

Friends are not expected to return *Lent* dinners.

Moveable Feasts for 1844.

These depend upon Easter; after which time ham sandwiches, pickled eels, and baked potatoes from the principal perambulating banquets near the theatres. Early breakfast *apparati* are also included under this head, which move away altogether at sunrise.

METEOROLOGICAL.

A simple method of ascertaining the quantity of rain fallen, is to remove a tile from the roof of your house. A basin on the floor of your bedroom will then catch all that comes, and the quantity may be ascertained.

Hygrometrical.

From a register kept by a van owner at Hackney Wick in 1843, upon the relative amount of dew which fell every day, it was discovered that there was the most *falling due* on quarter-day.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Rates and Rules of Omnibuses, as observed during the present Year.

Omnibuses may wait as long as they please at the corner of streets for passengers.

Property left in an omnibus may be, and is usually, claimed by the passenger sitting next the leaver.

Drivers of omnibuses must set passengers down in the mud, so as not to obstruct the crossing; but, if hard pressed by an opposition, need not set them down at all.

Omnibus windows must be constructed so that they will not let down in summer, or pull up in winter.

Conductors of omnibuses going round some distance in consequence of paving-improvements, are not compelled to say so till the fare is secured.

That *raining* cats and dogs and *hailing* omnibuses are synonymous, and signify remarkable meteorological phenomena.

To Birds about to Pair.

When you pair go to the Repository of Nature and select materials for your nests from her immense stock. Happy warblers, whose furniture and bedding will cost you nothing! Oh, that it were not so expensive to marry!

SENTIMENTS.

For Valentine's-Day.—Requited affection; and may the pen that traces the characters of love be a good 'un to spell!

For Shrove-Tuesday.—May we never want a pancake, nor an appetite to eat it!

For Ash-Wednesday.—The union of salt-fish with parsnep, and may our cooks never forget egg-sauce!

The Farm.—Oats may be now sown; and if they are wild, the sooner the better. Dress your hedges by hanging shirts and other wearing apparel to dry upon them.

1	Th	The Militia disbanded, 1783. Being the only time that their *discharge* was unanimous.
2	F	1839. Jenkins engages with a rising undertaker, as footman, mute, and for general domestic utility; where, from studying the hatchments, he acquires his knowledge of the dead languages.
3	S	Fourpenny pieces first issued, 1836. The cabmen, in a fine spirit of honesty, declare that "the change isn't half *fare*."
4	S	**Septuagesima Sunday.**
5	M	Lord George Gordon tried for Riots in London, 1781—and the Marquis of Waterford *is n't*.
6	Tu	1839. Jenkins, as clerk, enters the service of Moses, a dramatic sheriff's officer, and by referring to Boyer's Dictionary, assists the officer in augmenting the British drama—and so grafts on his own memory a few cuttings of French.
7	W	Dr. Maskelyne d. 1811. Death, not consulting Lindley Murray, puts his dart in the *Maskelyne*.
8	Th	Moon nearest the Earth, 5 A.M. Our Sheriff F. G. spends a day at Greenwich, and rolls down the hill.
9	F	Monument erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Shakspere, 1711; and now shown at 3*d*. a head.
10	S	1831. Jenkins reads the officer's translation of *L'Enfant Trouvé, ou Le Curedent Mystérieux*, in which a foundling is discovered, by a toothpick, to be the son of the *Emp. Charlemagne*. Jenkins thinks sanguinely of his own dark origin and plated spoon.
11	S	**Sexagesima Sunday.**
12	M	Heriot d. 1624. Not having suffered a *recovery*, Death claimed his *heriot*.
13	Tu	Talleyrand b. 1754. Though he had many *faces*, yet, unlike St. Clement's Clock, he always adapted himself to *the time*.
14	W	Final settlement of the Sulphur Question, 1842. Of little good to the United Kingdom, Scotland having so much of the article *on its hands*.
15	Th	Clay, the American Minister, proposes a project for raising a Revenue, 1842: which ends in Sydney Smith "*smoking*" the aforesaid "*clay*," 1843.
16	F	Extraordinary High Tide in the Thames—The Lawyers in Westminster Hall rescued in boats, 1799. Showing the truth of the old proverb, that "those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned."
17	S	The Aunts of the King of France allowed to emigrate, 1791. The King of France with great pleasure abandoning his old (*H*)*aunts*.
18	S	**Shrove Sunday.**
19	M	1831. Jenkins is sent to Mr. Dove, Attorney and Actuary to the West Diddlesex Assurance Office, and meets Griselda Sleek. Hearing from his friend the boy that she has "no end of money," Jenkins at once thinks her an angel.
20	Tu	The French took possession of all the English Magazines in Holland, 1795, "*The Metropolitan*" excepted, which was spared on account of *its old women*.
21	W	Ash Wednesday.
22	Th	Repeal of the Duty on Paper, 1802. A heavy tax subsequently laid upon it by the Author of "Paris and its People."
23	F	1831. The "Mysterious Toothpick," by the talented and prolific sheriff's officer, is triumphantly produced. The author is called for. Jenkins, unable to control his feelings, bows from front row of gallery. Defends himself—having looked out the hard words in the dictionary.
24	S	D. of Cambridge, b. 1774, with a silver spoon in his mouth—for use at all Charity dinners.
25	S	**1 Sunday in Lent.**
26	M	Napoleon offers Louis the 18th provision for life to renounce the throne of France, 1803. Louis objects to the *provision*, as he wishes to *eat it fat*, and don't like the *Boney-parte*.
27	Tu	House *by* Commons, Dublin, burnt 1792. O'Connell tells his "pisantry" that he has *insured* its restoration in the *Phœnix*.
28	W	Prussia ceded Neufchatel to France, 1806,—being quite the cheese.
29	Th	This is the time "when February's days are twenty and nine"—being a gross imposition on the witty concoctors of this Almanac.

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS KISSING HANDS WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On the 23rd, in the year 1756, the king sent a message to Parliament, informing them that the French intended to invade England; and that, being desirous the French should not put their foot in it, he had ordered about 6,000 Hessians to be waiting on the shore. The object of the French was to obtain *booty*, and they would have got nothing but a welting and leathering from the Hessians if they had paid a visit to England.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Weather Guide.

The greatest fall of Mercury takes place this month during the high winds, when the Mercury of the *Morning Post* is blown down into the Strand.

Culinary Information.

The mahogany-tree is full grown in 200 years, but it is impossible to calculate how long it requires to grow the mahogany *leaves* for a dining-table.

The Laundry.

This is the time to rout up the rough-dried box, and to see what of last year's summer things will do again.

Observations.

Rain, snow, sleet, hail, fair weather, or sunshine may be expected about the third; but we cannot precisely state which.

Prophetic.

Squalls may be looked for this month. Sailors, reef topsails; mothers, lay in your Dalby.

Recipe to Make Poor Man's Friend.

Take of the current coin of the realm as many as you can afford; put in purse and deliver to a poor man. This is the best sort of Poor Man's Friend.

HINTS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.

If you want to buy "*good bargains*," select the shops which are placarded with "Immense Failure," "Dreadful Sacrifice," &c., and when you have paid your money and taken your goods home, you will find that the "immense failure" is the article you have purchased, and that the "dreadful sacrifice" is confined entirely to your own pocket.

If you do not know your way about town, inquire of the nearest cabman. Take the contrary direction to the one he tells you, and you will be sure to reach your destination.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Farming Operations.

Get your carrots forward, and try Rowland's Macassar if the crop looks unpromising. Plant your potatoes with salt, which gives them a relish; and dress with bits of woollen cloth or shreds of old coats, which will improve the potato's jacket.

Now, sow your P's; keep your U's warm; hive your B's; shoot young J's; feed your N's; look after your potatoes' I's; and then take your E's.

Zoological.

The merry Trout now begins to agitate his graceful gills, and the interesting Smelt to flaunt his fairy-like fin in the flowing river. The Skylark takes the part of the principal soprano in Nature's concert, the humble-bee coming in as baritone.

Remarkable Things.

Lent is attended with assizes. Think of this, ye sons of larceny. Forsake those evil railways whose termini are the Penitentiary and Brixton. For, as a noble novelist justly remarks, "The unlawful appropriator of what does not belong to him will be consigned, on detection, to the abode of punishment."

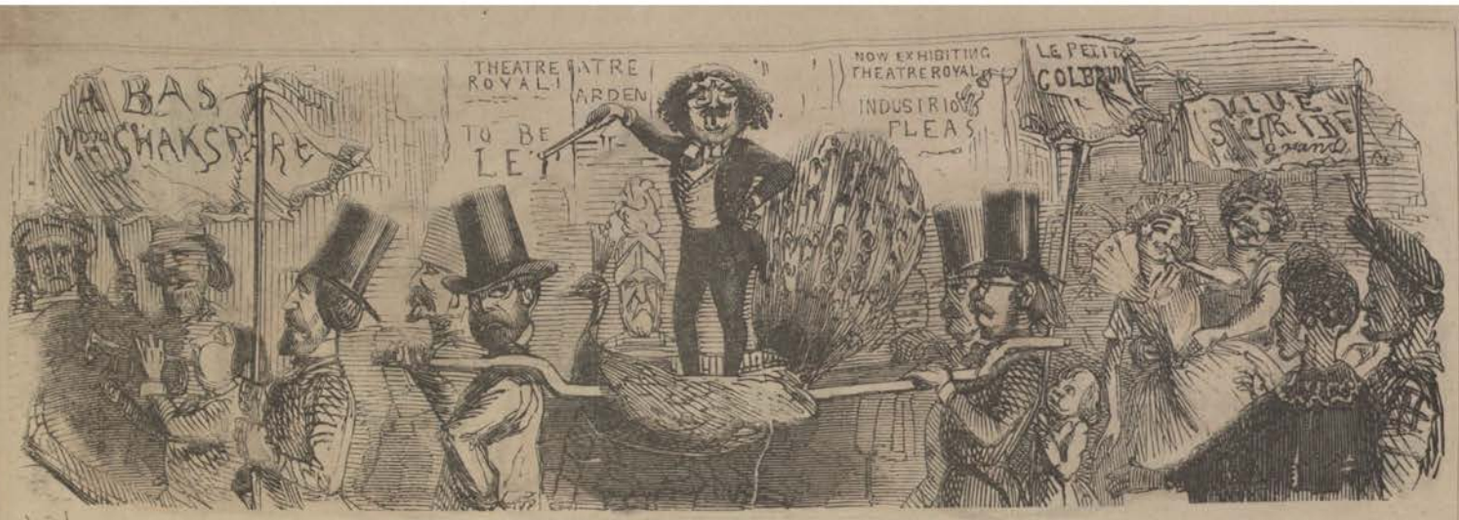
SOCIAL ECONOMY.

For those gentlemen who are lovers of the Virginian weed in its native purity, we publish the following list of prices furnished us by one of the first Spanish Houses:—

A choice high-dried deck-leaf Regalia	4*d.*
A fine old cabbage Cuba	2*d.*
A genuine Woodville goss-lettuce Havannah	4*d.*
A full-flavoured brown-paper Government Manilla	2*d.*
A real Bengal Brussels-sprout Cheroot	1½*d.*

Several hundred-weight of very rare Minories have recently been raised to the title of the "Duke of Sussex's Cigars." They require very few *puffs* to make good judges *smoke them*.

1	F	Marquis of Hertford d. 1842. His Valet Suisse finds that Vice, like Virtue, has to undergo *many trials* before it meets *its reward*.
2	S	Quakers' Petition against being sued for Tithes, 1736. The Clergy offore the same, wishing to make a silk purse out of a tithe-pig's ear.
3	S	**2 Sunday in Lent.**
4	M	Motion that Reporters remain during Divisions, rejected by the House, 1842. The Members not then requiring the Reporters to *put in a good word* for them.
5	Tu	Footmen being shut out of the Upper Gallery of Drury Lane, force their way to the Stage. Several still remain there, playing Heroes and light Comedy, and are quite *out of place*.
6	W	Brougham threatens a Motion on the Responsibility of Insane Persons, 1843. His Lordship being anxious to look after Number One.
7	Th	1831. The "talented and prolific" indignantly discharges Jenkins, who happily meets Griselda, avows his love, and is referred, with the blushes usual on such occasions, to her pa, the Managing Director of the West Diddlesex.
8	F	Lord Cavendish in Parliament moved his "famous string of resolutions," 1782. A string often used to move puppets.
9	S	Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, first published, 1703. O'Connell gets up materials for a *Supplement*, and tries to bring it out *in numbers* at Clontarf.
10	S	**3 Sunday in Lent.**
11	M	The Electrical Eel at Royal Adelaide Gallery d. 1842. Oh! Didn't he lead a *shocking* life.
12	Tu	Resolution passed in Parliament that no Foreigner should receive a Grant from the Crown, 1701. The 1st *Act of Victoria* repealed the aforesaid in favour of Italian Singers.
13	W	1831. Jenkins calls on the "Managing Director," and offers for his daughter. Colours the plain story of his birth. "thanks Heaven that, though a Jenkins, he is nobly born;" and, in proof of his high paternity, produces—the spoon.
14	Th	Forty Shillings Bounty offered to all Able-Bodied Seamen to enter the Navy, 1755. First-rate accommodation for *Boarders*. N.B. A *Cat* kept.
15	F	The Queen resolves to pay the Income-Tax, 1842. And by way of retrenchment, gives up the luxury of the English Drama.
16	S	Castor south 7 h. 46 m. The statue of George III., Pall Mall, cocks his *hat* at his faithful Commons.
17	S	**4 Sunday in Lent.**
18	M	Yesterday, 1842, the Duke of Cambridge made free of the City of London—and its Tavern.
19	Tu	New Moon 0 h. 17 m. Our Sheriff, F. G., gives a dinner to the artists, and gets raythor *fresh*.
20	W	1831. Jenkins's pockets assure him that he is out of place. Wishing to move in the first circles, he has his name engraven on a card, with this simple addition—"Attends Evening Parties."
21	Th	English Stage Coaches started in France, 1817, which failed, though the French in *diligence* were always behind them.
22	F	The Gin Act repealed, 1743. The country, though attached to the liquor, object to go so far as to *swallow the measure*.
23	S	"Pea-coats" Refused Admission into the Pit of the Opera, 1843.—*Quære*, having gone out of fashion, they object to the introduction of *Fs*.
24	S	**5 Sunday in Lent.**
25	M	Pollux south 7 h. 44 m. Sir Frederick, with his brother David, goes half-price to the Victoria.
26	Tu	Prince George of Cambridge born 1819. And strange to say, unlike Augusta, still without a Pension. Ladies and Gentlemen, "Take care of your Pockets."
27	W	The first Bank of England Notes Forged by B. Vaughan, 1758. The cheat was detected, the note, like those of the Bank of Elegance, "looking *sauntterable* things."
28	Th	1831. Jenkins visits the Opera, to hear the noble names announced by his friend For the linkman. He is followed by a plum-pudding coach-dog; suspects the dog's high connection from his looks; and offers him a house, as such benevolence may meet with its reward.
29	F	Sir Robert Peel has the extraordinary number of Four Garters at his Disposal, 1842. Sir Charles Wetherell, wishing to reform the *looseness* of his *habits*, applies for a *pair*.
30	S	Greece declares itself insolvent, 1843. Wanted, a Composition to *take Greece out of people's books*.
31	S	**Palm Sunday.**



SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. PROCESSION OF THE BRITISH DRAMA IN 1844.

On the 2d of April, in the year 1801, the battle of Copenhagen was fought; but not in Copenhagen-fields, as might be imagined. Nelson seeing the mizen of the enemy going to leeward, gave orders to luff, and having spliced the main brace of the top-gallant, piped all hands; while Admiral Parker got his own head well up to the wind, and shivered two of his opponents' timbers. Nelson now received a proposal for a truce, and each party taking in the stun' sail, eased off to his own moorings.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Farming Directions.

Cease folding your turnips, but don't neglect washing them when you intend using them; and be sure to *mangel* your wurzel. Roll over grass land; but wear an old coat when you do roll over it.

Jocular Hints.

The morning of the first will be favourable for an excursion into the country, you having invited a number of friends to partake of a friendly dinner with you in town.

Cayenne gingerbread may be administered to the elephant at the Zoological Gardens.

Aphorisms.

See, the flowers are coming out. It is morn; Yon blushing rose:—but no! We had a comparison to make:—the thought is madness. Beauty, to the individual of small income, is like the pastrycook's shop to the school-boy.

The morn of life is the first of April. Hope is the wag; the tender heart the fool.

The sleet assails the cheek and blinds the eye. The pavement, o'erspread with snow and salt, flows with a freezing mixture. Happy the man whose Albert wrapper exults in its integrity.

Domestic Economy.

After arranging with a servant to live on board wages, be sure to drown your cat.

PREDICTIONS.

This month umbrellas will be brisk and macintoshes lively. A rise will take place in water-butts, and cistern balls will be looking up.

Puddles are likely to be decanted into boots; we should therefore advise pedestrians to keep their soles well *corked*; and commissions are given to hatters to survey *tiles*, in order to ascertain if they are waterproof. If you are anxious to provide yourself with a light *cape*, get a bill discounted, and take twenty per cent. in Sherry.

Monthly Notices.

The service of objections on overseers must be complete by the First of April, or the objections will be no *service* whatever.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Legal Memoranda.

Observe in April:—That returns of everything are made in this month, except borrowed umbrellas. That returns of taxes do not mean that the taxes will be returned; and the mistress who makes a point of scolding all her servants, must not be angry at the *rating* being assessed. Persons using hair-powder pay 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, but the same parties using gunpowder pay 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Silk dresses may be shot without taking out a certificate.

How to make an April Fool.

Provide any parishioner of St. Stephens, Walbrook, with a blank receipt, and send him to Alderman Gibbs for the balance of the Parish accounts.

Another Way.

Refer any person who is anxious to be informed of the time of day to the Clock of St. Clement's Church.

Another "Another Way."

Find a journeyman tailor who wishes to earn his living by his trade, and send him to Moses.

Zoological.

The nimble Fly now begins to wake the echoes with a tuneful buzz, and when the Day is propitious we may expect the Martin.

HINT TO COUNTRY COUSINS.

If you are fond of birds, the best place to buy them is Regent-street. A canary averages an old dress-coat, and a bullfinch can be got out of a pair of highlows. You must be careful not to give your canaries sufficient water to wash themselves in, or they may prove to be natives of Primrose-hill.

Horse Duties.

It is the duty of a hired horse to go till he drops, upon emergencies; but in ordinary cases, to be hired for Richmond, and driven on to Hampton Court.

Sentiment.—May the wearer of the coat which has been renovated by the reviver, never be caught in a shower.

1	M	Actions brought against Hole as a Director of the West Middlesex Assurance Company, 1842. The *Hole* proved not *equal to the part*.
2	Tu	A late Act requires that Marriage Certificates be written on a 5*s.* Stamp—making marriage a *dollar-ous* ceremony, and one of a very low *stamp*.
3	W	1831. At a coffee-shop, Jenkins sees in the *Morning Post* a guinea reward for the "plum-pudding." Takes the dog home; sends in his card, and is dismissed with one pound one, and an order to "Attend an Evening Party" on the 11th.
4	Th	Wordsworth accepts the Poet Laureateship, 1843. Coroner Wakley undertakes the advertisements of the tailor Moses.
5	F	Good Friday.
6	S	Duke of Cleveland received the Order of the Bath, 1842,—and gave directions for a *cold shower* the next morning.
7	S	**Easter Sunday.**
8	M	Mahomet Ali's Mortar of 13 tons proved at Woolwich yesterday, 1843. Such mortar being certain to *keep* Mahomet's troops together *like bricks*.
9	Tu	6000 tons of Coals wanted by the British for Hong Kong, 1843. They not being able to get at the *China Wall's* end.
10	W	Saturn rises 3 h. 0 m. His ring not being visible, he begs the loan of the King of Prussia's gift to the Moon, in Threadneedle-street.
11	Th	1831. Jenkins attends the "party," and strangely overhears a proposal for a secret marriage between Lady Emily —— and Capt. Hercules ——, her lover, in the Blues. Jenkins feels his quills beginning to shoot, and thinks his fortune made.
12	F	Rodney's Victory, 1782. Rodney—like an English dramatic author—taking everything from the French as fast as it came out, and often putting very bad English into it.
13	S	A Statue of Father Thames erected at Somerset House, 1769. Father Thames since made chief contractor for the diet of the Unions as ordered by the Poor Law Commissioners.
14	S	**1 Sunday after Easter.**
15	M	A Court of Honor established in Bavaria to prevent Duelling, 1819. In England, the Court of Honor for the same purpose, is the Old Bailey.

16	Tu	1831. Jenkins writes thus to *Post*:—"A marriage is on the tapis (*this Jenkins got from French Plays*), between Lady E—— and Capt. H——. Orders are given for the trousseau (*this from Cranbourne Alley*) for the cara sposa (*this from "Dogs"*), in futuro (*this from undertaker*).
17	W	Establishment of the Loyal London Volunteers, 1794. When dressed for the field, they were familiarly known as the *scarlet runners*.
18	Th	Abernethy d. 1831. The Faculty, to show their respect, drink his memory in black draughts.
19	F	D. W. Harvey's motion for a revision of the Pension List negatived, 1836. Ministers objecting to *Harvey's Sauce* on their "*loaves and fishes*."
20	S	The Tower Ditch filled up, 1843. The Lions having their washing and *mangling* at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.
21	S	**2 Sunday after Easter.**
22	M	1831. The Captain in the Blues calls at the *Post*. Wishes to learn the writer of *the* paragraph; cannot conceive by what miracle the affair got wind. The *Post* shakes hands with itself, and sends some orders for the Opera to Jenkins, at the coffee-shop.
23	Tu	Lord Brougham appears as "a Lion at the soirée of Lady Cowley in Paris, 1843. A lion only *skin-deep*.
24	W	Thunder storm passes over London, 1843. Sours Sir P. Laurie; who, till then, never *thought small beer of himself*.
25	Th	Lord Waldegrave's sale at Strawberry Hill, 1842. Not the first time his lordship has been accessory to *knocking down a lot*.
26	F	1831. Jenkins, as the noble foundling, and accepted suitor of Griselda Sleek, pays his maiden visit to the Opera, accompanied by his lady-love, and the Managing Director. On leaving, his health is kindly inquired after by his friend Fog, the linkman.
27	S	The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of a £5 note for the Window Duty, 1842. A proof of the distress of the people—*paper* being supplied for *windows*!
28	S	**3 Sunday after Easter.**
29	M	Yesterday the annual Drawing of the Art Union, 1843. Mr. S. C. Hall having given *the whole of his mind* to the undertaking, gets an equivalent *blank*. *Mem.* This joke by a dead shot.
30	Tu	Lord Ellenborough distributes Orders of Merit to the Army of Jellalabad, 1842. A banquet is given to him in consequence of the victory, and he is *drunk with all the honours*.

LORD BROUGHAM PRESIDING AT THE SWEEPS' DINNER AT COPENHAGEN HOUSE.

On the 11th of this month, in the year 1819, a Bill was introduced to enable the Marquis Camden to give up to the public his fees as a teller of the Exchequer, the proceeding being altogether so unheard of, as to be thought impossible without an Act of Parliament. On the 16th of the same month, 1792, the House of Commons was nearly burnt down by a pair of corduroy breeches, in a state of combustion, poked into the ceiling. Sir Charles Wetherell not being then in Parliament, the House felt satisfied that the inflammable garment had been improperly introduced; and accordingly resolved itself into a Committee on the smalls, and declared them to be *breeches of privilege*.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

Who that beholds Jack in the Green, but is struck with his resemblance to Love among the Roses?

How charming a sight is presented by those innocent yearlings, frisking in yon flowery meadow! Sweet is lamb; doubly sweet with mint sauce. Yet is it not almost a pity to nip mutton in its lambhood?

The meadows are covered with butter-cups and daisies. How forcibly does the mixture of green and yellow remind us of the jealous lover!

The hedges are white with the bloom of the hawthorn. How suggestive is its virgin purity of whipped syllabubs!

Predictions.

Richmond will this month be invaded by irruptions of Cockneys. Descents will be made from various steamers on Eel Pie Island; also on Twickenham and Hampton Court. The demolition of cold fowl, ham, tongue, pastry, and other provisions, which may be expected to attend these incursions, is appalling.

High-Water Table.

The chief aqueous phenomenon will be the Conservancy Excursion on the Thames, fixed by the Sheriffs, which will fully prove *Moon's* influence with the Tides.

THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND.

That on the 1st, sweeps may look after coppers, although they have done with the flues. Black Puddings are made by boiling them in open saucepans over a quick fire, and under an unswept chimney. This plan will *soot* all kinds. Observe that, throughout the year, when you take a steamboat in a hurry from Hungerford to the Southampton Railway, the tide is always running down.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Agricultural Notice.

The dairy now requires constant attention, but take care not to put your butter on your bacon. Keep your eggs out of the way of your grandmother.

Zoological.

The melancholy Mayhug now makes his usual appearance, and the dilatory Daddy Long-legs dawdles about the candle which ultimately consumes him. The road-side Jackass now stands quietly to receive the titillations of the hedge-stake, or the exciting nettle.

Post-office Regulations for 1844.

The Principal Post Office is the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand; but the inferior, or Morning Post Office, is in Wellington Street. This latter may also be called the Dead Letter Office, as it only receives communications which may be considered dead letters in point of interest.

The times at which letters should be put into receiving houses will regulate their delivery, and are as follow:—

If put into the receiving-house by yourself at 8 A.M.,	Or general office by 9 A.M.,	Sent out for delivery at 10 A.M.
If given to your clerk, for the same hour,	Wait until something else is wanted.	Comes to hand about 4 P.M.
If given to a friend who is "going by" a post-office,	Performs quarantine in his pocket for a week.	Never arrives at all.

Foreign *males* are made up every day at noon, previous to their appearance in the fashionable thoroughfares.

NOTE.—The Astronomical day does not commence until twelve o'clock at noon, because astronomers sit up so late at night to look at the stars. The artificial day begins at three P.M., and ends at five A.M. the next morning.

1	W	ROEBUCK GETS A SILK GOWN, 1843; Brougham having considered him, in his former attire, a yard and a half of *very bad stuff*.
2	Th	FULL MOON, 8H. 23M. P.M. Our Sheriff F. G., having dined with the Lord Mayor, unbuttons his waistcoat.
3	F	YESTERDAY THE EATING-HOUSE KEEPERS DINED AT THE LONDON TAVERN, 1843. Clean collars just up——Coats in low cut——Pins, Rings, and Chains a *leetle* overdone.
4	S	1831. Jenkins, satisfied of his noble origin, sends the following corroborative paragraph to the *Post*. A CASA ILLUSTRE [see "*Dogs*,"] has at last found a clue to its long lost heir in the person of Mr. J—k—s, a QUONDAM (*this from the undertaker*) ENFANT TROUVE (*French Play again*).
5	S	**4 Sunday after Easter.**
6	M	DOWAGER LADY LYTTLETON APPOINTED GOVERNESS TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL, 1842; who teaches her to get (like her cousin Augusta) a good pen'orth of *Parliament*.
7	Tu	WASHINGTON IRVING ON HIS WAY TO MADRID AS AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, IS ENTERTAINED IN LONDON, 1842. America takes the hand of Spain, and puts her best *pen* into it.
8	W	1843.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER BRINGS OUT HIS ANNUAL BUDGET—or John Bull's "Forget me Not." Mr. Hume suggests that the work would be relieved by a few good *cuts*.
9	Th	DEBUT OF MLLE. DEJAZET AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 1843. An actress (if we may be allowed the *figure*) quite as *broad as she is long*.
10	F	1831. Jenkins buys a baby's cap, with a crown worked upon it. Goes to the Managing Director, shows K— paragraph, and produces the cap as the one worn by him when found in the basket. The Managing Director embraces Jenkins as a son.
11	S	BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS SO GREAT, THAT EIGHT COMMITTEES SIT AT ONE TIME IN THE SMOKING ROOM, 1842. O! that the Members had to smoke their own "Parliamentary *Returns*."
12	S	**Rogation Sunday.**
13	M	ROYAL ACADEMY OPENS, 1843. The Humane Society publishes Directions to recover the *unfortunate from hanging*.
14	Tu	KING OF HANOVER GOES TO BERLIN, 1842. Buys a pair of gloves, that on his visit to England he may at least have the *appearance of clean hands*.
15	W	1831. The Managing Director calls at the *Post*, and states, that he is deeply interested in the K— paragraph, which he knows to be true—inquires the informant. The *Post* answers—"the best authority."
16	Th	AN EARTHQUAKE PROPHESIED TO DESTROY ALL LONDON ON THIS DAY, 1842. But thinks better of it—not being able to swallow *the Morning Post*.

17	F	SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH PURCHASED BY THE CITY OF LONDON, 1843. They gave 145*l.* for his signature, that they might at least know *something of his writing*.
18	S	FIRST STONE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN CAPEL COURT LAID, 1801. Benevolently established, that rogues and vagabonds may *profit by the Stocks*.
19	S	**Sunday after Ascension.**
20	M	YESTERDAY MR. W. O. STANLEY INQUIRED IF THE GATES OF SOMNAUTH COULD BE REMOVED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, 1843. Sir Robert Peel said, in reply, that he thought it would be dangerous to take them from the *(H)uges*.
21	Tu	LORD BROUGHAM EJECTS MR. BIRD AND HIS SONS FROM BROUGHAM HALL, 1843. The Ex-Chancellor, as usual, *turning out a strange bird*.
22	W	MR. CHISHOLM ASSAULTED BY MISTAKE FOR GREGORY, OF "THE SATIRIST," 1843. Unhappily, the *errors of the press* were not *properly corrected*.
23	Th	1831. A poor widow having bought an annuity, the Managing Director gives a grand party to introduce Jenkins as his future son-in-law, to a select circle of friends. The West Middlesex Porter and Secretary appears in chains and rings.
24	F	SEIZURE OF SPURIOUS TEA IN SOUTHWARK, 1842. "One *trial* will prove the fact." The grocer gets it, and is fined 250*l.*
25	S	THE LORD CHANCELLOR DOES NOT GIVE THE CUSTOMARY BREAKFAST TO THE JUDGES ON THE FIRST DAY OF TERM, 1843—though the *Master of the Rolls* is ready with his usual *twist*.
26	S	**Whitsunday.**
27	M	YESTERDAY A GREAT MEETING AT PENNENDEN HEATH, TO PETITION AGAINST AN ALTERATION OF THE HOP DUTY, 1842. The hop-growers feeling that you touch their lives when you touch their "*pockets*."
28	Tu	AT A CONFERENCE OF THE FIVE POWERS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR COMPLAINS OF THE PORTE, 1842—the said *Porte* being found in all measures decidedly *slow*.
29	W	THE MILITIA OFFICERS DINE AT THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN, 1843. The Militia preferring dinners to *balls*.
30	Th	GOVERNMENT PROPOSES TO BUILD A FIRE-PROOF ROOM FOR JUDICIAL RECORDS, 1842. Their insurance considered "doubly hazardous," from their want of *honesty*, which is the best *policy*.
31	F	1831. Jenkins having sent the *Post* an account of Managing Director's party, in which the "noble foundling" figures as "LE LION DE LA SOIREE" (*encore French play*), receives in return a copy of an abridgment of *Chesterfield's Letters*, bound in *congenial calf*.

MEETING AT EXETER HALL OF THE ANIMALS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

The month of June, 1483, was "full of incident," like a Victoria melodrama. Gloucester persuaded his friend Ratcliffe to cut off several superfluous heads, and with Buckingham as his prompter, got up a little farce in Guildhall, in which several low comic citizens shouted, "Long live King Richard!" which in the present day has been converted into "Brayvo, Hicks!" According to the Chronicles, Richard the Third took a very bad character to his last place, but deliver as he was, in almost every point, he never could have been so bad as he is *represented* by Mr. C. Kean. After all, the man ought to be pitied; even when he tried to be agreeable he couldn't; for, according to Shakspeare, "He murder'd when he smiled."

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

When we consider the shop windows, piled with the most tasteful articles of wearing attire; when we regard the Albert stock, the Corazza shirt, the Genoa velvet, and the super Saxony, how ardently do we wish that we were well off!

It is Midsummer! Young England is home for the holidays. How joyfully the infant heart anticipates the season of gooseberries!

Prediction.

Cocks will assuredly crow on the morning of the twenty-first, and earlier than on any day of the year.

Astronomical.

The constellation Green Peas may now be observed in the house of Feasting, in combination with the planet Roast Duck, and its attendant satellites Sage and Onions.

Sentiment for the 18th.

The Heroes of Waterloo; and may the medal that adorns the breast of valour never be pledged for less than its worth!

Agricultural.

The general use of iron hurdles for cattle will, in all probability, lead to the adoption of *steel pens* for sheep. *Smithfield Club*, 1843.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Farming Directions.

Have your shears ready for your sheep, but don't resort to scissors, except from sheer necessity. Look to your B's, and mind your P's and Q's. Resort to spade husbandry, and don't consider it *infra dig.*

The back-bone of the hog is called the *chine*, and is a great delicacy, if fine. The largest chines are found in the Isle of Wight, on which parties of eighty or one hundred sometimes dine.

Cooks in some establishments are called "artists," from the excellent manner in which they can *draw* poultry.

Hint for the "Portrait of a Gentleman."

As likenesses are generally taken to oblige intimate acquaintances, we should advise any person who is anxious to gratify a large circle of admirers, to sit for a portrait of his back, this being the most agreeable phase in which a man can appear to his friends.

Artificial Ice.

This is a commodity that has lately become popular in London. It was invented by cunning pastry-cooks, who in hot weather stand jellies in tubs, which they fill with equal parts of water and lumps of glass from the glass-house. It has a pleasing and cooling effect.

ABSTRACT OF WILLS' ACT.—(1 Victoria, c. 26.)

1.—The Act does not affect the Wills of Soldiers or Sailors on actual service, because at such periods they have never any *wills* of their own.

2.—Debts come legally under the head of personal estates, and may be bequeathed by will; but the claim is not likely to be disputed.

3.—Clause 3 declares a Will can only be written; and a subsequent one says it had better be drawn by competent hands. Writing and drawing, therefore, are in law synonymous.

4.—Revoking a Will sometimes occurs when the person plays false, and turns out a *knave* when he should turn out a *trump*.

HINTS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.

Should you wish to go to the play, and fear the heat of the weather, look out for the bill of a theatre which boasts of "Crowded Houses." Make up your mind to go there; for rest assured that you will be certain to find it, from the scantiness of the audience, cool and comfortable.

Zoological.

The Gnats and Fleas now give constant work to the entomologist, who is always itching for knowledge. The lugubrious Lobster now expands his claws, and the dead Prawn gives life to the tea-table.

1	S	Great Encroachments made in Windsor Forest, 1809. Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests being particularly anxious to *amputate their timber.*
2	S	**Trinity Sunday.**
3	M	Dr. Jenner discovers Vaccination for the Alleviation of the Small-Pox, 1802. Parliament grants him 10,000*l.*, *taking it very kindly of him.*
4	Tu	Great Bed of Ware pulled down, 1764,—being all the worse for *Ware.*
5	W	Great Annual Meeting of Teetotallers at the Vale of Health, Hampstead, 1843. "There is not in all Hampstead a valley so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the *hot waters* meet."
6	Th	The King of Prussia presents Four Vases to a Confectioner for a Model in Sugar of the Cathedral of Cologne, 1843. Not the first time the Church Militant has appeared in *campane.*
7	F	The Public sustain a loss of 150,000*l.* by the Proclamation against Light Sovereigns, 1842. John Bull again paying a heavy Tax upon the *light.*
8	S	Mr. Cottingham, the Union Hall Magistrate, declares he will not punish any Man, except for Felony, who fought at Waterloo, 1843. Blind Justice throws away her Balance, and sticks to the Sword.
9	S	**1 Sunday after Trinity.**
10	M	Webster offers a Premium of 500*l.* for the best Comedy for the Haymarket, 1843. The spirited Lessee having previously paid Mr. C. Kean double that sum for the *worst Tragedy.*
11	Tu	The First Cargo of Ice arrives from America, 1843, for the relief of those who had burnt their fingers with Pennsylvanian bonds.
12	W	1831. Jenkins attends as a waiter at a private meeting of The National Convention, drains the bottoms of the glasses, until, sinking the hireling in the patriot, he proposes a motion for universal Dukes, asking if a waiter is not a man and a brother? (*Cheers.*)
13	Th	Lord Brougham invites the King of Hanover to Tea and Supper—1843; when the Duke, "illustrious by courtesy," comes in for a *Toast* and *Butter.*
14	F	3000*l.* a Year granted to the Princess Augusta, 1842. The Duke of Cambridge having assisted at so many Charity Dinners, sends the plate round Parliament for his daughter. The Duke, as usual, offering no *cheque* to the general benevolence.
15	S	Several Tribes in Algiers submit to the Troops of General Bugraud, 1842. The Algerines (like Mr. Grant after Six Lessons) finding it impossible to *Master the French.*

16	S	**2 Sunday after Trinity.**
17	M	The Marylebone Vestry confirm a Resolution to Abandon the Continuance of the Wood Pavement, 1843; the *heads* of the Parish objecting to have any *more wood put upon their shoulders.*
18	Tu	Angus Mackay appointed her Majesty's Piper, 1843. Prince Albert having determined, since his visit to the Highlands, to have *his fling* and *a pipe.*
19	W	The Prince Regent, while in Difficulties, gives a Fete to 2,000 Persons at Carlton House, 1811. The affair was very splendid, but every one knows what the Fete of such a man ought to have been.
20	Th	The Queen visits the Cartoons, 1843—and is surprised to see *English subjects so well treated.*
21	F	First Regatta on the Thames, 1775. Mr. Deville discovers "combativeness" very prominent in the watermen while handling their *sculls.*
22	S	Mr. L. Fox, M.P., writes a Silly Letter on the Arms Bill to the *Times*, 1843. The Fox again *does* the Goose.
23	S	**3 Sunday after Trinity.**
24	M	Mr. F. G. Moon elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, 1843. Just the man (from his connection with Artists) to make the most of another's *effects*, when selling "in the name of the Sheriff."
25	Tu	Proclamation for the Issue of Half-Farthings, 1842—to enable benevolent-minded Scotchmen to *give away something.*
26	W	A New French Tariff is imposed, which virtually Prohibits the Admission of English Linen, 1842. The French having had quite enough of our *towelling.*
27	Th	Great Meeting of the Fair Sex at Thornley to regulate the Price of Food, 1842. When it was determined to encourage the demand for *spare-ribs*, and to give a proper value to good legs.
28	F	1831. Jenkins sends a slashing letter to the *Post*, signed "An Unflinching Conservative," ridiculing the whole of the proceedings at the dinner, and then joins the Convention for further and profitable information.
29	S	Moon in Perigee again, 2 P.M. Our Sheriff, F. G., presents the following *Address* to her Majesty:—"F. G. Moon, Printseller, Threadneedle-street."
30	S	**4 Sunday after Trinity.**

THE MARINE LODGING-HOUSE OGRES, WHO LIVE ON THEIR LODGERS.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

In the burning heat of the dog-days, to behold melting beauty at Gunter's refreshing herself with a strawberry-ice, how gratifying with a benevolent mind! How strongly, too, are we tempted to follow her example!

Sweet is the odour of the newly mown hay; jocund are the agricultural labourers as they carol amid their toil. The aspect of nature reminds us of our own when the implement of the tonsor has removed its asperities. The razor is the scythe; the lather the morning dew.

It is pleasing to behold the little school-boy angling in the purling brook for gudgeon and tittle-bat.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Lilly, the Herne-Bay Postman, appears in conjunction with his high-lows, and is eclipsed by that great star, the One Policeman, who cuts a shine in a new pair of bluchers.—The eccentric comet, Furley, reduces his duffel dressing gown to a shooting-jacket, and appears without a tail.

Horticultural Directions for the Gardens at Tivoli.

Now trim your lamps, water your Lake, graft new noses on statues, plant your money-taker, and if the season be severe, *cut your sticks.*

In 1752, it was agreed at a Court of Common Council, to furnish the Mansion House at a very cheap rate, which is supposed to have given rise to the existing

But that child may live to discount bills; and who knows whom, and how many, he may hook in after years?

Things to be borne in mind in July.

That if you have not much money, you should not think of going to the sea-side; but if you have none at all you may go to Boulogne, or to Bath, which place is frequently recommended.

That if it rain on St. Swithin's-day, you may reckon the weather will be pretty much the same for a month after that it was before, but generally fair and dry.

Maxim.

Remember that time is money; but that it does not follow a man is a capitalist who has a great quantity of it on his hands.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—A Saddle of Mutton contains the *reins* and many good *bits.*

puffing establishments for the sale of rickety tables, crazy chairs, and equivocal bedding. The Lord Mayor, in the course of a discussion on the price to be given for a four-post, offered to sleep on a "scissars," or to take any bed that might *turn up.*

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Zoological.

The jovial Jackdaw, by whom the fields are given up, now seeks the downs in search of food. The sprightly Hyæna at the Surrey Zoological Gardens enjoys his annual laugh at the expense of the visiters.

Stage-coach Duties.

Under the Assessed Taxes, these duties have now become nearly obsolete, in consequence of the railways. Their principal duties consist:—In stopping at various public-houses for the refection of the coachman, for indefinite periods. In driving off before the passengers have swallowed three mouthfuls of a three shilling dinner. In making the fees of coachmen, guards, porters, and hangers-on equal the fare as near as possible. In going the same distance in three hours for five shillings, that the railway does in forty minutes for half-a-crown.

Income-tax.

If you do not like to pay this impost, allow your wife the privilege of signing cheques, and the very next year you will be relieved of the tax.

TAVERN MEASURE.

2 Goes	make	1 Gill.
2 Gills	"	1 Lark.
2 Larks	"	1 Riot.
2 Riots	"	1 Cell, or Stationhouse.

N.B.—A cell is equivalent to 5*s.*

For Office Clerks—as follows:

2 Drams	make	1 Go.
4 Goes	"	1 Headache.
2 Headaches	"	1 Lecture.
3 Lectures	"	The Sack.

1	M	SIR E. TOMLINS, THE COMPILER OF THE STATUTES AT LARGE, D. 1841. A good style of book for a *gammon* board, the Statutes in such a shape being wholly *binding.*
2	Tu	THE SENTENCE OF DEATH ON THE WRETCH FRANCIS, FOR FIRING OFF A PISTOL AT HER MAJESTY, IS COMMUTED TO TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE, 1842. Queen shooting ends.
3	W	THE KING OF HANOVER DINES IN THE HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE, 1843; being possibly the Feast of the elder St. Nicholas.
4	Th	GRAND SALE OF CIGARS OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, 1843. The Duke's virtues now in every apprentice's *mouth.*
5	F	THE POPE PROPOSES TO REVIVE THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF CROWNING IN THE CAPITOL THE GREATEST LIVING POET, 1843. Mr. Robert Montgomery sends in as specimens, "Satan," "Woman," and "Luther." The Pope is equally struck by "Satan" and "Woman," but thinks little of "Luther."
6	S	1831. Jenkins distinguishing himself at the Convention, is solicited to stand as salaried M.P. for Westminster, by a deputation of "householders," consisting of an eminent chartist attic, a liberal second-floor back, and a staunch independent parlour. Jenkins will sleep upon it.
7	S	**5 Sunday after Trinity.**
8	M	A PROVINCIAL PAPER SAYS, "IRELAND NEVER YET GAVE PROMISE OF A LARGER WHEAT-CROP." 1842. Great news for O'Connell, who always looks for a good harvest from the *long ears.*
9	Tu	THE BOURBONS RESTORED, 1815. Louis XVIII. feels that he is himself again, after a very disagreeable *Nap.*
10	W	OLD PARR INTRODUCED AT COURT, 1634—and learnt no manners there, if we may judge by the *bad language* he indulged in on his late appearance at the Haymarket.
11	Th	GRAND CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S, KENT v. ALL ENGLAND, 1842. *All England* gets two out of *Beds*, whilst her *Bucks* is all the worse for *Herts.*
12	F	1831. Jenkins persuades the staunch and independent parlour (who is a retired turncock) to devote his savings of the New River and his youth, to purchase an annuity of the Managing Director of the West Middlesex.
13	S	VISITORS AT THE QUEEN'S BENCH OBLIGED TO LEAVE AT SIX O'CLOCK, 1842. Beds, however, may be obtained through Messrs. Levy, Thompson, and Davis.
14	S	**6 Sunday after Trinity.**
15	M	THE FRENCH COURT CONVICTS MADAME LAFFARGE, 1840—and adds 1000 per cent. to the value of her wardrobe and chattels.
16	Tu	BARBER BEAUMONT'S PUMP ERECTED IN PICCADILLY, 1842. The gentleman, being desirous of posthumous honours, erects a monument to himself in the shape of *a pump.*
17	W	1831. On the strength of having introduced the staunch and independent parlour, Jenkins asks the Managing Director to qualify him for Parliament. As it requires only 400*l.* a-year, the Managing Director says "By all means; but first get elected."
18	Th	MR. GREEN MAKES HIS FIRST NOCTURNAL ASCENT, 1826. He *rises* in the middle of the night, "wishing to be *up* with the *lark.*"
19	F	A BOY, FOR ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYING A LEVERET, IS FLOGGED BY ORDER OF LORD HARDWICKE, 1842. The noble and gallant lord being deprived of a levret, regales himself with *a cat.*
20	S	OSBALDISTON, "THE SQUIRE," TROTTED RATTLER 34 MILES IN 2 HOURS 18 MINUTES 56 SECONDS. THE HORSE, INJURED BY THE EXERTION, DIED THE NEXT DAY, 1833. Mr. Osbaldiston at the Victoria does *Hamlet* in less time. *Hamlet* very much injured.
21	S	**7 Sunday after Trinity.**
22	M	BARCELONA BESIEGED, 1840. The *Colonels* of Barcelona being surrounded with *shells.*
23	Tu	1831. Jenkins waits upon the staunch and independent parlour to ascertain the salary of the paid member for Westminster. Finding it only 1*l.* 1*s.* a-week, and getting 1*l.* 5*s.* by evening parties, Jenkins again proposes to sleep upon it.
24	W	JUPITER STATIONARY. Having the rheumatism, he sends to Mr. Coles for a new *belt.*
25	Th	ERECTION OF THE GREENHOUSES AT CHELSEA GARDENS, BY THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, 1733. For the cultivation of "mixtures as before," and forcing early pills.
26	F	5000 SEAMEN IMPRESSED ON THE THAMES FOR THE ROYAL NAVY, 1758. Government should blush for such an article appearing in her *chronicles*, and ought to *stop the press.*
27	S	A SILVER CHAIR OF STATE MADE IN ENGLAND FOR THE THRONE OF THE EMPERESS OF RUSSIA, 1732. The "scourge of the nation," long covered with *guilt*, is now *silver mounted.*
28	S	**8 Sunday after Trinity.**
29	M	THE DELAWARE INDIANS ENTER INTO A TREATY WITH THE PENNSYLVANIANS, AND LAY DOWN THE HATCHET, 1757. The Pennsylvanians, in their promises to pay their debts, have since thrown it.
30	Tu	COUNT DE GRASSE TRIED AND EXILED, 1784. France, wishing to make hay whilst the sun shines, cuts her *Grasse.*
31	W	A SITE OF LAND ON THE CALTON HILL GRANTED FOR A MONUMENT TO THE SCOTCH MARTYRS, 1842. The friends of the Scotch Martyrs, unable to obtain any land in England, retire to Calton Hill and *take a site.*

LONDON AT THE SEA SIDE.

In 1792, King George the Third reviewed the Volunteers on Bagshot Heath. The bravery with which they fired off their blank cartridge, without exhibiting any outward signs of excessive fear, attracted the enthusiastic admiration of one another. By his Majesty's gracious desire they were allowed at once to mount the white feather.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Fast Days.

Perhaps the fastest day in the whole year is the 21st of December, which is the shortest day; and being consequently the soonest gone, is the most decidedly fast day of the twelvemonth.

Equation of Time.

In August, clocks to be right must go as fast, or faster, than the sundial; which, as a sundial seldom moves at all, they can very easily do. If your watch is not very fast indeed, when it *goes down* it is likely to break in pieces.

A Rhapsody.

The oyster, which for three long moons has been divorced from the rump-steak, will now be reunited to its mate. As yet, however, the molluscous delicacy can hardly be depended upon. Premature indulgence in the pleasures of the palate is apt to be followed by affections of the viscera.

Hints to Country Cousins.

Country gentlemen who are desirous of obtaining the "most complete cut" should purchase "a suit for 3*l.* 3*s.*" of any advertising slopseller. The first time they wear their new clothes they will find (if their friends be respectable), that they have secured the *cut complete*.

ASTRONOMICAL FOR MARGATE.

The marine star *Asinus*, appearing in conjunction with the planet Miss Tubbs, enters the sixth house in High-street; and having its hind legs in the ascendant, Miss Tubbs makes a transit into the cellar, where she sets and becomes invisible.

Rules for Ascertaining the Weather.

It is said to be a sign of rain when a dog eats grass. Therefore, carry a handful of grass about with you, and offer it to any dog you happen to meet. If he eats it with a petite, there will be much rain. If he only nibbles, it will be showery.

Sentiment for the 2nd of this Month.

The memory of Nelson, and may Britain ever have a T. P. Cooke ready to play his part.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Domestic.

Toast and Water is procured in the speediest manner by proposing Father Mathew's health at the nearest pump.

Directions for the Marine Farmer.

Your window bills having ripened into lodgers, prepare to reap your harvest. Transplant their chops on to your gridiron, and sow your gowns with their thread. Cover your lodgers' beds with a thin layer of blankets, and graft your children's appetites upon their bread and butter. Dibble their lump sugar into your tea, and take care to gravel their moist. Rake out their drawers, and cart away their tea. Drain their port, and well water their gin-bottle. By such means, you will make your residence a perfect harvest-*home*.

Things to be Borne in Mind.

Quarter-day is coming next month—prepare to meet or to avoid it. Real birds of passage always migrate before September.

Grouse shooting begins on the 12th—and stars take to shooting, according to the almanacs, at the same time. If your corn shoots as well, cut it directly, as you ought to do shooting in general, unless you understand it.

APHORISM.

Behold, the fields are embrowned by the waving corn! Alas, that the luminary which mellows the *ear*, should also have the property of tanning the *cheek!*

Statistics.

It is calculated, that, during the height of the season at Herne Bay, the weekly arrivals average—22 back bedrooms, 6 parlours, 4 first floors, and 1 house, which, when reduced into baths, has been found to amount to 15 warms, 6 showers, and 42 colds.

Dominical.

The Golden Number is Number One.

1	Th	1799.—George the Third reviews the Kentish Volunteers, as follows:—"This Regiment ought to be on every Tailor's shopboard."—*Evening Paper.*
2	F	The Smallest Horse in the World Presented to her Majesty, 1842. Though only 27 inches high, the little Quadruped *runs about upon four feet.*
3	S	1831. Snore, late watchman, now dealer in marine stores, insures with the Managing Director, who introduces Jenkins as a noble foundling. Snore says, he "once found a foundling on the knocker of the *Post*; but hears *he* turned out a rum 'un."—(*Exit Jenkins.*)
4	S	**9 Sunday after Trinity.**
5	M	The last remaining Stocks in London removed from Portugal Street, 1826; —and several puffing Linen-Drapers have been selling them off at "a tremendous sacrifice" ever since.
6	Tu	The Members of Lincoln's Inn resolve on Building a new Hall, 1842.—*i. e.* the Lawyers are determined to have another *haul*—out of the pockets of their Clients.
7	W	The Parliament meets at Oxford, having been Adjourned on Account of the Plague, 1625. Adjourned on account of the Plague! Then there must have been an elder Brotherton.
8	Th	Algernon Sydney solicited 100,000*l.* of the French King, to establish a Republic in England, 1666. A later Sydney, to establish a Republic, *bleeds for* Pennsylvania, and then fights the "drab-coloured men" in the *columns* of the *Chronicle.*
9	F	1831. Jenkins determines to accept the salary, and gives a supper to the deputation. By mistake, hands to the staunch and independent parlour, for pipe-lights, his rough draft of the *Unflinching Conservative's* letter; staunch and independent parlour reads it, and pockets the same.
10	S	The Royal Observatory at Greenwich founded, 1675. Unlike other Government Institutions, it has no *latitude* given to it.
11	S	**10 Sunday after Trinity.**
12	M	Duke of Clarence enrols himself as a Private in the Teddington Volunteers, 1805. The Duke, though marked "*private*," was nothing "*particular*."
13	Tu	The Explosion of a Distillery destroys a Party-Wall between it and the Office of the "Temperance Record," 1842. The two Opponents are brought together by *blowing up*, and *knocking down* "*the party*" that stood between them.
14	W	Sir I. Brunel, with Fifty Ladies and Gentlemen, made the First Passage through the whole length of the Thames Tunnel, 1843. The *passage* was so greatly admired, that it caused the *work* (though previously "below par") to be well "quoted."
15	Th	Napoleon b. 1769. He changed the monetary system of France, making a sackful of *crowns* go to *our Napoleons.*
16	F	First Exportation from Hull of Twenty-Four Donkeys to Rotterdam, 1843. The King of Holland, desirous to imitate our Legal Institutions, imports a model Grand Jury from England.
17	S	1831. Jenkins attends (by invitation) a dinner of the National Convention, when a cover is placed before him, which, being removed, reveals his own letter of the "*Unflinching Conservative.*" The deputation turns Jenkins's coat—and Jenkins out.
18	S	**11 Sunday after Trinity.**
19	M	Great Drought, 1803. The Syncretic Society might have realised a fortune by its *milk-and-water works.*
20	Tu	Festival at Drury-Lane Theatre, given to Capt. Rous, on his Election to the Representation of Westminster, 1841. The Electors likely to object to the "Sea Captain" being given out for *representation* a second time.
21	W	Mr. Clarke, Chemist, detects an extensive Adulteration of Flour with Ground Bones and Plaster of Paris, at Hull, 1825. The Bakers determine to *bone* their "*bricks*," and run their twopenny "*cottages*" up with *plaster.*
22	Th	A Correspondent of the "*Times*" advises the Use of Water Engines to disperse Chartist Meetings, 1842—the Gentleman doubtlessly thinking that if the Chartist only had a *Duck*, they would be certain to cry for *Peas* (peace).
23	F	1831. The staunch and independent parlour losing his spectacles in the scuffle, sends to demand satisfaction, or a new pair from Jenkins. The Managing Director recommends Jenkins to fight by all means,—as the staunch and independent parlor is one of his annuitants.
24	S	O'Connell declares his intention not to sit as Lord Mayor another Year, 1842—finding it difficult, in his situation, to deal with *beggars*, without *committing himself.*
25	S	**12 Sunday after Trinity.**
26	M	Prince Albert born, 1819. Afterwards invents a "shocking bad hat" for the British Infantry, but England refuses to put her *Foot* in it.
27	Tu	Day 14 hours long. Great news for Moses, the Tailor, who, like Shakespeare, is "a man for *all time*."
28	W	The Capital of the Nelson Pillar at last Completed, 1843. The thing having progressed, like a broad-wheeled waggon, with the Man and the Boy continually sitting on the *shaft.*
29	Th	The Queen visits Scotland, 1842—and, *mirabile dictu!* returns; being the only *Sovereign* that ever went into that country, and got out again.
30	F	1831. Jenkins writes an anonymous letter to Griselda, asking, "If she will allow the man she loves to be sacrificed without an application to Bow-street." The Managing Director opens the letter, and retains it.
31	S	A Mouse, Singing like a Bird, exhibited in London, 1843. The little creature was said to warble so beautifully, that many people thought it was a *lark.*

THE "BRITISH FARMER" AND THE ROYAL GLEANERS.

Capt. Parry returned on the 26th of this month, 1827, from an unsuccessful attempt to go to the Pole, that frightfully particular revising barrister, the Ice, having filed an objection to his doing so. He had been out sixty-one days, and had gone at the rate of a mile a day; so that he must have got as far as from here to Worthing. This was called Parry's *Expedition*, but there was little expedition in the case—and the term was about as appropriate as that of Fly Waggon to the lumbering *voulage*, known by that name.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

The flowers of Fashion have fled. The birds of Beauty have migrated. The Houses of Parliament have ceased to resound with the periods of Peel, with the wit of Sibthorpe, or the laugh which attends it. Town is empty. How strikingly it resembles an author's pocket!

Moral Reflection.

This is the harvest month, and so make the most of it. Cut away as fast as you can; and if your produce won't pay your rent, cut away altogether.

A Physical Ditto.

The swallow, airy pilgrim, quits us for a more genial clime. But let us not despond. The partridge, sweet bird, with its concomitant bread-sauce, revisits the social board. Oh, may no late harvest delay its welcome advent to the fourteenth of the month.

Hints.

Rooks and crows, residing in the vicinity of the metropolis, are requested to fly high on the 1st of September, lest they should be mistaken for partridges. The careful farmer, also, will, on that day, do well to confine his poultry to their roosts.

Moveable Fairs.

The policemen appear to consider the apple-women as moveable *fairs*, and invariably call upon the fair to keep moving.

ZOOLOGICAL.

The Robin now puts on his best red waistcoat and goes out larking in the woods. The Kangaroo rollicks in the jungle, and the Cassowary gambols along the rushy banks of the shallow stream.

Unclaimed Dividends.

The shareholders of Waterloo Bridge never think of claiming a dividend, because they are quite aware that if they did they would be sure not to get it.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Horse-dealer's Duty.

The horse-dealer's duty is to cheat every body he can, and take care that all "white stockings" are blacked with caustic; to warrant all knackers' hacks as thoroughly sound, and express happiness at the chance of taking them back again if not approved; to speak of every vicious animal as "the sweetest mare he ever saw;" to call glanders "a cold;" and live nobody knows where.

To choose Meats.

The cheapest and best will be found at all times the most advantageous. Joints, like secrets, are worth little when they are *blown*; but, like children, should be washed and dressed before appearing at table; and occasionally *basted*.

Astronomical Notice.

Punch will cast nativities, if any of the natives are desirous of knowing them. *Punch* will give advice how to *act* in any serious matter; and consequently a melodramatic performer having a serious part to go through, may have advice how to act by applying at our Office.

TO TELL WHAT O'CLOCK IT IS BY A CLOCK THAT DON'T GO.

Get a sun-dial, or, if you have not one by you, make one. Take it out into the sun, and place your clock, that don't go, by the side of it. Ascertain the time by the shadows thrown on the dial by the sun, and then take your clock, that don't go, in your left hand, and turn the hands round with your right, till they agree with the time marked on the sun-dial. Having done this, look at your clock, and you will ascertain what o'clock it is. (Reader, keep your temper.)

1	S	**13 Sunday after Trinity.**
2	M	Messrs. Fitzjames and Gladstone (players), being convicted of an Assault, are Cropped as Felons in Dover Jail, 1842. The jailor removes the actors' *locks*, alleging they were rather *rusty* in the *wards*.
3	Tu	Louis-Philippe imports English Beer for Victoria and her Consort, at Eu, 1843. What for! Didn't Albert take with him his own *better half-and-half*?
4	W	The Rev. T. Wakeham presents 100 volumes towards the formation of a Library for the Police Force at Hammersmith, 1843. The "Women of England," by Mrs. Ellis, recommended as the "Policeman's Companion," being enough to *split the head* of any man.
5	Th	Jonas Hanway, who introduced the first, and carried the only umbrella, for 30 years, d. 1787. He never lost it, having no friend bold enough to borrow it.
6	F	The British Swimming Society dine at the Freemasons', 1843. The members, so devoted to the cause, that after dinner their *heads begin to swim*; but, by sticking to the wine, they *keep themselves above water*.
7	S	1831. Jenkins being seized with intermittent ague, puts off the duel for a week. The Managing Director calls and shows Jenkins his own anonymous letter, and declares that he has "saved him from the machinations of a sneaking scoundrel."
8	S	**14 Sunday after Trinity.**
9	M	Mr. Roebuck complains in Parliament of a paragraph in a Paper, calling him one of the "Shilling Gallery Gentry," 1842; Mr. R., with a fine modesty, considering himself not worthy of being placed among *the Gods*.
10	Tu	Rumour that Alderman Gibbs intends to oppose Alderman Magnay in the election for Mayor, 1843. It is subsequently found that Gibbs wouldn't come to the scratch—on *any account*.
11	W	1831. Jenkins goes to the ground, with the Managing Director as second. The staunch and independent parlour's pistol hangs fire, and Jenkins's ball takes effect in the Managing Director's calf. Jenkins flies from the field, feeling himself a parricide-in-law.
12	Th	Strike of the Masons employed on the New Houses of Parliament, 1841. Feeling that a house, liable to be so often *divided*, is not likely to *stand*.
13	F	Lord Huntingtower makes his First Appearance in the Bankruptcy Court, 1841. Found to *draw* very largely from the number of *bills* he had put out. "*Vivat Huntingtower.—No money returned.*"
14	S	Espartero visits the Surrey Zoological Gardens, 1843. Observing the *gentleness* of the Hyæna, he inquires the Terms for a Quarter's Tuition for Nogueras.'
15	S	**15 Sunday after Trinity.**
16	M	Six Paupers Sentenced to 14 Days' Hard Labour for "*laughing* and *braying*," 1842. Messrs. Fox Lane and Sibthorpe are thus saved the trouble of moving for a *breach* of *privilege*.
17	Tu	Several Freedoms Granted to Inhabitants of Bread Street Ward, on the Election for the Aldermanic Gown, 1843. The inhabitants give the Alderman a gown, after having been well *treated*, and *made free* with his money.
18	W	The Ponterdulas Gate destroyed by the Rebeccaites, 1843. The Welsh having been seriously *charged* to do it.
19	Th	An Anti-Temperance Society at Hamburgh, founded by one Rocker, put down by the Government, 1843. The banners of the society were "*three sheets in the wind*."
20	F	An Irish Journal declares, that the bakers use weekly 3000 weight of Potatoes in Cork, 1842. In England they are distilled into British Brandy, which is the same as *potatoes in Cork*.
21	S	1831. Jenkins having pulled down the window blind of his attic, takes off the bell-pull and orders the girl-of-all-work to say that he is out of town.
22	S	**16 Sunday after Trinity.**
23	M	A Monument erected at Cheltenham to commemorate the Duke of Wellington's Visit to that town, sold for Sixteen Guineas, 1843. Shame! that the "*Iron* Duke" should go for only the price of *old metal*.
24	Tu	Great sensation created in the City by the Portugal Wine Treaty, 1843. Expected that several eminent wine-merchants would become perfect Napoleons at *Logwood*.
25	W	An enormous monkey, with other animals, comes over from America in the Monarch, 1843. The English *monarch* having got the Yankees' *monkey up*, America thinks it better to get rid of it.
26	Th	Harvest Moon.—Our Sheriff, F. G., *cuts his corns*.
27	F	Mr. Yorke's motion, Not to allow the separation of Man and Wife in the Workhouse, negatived, 1841. The dietary of the Union not allowing the luxury of *spare-rib*.
28	S	The Clock 9 m. 28 s. too Slow.—This does not apply to St. Clement's, the variations of which are as follows:—North face, 5h. 6m. too fast; South face, 9h. 2m. too slow; East and West faces don't go at all.
29	S	**17 Sunday after Trinity.**
30	M	Laying of the foundation-stone of the Nelson Memorial in Trafalgar Square, 1840. The Committee, out of compliment to the single-armed hero, resolve to employ but *one hand* on it.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—HOME BREWING.

On the 25th of this month, 1415, the French and English Armies gave each other battle, at Agincourt. Henry rushed about with a Crown on his head, that got cracked, at the first onset; and though eighteen French knights had sworn to kill him, the eighteen *knights* were unable to gain the *day*. The English archers drew their long bows, but not to such an extent as the historians who have recorded their achievements, 14,000 soldiers were butchered by mistake, and the king was dreadfully *cut up* about it. Henry fought on foot, having had his horse made into *à-la-mode* beef the day before, for the use of his famishing attendants.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Prediction.

To Cockneys.—You may expect *ale* in October, if not *rain*.

Ditto Medical.

On the 1st, much twaddle will be uttered in the theatres of the different hospitals. An hour's refreshing sleep may be procured gratuitously on that day by any person applying for admission.

Reflection.

The hand of Autumn, if we may venture the expression, has done the forest brown. Thus is the *verdant* hue of *innocence* transmuted by the arts of the swindler.

The Weather.

Fine weather may be expected this month, on all those days on which the solar rays are unimpeded by subjacent vapour. Should electricity be generated by any unforseen cause in large quantities, there will be thunder and lightning; in which case a great deal of milk will be turned sour, at least in the country. In London, where that fluid consists principally of chalk and water, it will be affected to less extent. There will likewise be snow, and the Thames will be frozen over, should those atmospheric conditions which are expected for the production of such phenomena exist.

FARMING DIRECTIONS.

Now look to your Murphies—or else you will be certain to find the *speck'd taturs*, like those at the Toxopholite meetings, *shot in the eye*.

Astrological.

The only planet *in transitu* this month belongs to the Gravesend Star Company, which, by a conjunction with Aquarius, or the *Waterman*, No. 9, leads to outbreaks of excitement and tumult with the Satellites round the paddle-boxes.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Chanson des Champs for October. Air—"*Betsy Baker.*"

Plough stubbles and sow winter wheat,
Your farm-yard get in order;
Take up potatoes meant to eat,
Frame peas in some warm border.
Ri, tooral, looral, looral, loo!

Your quickset hedges now repair;
Manure your land with guano;
Feed oxen up for beef, with care,
And sell your wife's *piano*.

(This *chanson* is adapted to be sung in chorus at the schools of agriculture, and is published under the *countenance* of the President of the Education Committee, whenever he may chance to be reading it.)

Zoological.

The Welsh Rabbit now basks before the kitchen fire, and the early Smithfield Bull now revels in the China shop.

Thoughts suggested by the fall of the leaf.

The "sere and yellow leaf" rustling through the naked branches, suggests the propriety of having them swept away by your manservant, should you keep one, or else by a vagrant boy, who will do it for twopence, or the approaches to your house will be always damp and untidy.

The first thought suggested by the fall of the leaf of a dining-table, is how much crockery is broken.

CARRIAGE DUTIES, WITH FOUR WHEELS.

To be seen in the Park during the season, from 5 to 7 P.M.

To stop until called for—in a loud voice, in the crush-room, at the door of the Opera.

To return visits by leaving cards at the houses of ineligible acquaintances, and driving quickly on.

1	Tu	The Glass in which Madame Lafarge gave her Husband the Poison, sold for 50 Francs, 1843. A glass which, in the eyes of the buyer, must have enormously *magnified* Madame L.'s virtues.
2	W	Monsieur Rossignol discovers Copper in the organized Tissues of Man, 1843. Will any *copper* ever be extracted from Alderman Gibbs?
3	Th	Death of "Little Wonder," the race-horse, 1843. Having been previously *cupped* for a violent *running in the legs*.
4	F	Collectors of the Window Duty held to be disqualified for Voting, 1842. Asking so frequently for the Window Tax, they lose their *voice*.
5	S	1831. Jenkins receives a doctor's bill for 5*l.* 5*s.* from the Managing Director. Meets Griselda, and alluding with regret to the accident, she remarks, "how lucky it was that her father always wore false calves."
6	S	18 Sunday after Trinity.
7	M	The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of 300*l.* as conscience-money, 1843. Lord William Lennox returns to Mr. Colburn the money he had received for the authorship of the *Tuft-Hunter*.
8	Tu	The impression of a Thistle with the motto of "Dinna Forget" on a pencil case, is held to be Armorial Bearings, 1843. The Duke of Cambridge has an *impression* that no donkey with a thistle would "*Dinaer* forget."
9	W	Only Half the usual number of Clergymen in the County of Essex take out Game Certificates, 1842. "*Black* cocks very shy this season."
10	Th	The rejection of Alderman Wood for the Civic Chair, 1843. The citizens, remembering the Talacre Coal *Association*, prefer the Alderman's room to his *Company*.
11	F	Means adopted to afford Supplies to the Vessels in the Coops of the Channel, 1842. Supplies! Pshaw! Couldn't they dine off the *chops* of the Channel?
12	S	1831. The joint porter and secretary of the West Diddlesex is instructed by the Managing Director to write a letter signed "*De Vallaneaver*," offering for Griselda's hand, and proposing to insure his life, and buy an annuity for her.
13	S	19 Sunday after Trinity.
14	M	A Guillotine sent from Paris to Algiers, 1842. The French, wishing to complete their Essay on International Rights, send out the guillotine to get the *heads* of a *few subjects*.
15	Tu	A City Policeman, 619, committed to the House of Correction for extorting, by the colour of his office, pennies and twopences from fruit-women, &c., 1842. The "*colour*" of his office giving him a *fine eye* for the "*browns*."
16	W	Great Hurricane at Oxford, 1773. Several of the Students having laboured hard to *raise the wind*.

17	Th	A large Porter Vat of Meux and Co.'s bursts, and destroys two houses, 1814. The greatest load ever carried off by any *porter*.
18	F	1831. The Managing Director shows the joint porter and secretary's letter to Jenkins, who, on his knees, implores a "month's warning before Griselda irrevocably suits herself, promising ere then to out-dower the envious De Vallaneaver."
19	S	A basket-maker contrives to get down the Weathercock of St. Alban's Church by means of a scaffolding made of twigs, 1787. The Rector of the church refusing him any assistance, he gets up with the aid of the *Wicker*.
20	S	20 Sunday after Trinity.
21	M	Mr. Pattison returned for the City, 1843. The very man to *quash* a Petition, if called to *sit upon* it.
22	Tu	A calculation made, that 7,250,000,000 Eggs are annually used in France, 1842. Then the eggs in France must be in *better odour* than those they send here.
23	W	King of Candy taken prisoner by General Brownrigg, 1815. The soldiers of the King of Candy affording him no *sacker*, General Brownrigg *licks* him.
24	Th	Sir Robert Peel states at the Tamworth Farmers' Club that he is willing to have his rakes and rabbits shot for the good of his tenants, 1843; *i. e.*, rather than sacrifice their *crops*, he'd have every *hair* of his own well *powdered*.
25	F	1831. Jenkins seeks Griselda, proposes an elopement to Shoreditch,—tells her to name the happy day,—buy the ring,—get the cards engraved,—order the bride-cake, and trust the rest to him.—Griselda, with a blush, hopes the 26th will suit him.
26	S	16 Bags of Letters stolen from the Leeds Mail, 1812. The first instance, preceding the Jack Sheppard School of literature, which connected *thieving* with *letters*.
27	S	21 Sunday after Trinity.
28	M	Societies formed in Manchester for putting down the smoke nuisance, and removing the sooty particles from the air, 1842. Being a second attempt to promote the *emancipation of the blacks*.
29	Tu	Captain Cook b. 1728. A servant of the Government, who had many *followers*,—Anson, in particular, coming after the *cook*.
30	W	1831. The Managing Director leaves town for his seat in the country, being annoyed by the frequent visits of his annuitant, the staunch and independent parlor, and his friend, the talented and prolific sheriff's officer.
31	Th	Riots among the Stocking-knitters of Nottingham, 1790. The weavers objecting to the terms of *knitting 'em* and *notting 'em*.

GOG AND MAGOG, AFTER THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

On the 5th of this month, 1605, Guy Fawkes, who is well known as one of the London "lions stuffed with straw," attempted to make Lucifer a match for the House of Commons, and to dissolve Parliament by gunpowder. Had that end been obtained it could not have made more noise in the world than it has done. Lord Monteagle, the Spring Rice of 1605, fortunately smelt the thing out, and was very handsomely rewarded for his discovery. Formerly it was usual, on the opening of Parliament, for the members to go down in a body to the Coalhole under the House, but the practice was discontinued, as so many members staid away under the apprehension of being taken for Guys.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Farming Directions.

If the fly has got into your sheep, use salve, and *salve* them out thoroughly.

Soot is strongly recommended to be ploughed into corn-fields as manure, but the Royal Society think it produces smut in the wheat.

The apparently dirty task of scouring all your land-drains and ditches must be undertaken this month.

Provide dry food for your horses. The most vicious animal will stand a great deal of chaff in October.

Fair days are best suited for disposing of *fine weather* sheep. Jays and blackbirds hung up in your hall, are not to be considered birds of passage.

Passengers' Duties, conveyed for Hire upon Railways.

Not to smoke in the carriages; to take care of their tickets and present them unfolded when asked for; not to give anything to the porters; and to write constant letters of complaint to the TIMES.

The chief thing to be borne in mind this month, is that the Eclipse of the sun on the 10th is invisible; so that there is not any occasion to look after it. A small part of the Great Southern Ocean only will be favoured, whither it is not probable anybody will take the trouble of going.

ZOOLOGICAL.

The hearty Hippopotamus now snuffs the morning air, and the Camelopard gambols over the distant hills. The Cockatoo chirrups in his cage, and the Duck fills the midday atmosphere with cheerful quack-quacks.

Ancient Weather Lines on November.

Please to remember, ye monthe of November
Was never yette knowne to be hotte;
The fogge is in season, no leaves have ye trees on,
And pheasauntes maie now be shotte.
Holler boie! holler boie! huzza—a—a—a!

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Hints to Country Cousins.

If you wish to pass a day in town get into an omnibus at Sloane-street, and by the time you reach the Bank, you will be surprised to find, that you have accomplished the object you had in view.

Miscellaneous.

The hop-duty is collected this month. Nathan contributes largely to the revenue.

The leviathan bulk of London is enveloped in one huge fog. Cab comes into collision with cab, nose with nose, or, harder fate, with lamp-post. The passenger has taken the wrong turning, and, bewildered, is unable to find his way. How like is he to the philosopher after the tenth go!

The cost of a divorce in England ranges from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* A marriage often costs the parties a considerably greater sum.

The Bank of Upper Canada corresponds with Messrs. Glyn. But the Bank of Pennsylvania corresponds with no bank in England—we hope.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Household.

A tenant who owes one quarter, and knows if he stays another he must pay double before he can be quits, generally quits first.

MEASURES OF DISTANCES.

8 Furlongs ..... 1 English Mile.
4 Furlongs ..... 1 Cabriolet Mile.

1	F	CALEDONIAN CANAL OPENED AT A COST OF 900,000*l.*, 1822. The Scotch, with their usual prudence, putting a number of *locks* on the water.
2	S	NEWS RECEIVED OF THE SAFETY OF LIEUTENANT PARRY'S EXPEDITION, 1820. Mr. Grant publishes an Account of this Expedition as "PARRY'S AND HIS PEOPLE," *bound in ice.*
3	S	22 Sunday after Trinity.
4	M	*Galignani* says:—"THE QUANTITY OF WOMEN'S HAIR WHICH COMES ANNUALLY UNDER THE SCISSORS FOR SALE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE IS 200,000 lbs, 1842." An ingenious mode of some of the Ladies getting Beef with their *carrots.*
5	Tu	1831. Jenkins attends an evening party in Hanover-square, and discovers on the hall-chairs a crown, and the cypher K.—Jenkins snatches the tea-spoon from his bosom, and overpowered by his feelings, sinks to the—door-mat.
6	W	DIED WILLIAM HONE, 1843. Death, like a true Conservative, doing what he liked with his *Hone.*
7	Th	A HYDRO-OXYGEN MICROSCOPE (MAGNIFYING UPWARDS OF 30,000,000 TIMES) EXHIBITED BEFORE HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR, 1843. Sibthorpe says, at such a rate of increase, a Guinea put in the focus would just pay off the National Debt.
8	F	THE FEES IN BANKRUPTCY BEING SO SMALL THAT ATTORNEYS AVOID STRIKING DOCKETS, THE CHANCELLOR INCREASES THE ALLOWANCE, 1843. Thinking that Attorneys took but little from Bankrupts' Estates, he offers them a "*liberal allowance,*" so that they may "*take a quantity.*"
9	S	AN INNUMERABLE QUANTITY OF FISHES POISONED BY 103 HOGSHEADS OF WINE, POURED INTO THE RIVER SEINE, 1843. The Fishes being all *in-Seine* when they drank it.
10	S	23 Sunday after Trinity.
11	M	A VEIN OF PURE OIL WAS DISCOVERED IN KENTUCKY, WHILST BORING FOR WATER, 1830. The same Phenomenon has often occurred in *Whales.*
12	Tu	NET ASSETS SUFFICIENT TO PAY ONE SHILLING IN THE POUND OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S DEBTS, 1827. The Creditors, having Administered to the Duke's *will*, find themselves *cut off with a Shilling.*
13	W	CHESS MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 1843. We give the most important *Move* between the two Countries. The English *Queen* crosses over to the French King's *Castle*, and loses two (*K*)*nights* by it.
14	Th	AN ORDER ISSUED BY THE SUPERINTENDANT OF THE L DIVISION, THAT ALL THE MEN SHOULD APPEAR WITH THEIR WHISKERS SHAVED CLEAN OFF TO THE EAR, 1842, being the easiest way of making the Force "*right about face.*"
15	F	1831. The Managing Director having returned, is seen by Jenkins, who, in hilarious agitation, narrates the discovery, and says, that Snore can place a coronet upon his brow.
16	S	THE *Gazette de Hanflleur* SAYS, "THE *Télémaque* IS COMPLETELY RAISED FROM HER BED," 1842. On the Bed being subsequently explored, the Dividend declared was a *wet Blanket* to each Shareholder.
17	S	24 Sunday after Trinity.
18	M	THE STATUES, OF VENUS AND THE BOY HELD BY HERCULES, IN THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES, ARE MUTILATED, 1843. The Vandal, ignorant of the value of *Figures*, indulges in *Vulgar Fractions.*
19	Tu	1831. Jenkins, and the Managing Director, visit Snore, who has the hiccups so strong upon him, that he is incapable of continuous narrative. Mrs. Snore, on the promise of 10*l.* from the Managing Director, thinks she can have him sober by the 25th.
20	W	THE *Examiner* SAYS, "MR. WOMBWELL HAS REARED WITHIN THE LAST 12 YEARS, UPWARDS OF 130 LIONS," 1842—and accommodated several Members of Parliament with their *Skins.*
21	Th	SEVERAL HONIERS COMPLAIN AT GUILDHALL OF THE NUMBER OF CHANCERY BILLS THAT HAVE BEEN FILED AGAINST THEM BY THE SOLICITOR OF THE CAOUTCHOUC COMPANY, 1842. The India-Rubber Attorney, likely to go to any *lengths* upon a *stretch*, is *pulled up* to Guil-hall.
22	F	FACULTY OF MEDICINE SUPPRESSED AT PARIS, 1822. *Bills* of Health *drawn* at a long date, "making (Life) *Assurance* doubly *sure*"
23	S	PARLIAMENT PROROGUED WITHOUT A SPEECH FROM GEORGE THE FOURTH, 1820 The "Great Cigar" having resolved for once to *consume his own smoke.*
24	S	25 Sunday after Trinity.
25	M	"DOMESTIC LIBRARIES" ESTABLISHED AT THE ROYAL PALACES, 1843. Her Majesty being desirous, that her *Pages* should be, not only "*bound in scarlet cloth, with gilt edges,*" but—*lettered.*
26	Tu	THE BULB OF A TULIP SOLD FOR 640*l.*, 1842. Gardener *loquitur*: "Go it, my tulip."
27	W	A CABBAGE GATHERED IN THE GARDEN OF JOHN LEE, WEIGHING 42 lbs., 1843. The *cabbages* of Lord William Lennox have since been found much *heavier.*
28	Th	WARWICK MAIL ROBBED OF BANK NOTES TO THE AMOUNT OF 20,000*l.*, 1837. The rogues *took in* the "*Evening Mail*," and kept the *paper.*
29	F	TWELVE INSPECTORS AND TWELVE PRIVATES OF THE POLICE FORCE SENT OUT TO HONG KONG FROM ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL METROPOLITAN DIVISIONS, 1843—being exactly "the young men for a small T party."
30	S	1831. Griselda—her father—and Jenkins, go to Snore, who deposes to finding Jenkins. Jenkins produces THE SPOON, which Snore recognises as the one he lost from the eighth glass he had on New Year's night, from KNOGGIN OF THE CROWN TAVERN.

THE OLD YEAR GOING OUT AND THE NEW ONE COMING IN.

On the 1st of December, 1135, died Henry I. of England. He was the first king who brought "progresses" into vogue; his plan of proceeding was considerably less expensive than that adopted by our gracious Queen Victoria, who has frequently complained to us of the heavy charges of innkeepers and 'pikemen. However, we do not recommend her Majesty to imitate her illustrious predecessor, who by hook or by crook contrived to have his provisions and money found him by those subjects who had the honour of calling him landlord.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Farming Directions.

Force on your fat cattle for the markets, and, if they are too fat to move, no forcing will be of any service.

Prediction.

The Cattle Show held this month will be well attended. Some valuable implements will be exhibited, the majority of them being something between coffee-mills and wheelbarrows; and one, evidently a cross of a barrel organ with a garden roller, attracts great attention. Drilling machines will be introduced into the army, to save much trouble.

Rules for ascertaining the weight and height of Cattle.

To ascertain the weight of a horse, place your toe under the animal's foot while he is standing still. If there be any dispute about the height of the animal, the most efficient method to settle it is to put the question to a "*show of hands.*"

Reflections.

The Length of Day is a term peculiar to Almanacs; but the lengths gone to by the Dey of Algiers exceed all calculation, and this Almanac therefore does not allude to them.

The *Clock after Sun* is a technical phrase; but the clock of St. Clement's goes so badly, that there is no saying what it is after.

CIVIC RELATIONSHIP.

Mr. Hobler is father of the city. Alderman Gibbs is *cozen* to the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and Alderman Thomas Wood stands in the same position with regard to the shareholders in the Talacre Coal Company.

Domestic.

How to make "Kisses."—Take a bough of mistletoe and hang it up in a warm place. Put beneath it a young lady with whom you are rather *sweet*. When she begins to melt, which you may know by her change of colour, you should run your rigs and mould your lips for kisses.

MONTHLY REMARKS.

Aphorisms.

How noble a spectacle is presented by the establishment of Mr. Giblett in Bond-street!—What pleasing sights are the poulterers' shops!—How the feet leap up when we behold the van, turkey laden, arriving from the country! And yet, in the midst of our gladness, we are constrained to heave a sigh. Happy school-boys, to whom the coming season is simply suggestive of beef and pudding. Oh! if ye knew the feelings of your papas, who have the Christmas bills to pay!

Moral Reflection.

How gratifying to behold a group of happy children enjoying themselves at a Christmas dinner!—indulging their little appetites without restraint from their parents—it must be so to the family doctor.

How to make a Sausage Roll.

Let your hair grow to a moderate length, roll it round curling-tongs, taking care to lard it well with British bear's-grease. When the hair becomes crisp your sausage roll is done. Skewer with black pins, garnish with artificial flowers, and serve up in a bonnet of the willow pattern.

ZOOLOGICAL.

The Turkey now hangs his head over the door of the poulterer, and the Donkey brays over the grateful thistle. The Pewit is at its wits' end for food, in consequence of the frost; and the Mole, the friend of man, gives up his skin to make trousers for him.

Canterbury Brawn

Is easily imitated by rolling together equal parts of horn shades from old lanterns, strips of India rubber, hoof-parings, and cheap bacon. It is a favourite Christmas dish.

A rich Hash.

A leader in the *Morning Post*, Charles Kean's conception of Shakespeare, and Wallack's management, are about the richest we know of.

1	S	**Advent Sunday.**
2	M	The Lord Mayor of York gives orders for the apprehension of all Boys found whistling in the streets, 1343. Beadle *canit*, "*Whistle and I'll come to you my lad.*"
3	Tu	A very dense Fog in Paris, 1842. The Clerk of the Weather being determined to "*lay it on very thick.*"
4	W	The Emperor Joseph of Germany, in opposition to the Pope, fills up several vacant Sees in Bohemia, 1774—by setting several of his clerical *pumps* to work in them.
5	Th	Discovery of Galvanism, 1790. The electric *currants* have been preserved in *jars* ever since.
6	F	1831. Jenkins receives a letter from the Managing Director, stating that, "the truly noble De Vallancecur *has* bought the annuity—*has* insured his life, and on the 25th will receive Griselda's hand, and share her estates."
7	S	Mr. Wilde publishes a Map of the Sandwich Islands, 1843; showing each of the islands to be a geographical sandwich, *i. e.* a slice of land between wind and water.
8	S	**2 Sunday in Advent.**
9	M	On the North Midland Railway a carriage for Smokers has been fitted up called "The Divan," 1843. A more appropriate name for it would have been "*Cloud's Omnibus.*"
10	Tu	James the Second—so that nothing may be legally done in his absence—throws the Great Seal into the Thames, 1688. The Lord Chancellor resigns the Great Seal in favour of Father Thames, which accounts for the Father occasionally *running* into the Courts at Westminster.
11	W	The Westminster Play, 1842. The performances of the Scholars concluding, like street mountebanks, with the hat being sent round for the benefit of the principal actor.
12	Th	1831. Jenkins resolves to be connected with a noble family, accepts the situation of footman, and stoops to wear the canary plush of the Countess of ——.
13	F	A Meeting held at the Crown and Anchor against Intemperance and the Consumption of Excisable Spirits, 1813. On the principle of its finding its own *level*, water is felt to be adapted to *perfect flute*.
14	S	The Society of Arts give their Gold Medal to Mr. Johnson for sowing the greatest quantity of land with Acorns, 1792. Pshaw! How could he *sow* it with acorns? He might have done so with flax.
15	S	**3 Sunday in Advent.**
16	M	The New River brought up from Herefordshire to London, 1614. Though not in the commencement thought to be a river of the "*first water*," it was afterwards very much *over-rated*.
17	Tu	Meeting of Artists to oppose Mr. Moon's Scheme of the "National Art-Union," 1842. The *Moon* is eclipsed by the *sons* of Apollo.
18	W	The Buckle-makers of Birmingham petition the Prince of Wales to abandon Shoe-strings in favour of Buckles, 1791. The Prince promises to set the fashion of buckles *on foot* by giving up all other *ties*.
19	Th	The Sovereignty of Man purchased by the British Crown, 1760. *Man*, in the present day, willingly acknowledges the sovereignty of woman.
20	F	Baron Newhoff, ex-King of Corsica, who took the benefit of the Act, and scheduled his Kingdom on behalf of his Creditors, d. 1756. Mr. Levy, being put in possession of the kingdom, ascends the throne under the title of Levy the First.
21	S	1831. The Managing Director arrested by the talented and prolific on his way to the lock-up, calls on Griselda. Jenkins goes to Tribe, the confectioner's, for macaroons for the Countess's lap-dog, and is served by *Griselda*, the pastry-cook's girl.
22	S	**4 Sunday in Advent.**
23	M	Louis-Philippe presents to the Schoolmasters' Society a Portrait of Himself as a Teacher of Mathematics, 1820. Being a Master of the *angle*, he gets Charles le Dix in a *line*, and remains himself without a *parallel*.
24	Tu	An Artesian well sunk at the Chain Pier, Brighton, to procure Fresh Water, from below the Ocean, 1842. Sibthorpe wonders why they should sink a well; observing that, when the tide has gone down, *fresh* water must come up.
25	W	Christmas Day.
26	Th	Lord Cochrane, for escaping from the King's Bench, is fined 100*l.*; which is paid by Penny Subscriptions, 1815. His lordship, being in a mess, the people offer him their *coppers* to get him *clean* out of it.
27	F	1843-4. Jenkins is retained upon the *Post*, and in return for his valued services, has a tag of his shoulder-knot fitted with an ever-pointed pencil, that he may be always prepared to pour his spirit into the columns of the *Morning Post*.
28	S	Queen Anne retires to Windsor, where she has a severe attack of the Gout, and the Funds sink in Consequence, 1713. It being supposed that the Queen has something on *foot*, and that her constitution is breaking up in *to-to*.
29	S	**1 Sunday after Christmas.**
30	M	Intense Frost at Ghent: the horses' hoofs frozen to the ground, 1708. Even hackney-coach horses became *fast*, and no jarvey could cut his way through the streets with his *hacks*.
31	Tu	Sir Robert Peel indignantly returns some Velveteen to Mr. Barlow, on discovering the design to be an Ear of Corn, with the word "Free," 1842. Sir Robert Peel considering that, with Ministers of his class, the word "*free*" was not adapted to English "*ears*."

A happy New Year, my Masters!

IT shall be no fault of PUNCH, if there is in all the land one honest kindly heart, that is not blythe from this—the Young Year's birthday—till the funeral knell of Old December. You see the banquet our fancy has prepared for you—for thus should you fare and revel were our garret as large as our love; but we are "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd;" and, potent as we are, we cannot crowd our myriad of friends into a nutshell. Pshaw!—There is not a morsel so tooth-some but it palls upon the palate—no draught so sweet or potent but it brings satiety. We will make you merrier and wiser than you could grow on rare meats and strong wines. Our Table of Contents shall teem with *piquant* jests and *pungent* satires; dainty pieces of wisdom, garnished with motley carvings; draughts deep and sparkling, drawn from Hippocrene itself; whilst our "Roo-too-tooit" shall sound like the dulcet tones of Apollo's shell, harmonised, as it will be, with your own heartstrings.

The months shall circle round you to such joyous measures, that you will scarcely miss the flowers of Spring, or feel the iciness of Winter.—— Come! pass another year with

PUNCH.

NEW YEAR'S DAY,
1844.

Reflections
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me if you please,
A newer pair o' shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 't is very pleasant, tho' I 'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door
To ring new trowsers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it 's very true and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It 's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

These illustrious foreigners have had an audience of the Queen, but the report that has appeared in the papers is not so correct as, by our peculiar resources, we are able to render it.

On their arriving at Windsor, the porter, in his red and gold livery, was hailed with a most unanimous whoop of delight from the whole party. They declared they had come expecting to see the great Mother, as they called the Queen, but that they had found the great grandfather Sykes, the porter, who was instantly converted into a sort of Maypole, round which the party went through one of their national war dances—occasionally illustrating some Indian manœuvre by pokes with their tomahawks, and evolutions with their scalping-knives. Sykes, who was glad enough to get rid of them, handed them over to one of the pages, who ran up the great staircase with the whole tribe at his heels, indulging in one of their national yells, which, however interesting to the enthusiast for knowledge, was excessively disagreeable to the domestic whose duty it was to usher the party into the presence of royalty.

The moment the Ojibbeways got into the apartment where the Queen was expecting them, Ah-que-we-zaintz ("the boy," as the interpreter called him, though he was above 70 years old, and looked just such a boy as Mathews must have alluded to when he said, "That boy will be the death of me") made the following very strong observations, which we give in all their native strength and purity.

Wha ckr ou ded ow fold erod ed id dle rowd ed ow tolderi ddelr id o.

It was explained to her Majesty that "the boy," merely meant to say, that he was too unwell to say anything.

The War-chief then made a few remarks in Ojibbeway, which were translated into gibberish by Strong-wind—who called himself the interpreter—and from that it was done into English by the Hon. Mr. Murray, who has got a smattering of Ojibbeway, and intends, we believe, bringing out an Ojibbewese Grammar, as soon as he has got it ready for publication.

The War-chief was understood to say, that he was glad to see the faces of the English all wearing pleasant looks; upon which her Majesty observed, that "the gentleman in the beads and feathers could not have seen a Tax-collector, or he would not have described all the English faces as pleasant." The War-chief alluded to the size of her Majesty's wig-wam—the name he was pleased to bestow on Windsor Castle. When the Queen good naturedly suggested, that "if it was any wam, it was a Tory and not a Whig wam, since the change in the ministry."

The War-chief remarked, also, that the light which came into the windows was of a good quality—whereupon the Queen humorously observed, that "the light ought to be good, considering the very good price that the people had to pay for it." The War-chief then gave a very broad hint which was not taken. He remarked that presents had been often sent them from this country—but her Majesty having no loose cash about her, did not act upon the suggestion of Pattona-quotta-weebe, for such was the name of the unfathomable and venerable rasper (deep old file) who had been addressing her.

The party then went through several of their dances, in which Weenish-ka-weebe—the "Flying Gull"—greatly distinguished himself.

We are sorry that the Ojibbeways are so hard up, as to be reduced to public exhibition at so much a head—for we should feel the degradation deeply, if any of our English warriors were abroad in the same predicament. Fancy the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey finding themselves short of cash somewhere at the other end of the world, and performing the broad-sword exercise before an audience of native Indians, for the purpose of paying their expenses home again. Or, suppose it possible that any of our Royal Family should get out to Ojibbeway, and go through the dances of their country—a Scotch reel, an Irish jig, or an English naval hornpipe, for the amusement of the court people. Such, however, appears to be the degrading position, in this country, of the chiefs of the tribe of the Ojibbeway Indians, if we may judge from the announcements of Mr. Catlin, wherein it is stated that "The Ojibbeway Indians exhibit daily. War-whoop at 12 precisely; Scalping begins at 3. Feeding time, 1s. extra."

University Intelligence.
OXFORD.

January having come, the Graduates have gone into the country to refresh for more Theological squabbling, a grand set-to being anticipated in next Term.

Many of the Under-graduates remain in Oxford during vacation, "to read Ethics with a Fellow of the College."—(See letters to Papa); although how they effect this by residing at Bicester, with four hunters and a hack, is not immediately evident.

Romanism continues to make awful advance. Such expressions as "I would the Pope's gay lot were mine," with allusions highly complimentary to "The monks of old," are heard frequently, and at hours which lead us to suppose that the choir are engaged in nocturns or very early matins.

There is a distinctive species called "*the Fast men*," no doubt from their abstemious self-denial. Many of these, at the late examination, did not answer certain questions put them, and, when they did respond, their replies were strange and very different from the explanations of established commentators.

NOVEL DISCOVERY.

The antiquarians of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, were much puzzled the other day, by the discovery of a very curious looking document, which an old parish clerk recognised as "*A Churchwarden's Account.*" However, there was something written on it which, for a long time, could not be made out; at last, one old gentleman having somewhat better eyes than the rest, discovered it to be the word "*audited!*"

Herne Bay Intelligence.

Fool-hardy Wager.—The waiter of the Pier Hotel, Herne Bay, has undertaken, for a trifling wager, to attempt the desperate task of reading *twenty-four leaders of the Morning Post in twenty-four successive days!* What are the magistrates about?

THE SHARPER.

When the Sharper has bolted, and left not a name
Nor address that is likely to find him;
How little he thinks if his tailor may blame,
That he left such a long bill behind him.

On board the swift steamer he paces the deck,
And his step grows perceptibly bolder;
No longer he dreads every moment a check,
From that horror—a tap of the shoulder.

No! away with such thoughts, his cheroot he may light,
With a blithe heart he leans o'er the gunnel,
And he carelessly puffs (to each lady's delight),
All his smoke and his cares 'baft the funnel.

Important Promotions! Merit Rewarded!

[EXPRESS FROM 194 STRAND.]

Punch Office, Half-past Five o'Clock.

FROM EXCLUSIVE sources, we announce, with unfeigned delight, that a celebrated public servant has received at the hands of a great prince an honour which the press and the nation will alike applaud. We, for our parts, are none of those who grudge to a deserving contemporary the reward of his labour and his genius. We cordially felicitate him on his advancement, and trust that the example so given will be one by which *other foreign Potentates* will profit.

In one word, JENKINS has been promoted to the peerage and dukedom of France by the French King, Henry V. The Grand Cordon of the Order of the Bell has, we understand, been sent to him, with the cane and rich plush mantle of the knights of the order. The investiture will speedily take place, and we trust to be present at that august and affecting ceremony.

We are also authorised to state that, taking into consideration the late eminent services of JAMES GRUNT, Esq., whose work on Paris and its populace has dealt the most severe blow to Louis-Philippe which has ever been inflicted on that usurper, His Most Christian Majesty has made Mr. Grunt Chevalier of his Order of the Pig and Whistle.

This is as it should be. We hail with delight the promotion of Duke Jenkins and Sir James Grunt. Such honours honour the exalted giver.

His Grace has forwarded to us a copy of the following circular, and of his patent of nobility.

CIRCULAIRE A LA NOBLESSE FRANÇAISE.

M. le Duc Jenkins, Rédacteur du Poteau Matinal, a l'honneur de vous annoncer sa nomination comme Duc et Pair de France.

Il vous invite a féliciter cette circonstance heureuse à son logement (Upper Camomile Buildings, Little Short's Gardens), au 5me, avec un verre de grog au gin.

La Noblesse est priée d'apporter son propre tabac.

Rallions nous autour de Jenkins et son Roi !

NOUS HENRI ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE, A TOUS PRÉSENS SALUT.

Voulant reconnaître les services de notre fidèle et aimé domestique, Jean Thomas Jennekins, envers nous et notre couronne ; NOMMONS notre dit ami, DUC ET PAIR DE FRANCE et de Navarre, avec les titres de Duc de la Pluche, Marquis de l'Aiguillette, Comte et Seigneur de la Sonnette-de-l'Antichambre.

HENRI.

Par le Roi, Le Secrétaire de l'Office, De la Fleur de Jasmin.

A CHRISTMAS GAME.

DEAR, DELIGHTFUL, GOOD, VIRTUOUS PUNCH,

I am not going to be funny, but useful.

You may not be aware, Oh hero of the conical cap, that every winter there are "published" various toys for the amusement of youth,—little coloured cards for playing juvenile round games. These games are generally nothing more than modifications of the old round game of "speculation," shorn of every possibility of fun. One card pays one counter to the pool, another takes one out, and in the whole pack there is one finally good card (answering to the ace in "speculation,") by which the entire pool is gained.

The other day I purchased one which professed not only to beguile a long evening, but to give useful moral instruction to little boys and girls, by means of short maxims printed on the cards. One had on it "Zeal is a sure path to wisdom,"—an aphorism which seems to me of most delicious truth, inasmuch as I was once at a Syncretic meeting, where there was zeal enough to set the room on fire, but no wisdom at all. Another says, "Irritability is like a ruin which breaks itself upon what it falls." I assure you, Sir, I know Tully the moralist, as well as Tully the composer ; I have even dabbled in Aristotle's ethics—but if I understand the meaning of the last aphorism may I send all my numerous offspring to be birched by Mother Brownrigg.

Now, Sir, I purpose to turn the principle of this sort of thing to a better account ; and instead of diffusing a parcel of nonsensical maxims, to have a pack of cards, which shall not only instruct the rising generation in the various phrases in common use throughout this city, but shall also inculcate the useful moral that sharpness is everything in modern life. My game, Mr. Punch, I call the

ARTFUL DODGE,

And the following are the regulations :—

1. The cards are to be thirty in number, and seven of them are to have engravings as below.

2. The dealer puts 12 counters in the pool, and then deals three cards all round. He that has the card

"JOLLY OLD COCK,"

shall pay one all round to the other players, to shew his liberality. He that has

"DEEP OLD FILE,"

shall receive one all round to shew the value of "depth" in this life. If

"SEEDY SWELL,"

is turned up in the same deal with

"SUFFERER,"

the holder of the latter shall pay 2 to the holder of the former, to shew the fortune that awaits tailors. If, however,

"QUOD,"

should be turned up in the same deal, "Seedy Swell" shall not only refund the 2 to "Sufferer," but shall pay 4 to the holder of "Quod." The moral of this is obvious.

"SIGHT"

representing a degree of acuteness, shall take 3 from the pool, and

"DOUBLE SIGHT"

representing the *ne plus ultra* of acuteness, shall take the entire pool. This terminates the genus, which may consist of several deals, as it is not likely that "double sight" will be turned up on every occasion.

3. The remaining cards to which no particular vicissitude is attached, but which merely answer to the non-trumps in "speculation," may be inscribed with little amusing and striking phrases, such as, "Cut away Mike"—"Go it, my tulip"—"Rum ti tum with the chill off,"—"Nix my dolly, pals fake away,"—and the like. By playing a few rounds of this entertaining game, the minds of children will be stored with a variety of expressions that are in daily use, and in which our spelling-books and reading-books are shamefully deficient.

N.B.—My cards will be sold in a varnished box, and 3*s.* 6*d.* will be the figure.

Very truly yours,

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

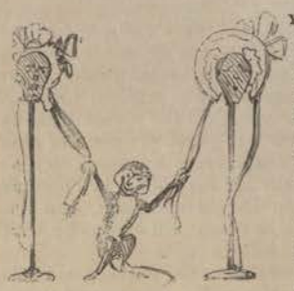
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, has said, "What an extraordinary piece of work is man!" but the Mr. Hamlet, late of Prince's-street, the jeweller and watchmaker, would certainly exclaim, "What an extraordinary piece of work is the clock of St. Clement's." The hands met for several hours the other day, but they recorded no minutes, and we cannot say what passed. There is some talk of putting on additional hands, in order to work the clock, but we beg leave to give notice that, until it works of its own accord, we shall go on working it.

We have heard it whispered that a popular author is preparing a new work of fiction to be called "St. Clement and his Times." The subject—considering that all the four times of the four faces are different—will admit of infinite variety.

Foreign Intelligence.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT POSITIVELY.)

Athens.



MY dear *Mr. Punch*,—I wrote to you on our arrival in this remarkable city, and I can assure you a most remarkable city it is, looking exactly as if it had been picked up and put down again at random in a ploughed field, with one house here and another there, and all the macadamization scattered about everywhere, except on the roads.

I promised you to write about Greek politics, morals, religion, and all that sort of thing, and I am happy to say that the peculiar advantages I have had of obtaining information, will enable me to do so satisfactorily. Of course it is a great thing to have arrived just after all was over, as I shall be able to give you a correct account of the revolution. I have asked my husband how I shall begin about politics, and his answer is, "Say that parties are numerous, but that it is expected the assembly will decide the strength of some of the leaders." Now, I must say that this appears to me more a question of *beau monde* than of politics; as it can make very little difference whether balls and routs are numerous or not, or which chief displays most strength dancing at this assembly, for which the King has very condescendingly lent his ball-room.

I shall begin by telling you, you must place no confidence in what you see in the newspapers, as I have had occasion myself to perceive. For instance, they have all of them declared that, after the change of government, a new ministry was formed of two Russians, two French, two English, and one Greek; whereas I can assure you they are all of them Greek, and the foreigners have been sent away, except the Philhellenes, who fought at the siege of Troy, of which General Church is one; and, though he is an anti-Russian, I am told he speaks very good English.

The *valet-de-place*, we have taken (whose name is Vrey Panagoti) is really a very interesting and superior young man. He is dressed like a Greek warrior: I do not mean those indecent figures at the British Museum, of which there are some here also, but like a real warrior, with a white petticoat, mustachios, pistols, and red cap.

Vrey Panagoti says that, on the night of the 3rd of September, he went to bed, by which he means that he laid down on his dirty capote (as Byron says), and little thought of revolutions. By and bye, in the middle of the night, he was awoke by a sound like the mighty rushing of the sea, and the reports of a thousand muskets. He jumped up, and running into the passage, found that a French Count had tumbled down stairs in the dark over a pail of water. The French Count, it appears, had learnt that a crowd was assembling under the palace, and was making for the balcony, when this accident befell him. Vrey Panagoti, when he discovered what was going on, was not foolish enough to expose himself at any of the windows; but going down into the cellar, concealed himself till the morning, when, finding that all the townspeople were out, and that there was no prospect of fighting, he armed himself with his Albanian gun, sword, long knife, short knife, and two pair of pistols, and thus equipped, sallied forth to save his country. He assures me that he and many others are very much dissatisfied with the new government for not rewarding them for their services, and that he expects to be made a captain at least.

Captain Lyons represents the Queen of England, and there are several extraordinary ministers at Athens. The Russian extraordinary minister, the Austrian extraordinary minister, and the French extraordinary minister; and these, with some *chargés d'affaires*, as the people call them, because they have nothing to do, form the corps of diplomatists, who afterwards enter the corps of gentlemen pensioners. Their business is to look after the interest of Greece; and they seem to manage it very well, as it is now at 24 per cent. per annum.

I will not do like some ladies, write on abstract questions of general policy, and merely assuring you, *en passant*, that I have reason to *know* that the Greeks will very shortly drive the Turks out of Europe into America, and seat themselves on the dome of St. Sophia, I will conclude this hasty letter with an account of our ascent of Mount Pentelicus, from whence all your marble chimney-pieces come. Unfortunately, our guide took us by a short cut; so that, instead of being two hours going up, as we should have been by the regular road, we lost our way, and were seven hours wandering over the mountains, on sharp stones, that are only exceeded by the sharp prickles. Oh my poor feet! I shall never recover it. But this is not the worst of it; for just as we got to where we might have seen something, up there came a cloud in a minute as it were, and down there came a pelting rain that drenched us to the skin in no time. We therefore hurried down, miserable enough, and more dead than alive; but when we reached the carriage at the bottom of the hill, we had the satisfaction of knowing that, if we were then at the top, we should have enjoyed a most splendid view, as the clouds had all blown away again, as quickly as they had come. Yours ever,

JANE JONES.

Punch's Twelfth Night Characters!

Daniel O'Diddle.

My countrymen—that they may pay the rent,
To live upon potatoes are content.
And I resort to vegetable means;
For when I feed on them, I live on *Greens*.

King Punch.

"The end doth crown the work," 'tis said.
Then I am very much afraid,
No crown on *Punch* can e'er descend,
Because his work will never end.

The Sheriff Pennytrumpet.

Though long with borrow'd light I walk'd about,
Punch has at last completely snuff'd me out.
The daw in peacock's feathers each one scorns,
So let the humbled Moon draw in his horns.

Yankee Doo.

To lengthen life, a hint we get
Direct from the United States;
'Tis said that even "Nature's debt"
America repudiates.

Apollo Peripatetic.

I'll go from Covent Garden, do not doubt,
When there appears a worthier lessee.
Some managers have humbugs great turn'd out—
And any manager may turn out me.

The Mesmerist.

By certain passes made before the eyes,
One being can another mesmerise.
Jenkins the power of causing sleep can boast;
For to a *horrid pass* he's brought the *Post*.

Punch's Twelfth Night Characters!

Literary "Old Woman of Derry."

Some wonder, to print and to publish a book
The courage I ever could find;
But how can they wonder, when in it they look,
That *the rubbish* I got off my mind!

Queen Judy.

Five princes fair, my children are,
And many more I hope will be;
For, strange to add, John Bull is glad,
To see my growing family.

Mrs. Tittle Tattle Vaux.

They say I'm often out a little,
When I indulge in harmless prattle.
The truth, if spoken to a tittle,
Would put an end to half my tattle.

Spinning Jenny Ceres.

In spite of Peel's vast leagues of corn,
As Ceres I must reign;
"Lend me your ears," and I'll be sworn
My *tracts* shall bring you grain.

Mother Goose of Lincoln.

Though goose-like habits I display,
The eggs "Sib's" *genius* would lay
Are such as would be fitted best
To help *a mare* to fill *her nest.*

Sally Saveall.

If there's economy in saving pence,
I to that quality can make pretence;
If time is money, then I can't deny
There's no one *so extravagant* as I.

ANOTHER WORD ON THE SHIRT QUESTION.

"SHIRT-WEARERS, TO THE RESCUE!"

DEAR PUNCH,

While you are engaging the public attention upon the price paid to sempstresses for the making of shirts, could you not effect a reform, that would not merely advantage a small class of people, viz. the makers, but benefit a vast, I may say considerable majority, of our population, namely, the *wearers* of shirts?

A SHIRT OF MAIL.

I allude, my dear fellow, to the *washing* of the same article. My laundress brought me home mine three weeks since, and I was charged for it FIVEPENCE. Of this I give you my sacred honour: in fact, I forward you the bill *receipted*. Is it just, is it consonant with good feeling, or sound commercial policy, that that should cost fivepence in the mending, which, IN THE ACTUAL MAKING, costs but a fifth part of the sum?

What has been the consequence? The speculatrix has been disappointed in her infernal scheme upon my purse; and I, who might have changed my linen twice, aye, or FOUR TIMES per month, have been now twenty-three days wearing the garment in question. Calling upon every Briton to do likewise,

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your constant reader,

Clarence Club, January, 1844. PHILODICKY.

REGARDING THE ROYAL GEORGE BILLIARD TABLE.

The humble Petition of Mr. Punch.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY:

Although of a humble stock, and although my wife, Madam Judy, has not been presented at your Majesty's court, yet we humbly declare that the whole court doth not contain two more loyal and duteous subjects.

May it please your Majesty, we are very old; we have been in the custom of mixing for centuries past with every class of the people of this kingdom, and we are enemies to no manner of sport wherewith they amuse themselves.

Billiards, among others, is a good sport. It has the privilege of uniting many honourable gentlemen daily together of the army, of the universities, and of the swell mob, at the watering-places. It has the eminent merit of leading to the detection of many rogues and swindlers; it keeps many ingenious markers, brandy-merchants, and soda-water venders in honourable maintenance, and is a great aid and patron of the tobacco trade, thereby vastly increasing the revenues of your Majesty's Government.

With that sport then we are far from quarrelling. But there is for this and for all other games a time and place. Thus in the late Mr. Hogarth's facetious print (I knew the gentleman very well) the Beadle is represented as caning "the Idle Apprentice" for playing at marbles—no, not for playing at marbles, but playing on a gravestone during Sunday service. In like manner, were I to set up my show before St. James's Church during service hours, or under your Majesty's triumphal arch at Pimlico, or in the Bishop of London's drawing-room—it is likely, not that the Beadle would cane me, for that I would resist, but that persons in blue habiliments, oil-skin hatted, white-lettered, and pewter-buttoned—policemen in a word, would carry me before one of your Majesty's Justices of the Peace. My crime would be, not the performance of my tragedy of "Punch"—but its performance in an improper manner and time.

Ah, Madam! Take this apologue into your royal consideration, and recollect that as is Punch and Marbles so are BILLIARDS.

They too may be played at a wrong place. If it is wrong to play at marbles on a tombstone, is it just to play at billiards on a coffin—an indifferent coffin—anybody's coffin? Is such a sport quite just, feeling, decorous, and honourable?

Perhaps your Majesty is not aware, what the wreck of the Royal George really is. Sixty years ago its fate made no small sensation. Eight hundred gallant men, your Royal Grandfather's subjects, went down to death in that great ship. The whole realm of England was stirred and terrified by their awful fate—the clergy spoke of it from their pulpits—the greatest poet then alive wrote one of the noblest ballads in our language, which as long as the language will endure, shall perpetuate the melancholy story. Would your Majesty wish Mr. Thomas Campbell to continue the work of Mr. William Cowper, and tell what has *now* become of the wreck? Lo! it is a billiard-table, over which his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville may be knocking about red balls and yellow—or his Serenity, the Prince of Hohenzollen Sigmaringen may be caramboling with his coat off. Ah, Madame! may your royal fingers never touch a cue; it is a losing hazard that you will play at that board.

The papers say there is somewhere engraved in copper on the table, a "suitable inscription." What is it? I fancy it might run thus:—

"THIS BILLIARD TABLE IS FORMED OF PART OF THE TIMBERS
OF THE ROYAL GEORGE MAN-OF-WAR, OF 100 GUNS,
WHICH WENT DOWN ON THE 29TH AUGUST 1782.
EIGHT HUNDRED SEAMEN PERISHED ON BOARD,
IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR KING.
HONOUR BE TO THE BRAVE WHO DIE IN SUCH A SERVICE.
AS A FITTING MARK OF HER SENSE OF THESE BRAVE MEN'S MISFORTUNES,
AS A TESTIMONY OF SYMPATHY FOR THEIR FATE,
AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENGLISHMEN
TO BRAVE THEIR LIVES IN SIMILAR PERILS,
IN HOPES THAT FUTURE SOVEREIGNS
MAY AWARD THEM SIMILAR DELICATE SYMPATHY;
ABOVE ALL, AS A STERN MONUMENT
OF THE VANITY OF MILITARY GLORY,
THE USELESSNESS OF AMBITION,
AND THE FOLLY OF FIDELITY,
WHICH EXPECTS ANY REWARD BUT ITSELF,
Her Majesty, Queen Victoria,
HAS GRACIOUSLY CAUSED THIS PLAY-TABLE TO BE MADE
FROM THE TIMBERS OF
THE FAITHFUL, USELESS, WORN-OUT OLD VESSEL."

Should your Majesty still wish to amuse yourself at your royal table, your petitioners would suggest, that there are numberless foolish relics throughout the country that might by an economic and ingenious person be made available for purposes of sport.

Thus—the mainmast of the *Victory* immediately offers itself, standing as it does quite convenient at Windsor, and supporting the bust of a person by the name of Nelson. This great, rough, ugly mast might be made into neat cues to play at the *Royal George* billiard-table, and the bust might be turned into marbles for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Whether for matches, humming-tops, draught or chess-men, Marlborough's baton would be excellently suitable. The Black Prince's helmet would furnish some admirable tenpenny nails, and the whole nursery might be provided with masqueradery materials by cutting up a very few Waterloo flags.

If these changes tend to your Majesty's pleasure, why not effect them? The country will look on with approbation; the newspapers will applaud with respectful paragraphs; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Punch.
Judy.

We stop the press, to announce that the billiard-table out of the *Royal George* has been countermanded, and that the remaining cart-loads of timber have been purchased to decorate the new chapel at Windsor Castle.

PUNCH'S PANTOMIME!

THE following Pantomime (like our production of last year) is much too good to be acted, and the public will be kind enough, therefore, to feel satisfied with reading it. It is called—

Harlequin Churchwarden;

OR, THE WIZARD OF WALBROOK.

SCENE I.—*St. Stephen's Church by daylight; showing the* NAVE *and the Select Vestry. One of the* CHURCHWARDENS *discovered.*

CHURCHWARDEN.

For twice ten weeks—and ten to that again,
They 've ask'd for my accounts—and ask'd in vain.
For oh! how dare the varlets to expect
A sight intended but for eyes select?

[*Slow Music—he lies down and goes to sleep. A flash of red fire. Enter a* GENIUS.

CHURCHWARDEN (*starting up*).

Ha! who art thou, disturbing thus my slumbers?

GENIUS.

I am the Genius of mystic numbers.
I wish to serve you! With a dreadful shock
You 've lately run your head against a Rock.

CHURCHWARDEN.

You 're right—I have! but I don't care a bit;
For by that Rock I 'll ne'er be made to split.
But can you aid me?

GENIUS.

Aye, and will! I 've power
To make up your accounts in half an hour.

CHURCHWARDEN.

Thanks, noble Genius, my joy 's complete.

GENIUS.

What ho! appear! Sprite of the Balance-sheet!

[*Music—He waves his wand, and a* SPRITE *appears holding a magic balance-sheet bringing in the parish several hundred pounds in debt to the* CHURCHWARDEN. *Blue and red fire; during which the* CHURCHWARDEN *sinks through a trap with the magic balance-sheet, attended by the* SPRITE *and the* GENIUS.

SCENE II.—*A rocky pass, with an impenetrable* ROCK *in the foreground. Music. Enter the* CHURCHWARDEN *cautiously.*

CHURCHWARDEN.

I 've got so far. I 'm puzzled now, alas!
To find the means this flinty Rock to pass:
The cloak I wear is useless, much I fear,
If that great Rock comes down upon me here.

A voice from the ROCK.

Again I ask, though vain the question be,
Will you allow us your accounts to see?

CHURCHWARDEN.

Ah! taunt me not, my blood-parochial mounts
With rage, when ask'd to furnish my accounts;
Within my breast the lion seems to rise.
Show my accounts to rude and vulgar eyes!
To those who'd every petty item scan!
I never will; indeed, I never can.

A rumbling noise is heard in the ROCK, *which falls suddenly on the* CHURCHWARDEN, *and overwhelms him.*

SCENE III.—*The Cave of Despair. Enter some Parishioners and the Rector, who grope about to soft music after the* CHURCHWARDEN. *Enter the* CHURCHWARDEN. *The lights are quite down, and he endeavours to drop the mystic accounts into the Well of Oblivion, which is seen in the back ground. Just as he is about to do so, a Fairy rises, and the mystic accounts fly into the air amid a cloud of smoke and blue fire.*

FAIRY.

This hubbub cease! attend awhile to me,
Since your accounts the world will never see.
And, as a slippery person you are twitted,
For slippery pantaloon you well are fitted.
The Rock which heavily on you came down
Shall be at hand to worry you as Clown.
The Rector, who has tried to calm the din,
Shall have the magic hat of Harlequin;
And, as to see the sport I much incline,
Myself will take the part of Columbine.

BUSINESS.

The Churchwarden, as PANTALOON, *comes down to the front, puts his tongue in his left cheek, pulls an account-book out of his pocket, winks at the audience, and says,* "Here we are!" CLOWN *tries to get hold of the book, but* PANTALOON *says,* "No you don't!" HARLEQUIN *shakes his wand.* CLOWN *trips* PANTALOON *up, who falls on his back, but shakes his head, and says* "How are you?" *to* HARLEQUIN, *who turns upon his heel; and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-bathing Infirmary, Margate.* PANTALOON *comes in and cuts a few capers;* CLOWN *follows. He offers to teach the former Arithmetic.* PANTALOON *takes the slate and makes a number of unmeaning figures.* CLOWN *looks at them and can't understand them.* PANTALOON *gives a book, which he calls a Key to his Arithmetic, and* CLOWN *reads* "Walker," *on the title-page.* PANTALOON *shuffles off, with* CLOWN *hallooing after him.*

The whole of the business is in the same style as that which we have described above; and the reader can therefore easily imagine it. The tricks and transformations are of the most wonderful kind; and one, consisting of the change from a bundle of sticks into a select vestry, is particularly striking. Amongst the tricks is an extraordinary contrivance, by which an immense pair of scales, with a balance labelled "BALANCE ON AN IMMENSE SCALE," appear to pass naturally into PANTALOON's pocket.

A JUST COMPLAINT.

3rd Kerb-ston, Regent-street.

HONOURED SIR,—I superintend a crossing in Regent-street, and to it I have devoted the energies of, I trust, a not mis-spent life: and now in my old age, to be cast aside as rubbish—the idea is agonizing!

I was making a hearty dinner off a benevolent gentleman (a dandy had afforded but a poor breakfast) and alternately luxuriating in a twopenny-plate of *beef-à-la-mode*, and the columns of the *Morning Post*, when my corn gave a foreboding twinge, and my eye fell on the following announcement:—"The sweeping-machine which was lately so successfully tested in Regent-street is to be introduced into all our principal thoroughfares." O, Mr. Punch, intercept your powerful hand, and preserve an unoffending, deserving race from extinction; deserving—for what can be more consistent with the principle of charity, than to make the way clear for our fellows? Unoffending—for who will deny our civility (when well paid)? Perhaps we *may* give the uncharitable coxcomb a sly splash; but do not the best of men throw dirt at each other, and that without any provocation?

These machines, Sir,—take my word for it—have been taken in hand by some great person, and of course will be patronised by every one else; for society is like a cab-stand,—if the first horse in the rank moves, all the rest follow its example.

I feel, Sir, already, that I have as little business here as the Statue of Shakspeare has over the portal of Drury Lane; but I cannot tear myself away, for I am on my five-and-twentieth broom, and a quarter through my fourth wooden-leg; and there are ties—nay knots—of affection that bind me to my (lamp) post.

Yours in sorrow,
A DESPONDING SWEEPER.

Mud for the Million.

IN consequence of the muddy state of the streets, orders have been given that every householder in the City shall sweep the footpath before his own house. It is fortunate for Lord Brougham he does not reside in the City, for he would have tolerably hard work to clear away all the rubbish that is laid at his door.

We understand that the noble lord intends giving to the citizens the benefit of his experience, by publishing a new hand-book, to be called—"Every Man his own Scavenger."

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. Give an instance of a "Similiter"?
A. You're another!
Q. What is the meaning of "putting yourself upon the country?"
A. Going to the workhouse.
Q. Where is the Great Seal kept?
A. In the Arctic Ocean. A small specimen may be seen at the Zoological Gardens.
Q. What are "Breaches of Trust"?
A. Trowsers procured on Tick.

THE

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

PUNCH is informed by his American Correspondent, that the President's Message to Congress, which has lately appeared in the papers, was a fabrication from beginning to end, and that the following is a correct version of it :—

"FELLOW CITIZENS AND GENTLEMEN,

"You will allow me, I estimate, to congratulate you on the considerably dignified station, and particularly high moral position, in which our glorious Republic now stands among the nations of the earth.

"America is everywhere trusted, feared, honoured, and beloved, which most it is difficult to say. I opinionate, however, that she is as much beloved as honoured, as much honoured as feared, as much feared as trusted.

"Such is the blessing which, from a liberal and unselfish international policy, from an undeviating course of public rectitude, and a remarkable prevalence of private integrity, has devolved upon the head of a magnanimous people. When I speak of the people's head, do not misunderstand me. I am, I reckon, a genuine Republican, and have no idea that the people, except in a figurative sense, has any head at all.

"Let us, my fellow-citizens, persevere in that path of wisdom and virtue which we have hitherto so creditably pursued. Let us go on; and we shall assuredly go a-head.

"And now, let me briefly remark on one or two points, on which, I calculate, you are desirous of ascertaining my notions.

"The dispute between ourselves and the Britishers, concerning the Oregon territory, yet remains unsettled. In the name of Peace and Concord, let it be brought to a speedy termination. If we find ourselves strong enough to cope with the Britishers, let us fight them; if not, let us leave them alone; and content ourselves with protesting against their insatiable rapacity.

"The annexation of Texas is a measure which we have long had in contemplation. The natives of that country will object, I guess, to the proceeding; but they do not see their own interest, which is ours. Ours, then, be the good work of enlightening, while we astonish, their weak minds. Let us take the rifle of philanthropy and the sword of justice, and enter, as soon as possible, on this labour of love. To effectuate it, we shall only want a little powder and shot; let us wait no longer than till we can raise the money to buy them.

"The prosperity of our free and enlightened republic is essential to the welfare of mankind, to which, unfortunately, that of England is hostile. It becomes, therefore, our bounden though painful duty to aggrandise ourselves as much as we can at her expense. Greatly as we may admire reciprocity in the abstract, we must negative that principle in our transactions with her. The cause of enlightenment, of civilisation, the common weal of humanity, require that we should take as much from her, and give her as little as possible. We may regret being placed under this stern necessity, but we must not shrink from our duty. Let us, therefore, nobly persist in the imposition of prohibitive duties on British imports; nay, let us fearlessly increase them, and confidently hope to realize, in the end, the reward of our disinterestedness.

"Let me now advert to a kindred, and most important topic. Need I say that I mean Repudiation? I am sorry, my fellow citizens, to be obliged to give you, with respect to this point, what, I fear, will be unpalatable advice. I know how anxious you all are to hurl back with interest, the paltry dross which is demanded of you. But America must be just before she is generous. The eyes of Europe are upon her; she must preserve her honour inviolate. She dares not defraud herself. You contracted your so-called debts, my countrymen, to indemnify yourselves for the losses which you had sustained through commercial artifices. Sly, cunning England over-reached simple, confiding, artless America. You might have opposed craft by craft, subtlety by subtlety. You did no such thing. You asked for that which was your own; and you got it. Shall you refund it—shall you cheat yourselves, and abet the dishonesty of others? Oh no! In a word, shall you pay your creditors? That is a plain question. My answer is as plain—certainly not.

"I felicitate you on the cheap and efficient manner by which foreign literature (especially *Punch*) is diffused through the United States.

"I am happy that the wise Institution of Slavery still exists among you. It is the servitude of the Negro which secures the freedom of the Citizen. Listen not to the sophistry of the Abolitionist, who would endeavour to persuade you that black is white. I entirely approbate the conduct of the slaveholders, as a body, towards the creatures committed to their charge.

"I trust that the great principles of Lynch Law will never be lost sight of among you. The execution of an offender without judge or jury is an expeditious mode of administering justice. It is also a cheap one; and I need not, I speculate, suggest to you the importance, just now, of national economy.

"Let me, in connection with the last remark, remind you that there is a slight deficiency in the revenue. To meet this, I dubitate not that you will soon devise some honourable and profitable speculation. Should no plan of that kind occur to you, you can have recourse, for assistance, to some foreign power. We cannot, perhaps, under existing circumstances, expect much from Europe; but, I calculate, we might negotiate a considerable loan with the Emperor of China. Should he refuse to help us, although our uppermost desire is for the maintenance of universal peace, it would be incumbent on us to teach him, by the requisite arguments, the obligations which, as a cosmopolite, he is under to his fellow-creatures.

"I am, Fellow Citizens and Gentlemen,

"Your faithful Help,

"JOHN TYLER."

Legal.—CHRISTMAS GAIETIES.

THE gaieties of the season were well kept up at the Westminster Sessions, which came off on what is technically termed Boxing-day. The centre cushion, with a book under it to make it higher, and called by courtesy the chair—was taken at ten o'clock precisely. The attendance of magistrates was so thin, that it looked as if a row of them had been sown, and only one or two had come up—the crop—to pursue the agricultural simile—having proved a failure.

The learned chairman proceeded to entertain the grand jury with a few remarks, including a dissertation on the word "grand," and a glance at what the grandeur of a jury consisted in. He likewise informed them that they were a very ancient body, being nearly as old as the sheriff, and twice as old as the coroner; so that, by referring to the Moon's age in *Punch's Almanack*, and ascertaining the year in which Mr. Wakley was born, the gentlemen of the grand jury may discover their mean antiquity.

After despatching a few prisoners to Parkhurst, and sentencing some half-dozen to the Cold Bath system in the celebrated Fields, the learned chairman congratulated the jury on their duties having been brief; forgetting, probably, that the state of things which made the duties of the jury brief, rendered the position of the bar briefless.

THE SONG OF THE TURNCOCK.

AIR.—"*Young Love lived once.*"

YOUNG Jones lived once in a humble shed,
Where, cabbage vending,
And coals intending
To sell when his connection spread,
A somewhat decent life he led:
His business flourished,
A hope we nourished
He 'd pay the rate he ow'd of ours;
And so his cistern still we fed,
For not e'en Jones could trust to showers.

Oh! that the Tax Collector's eye
Should e'er go thither,
Our hopes to wither:
He chanced for taxes to apply,
And thought that Jones was going to fly.
I came one morning,
Ere Jones had warning,
And cut the pipe where the water lay.
"Oh, oh," said Jones, is it thus? Good bye!"
So he pack'd his goods up and cut away.

Important and Telegraphic.

NEWS have just reached us, from a quarter upon which we can place the highest reliance, that Mr. Hamley, of the Noah's Ark, in Holborn, has received an order to despatch immediately several companies of cavalry and infantry to Ireland.

The soldiers, together with their arms, ammunition, and a vast collection of plates, dishes, and tea-things, are consigned to the care of a Dublin merchant; and the same crate that conveys them also carries a large quantity of guns and balls.

Each of the regiments is accompanied by an ingenious contrivance for deploying the whole company simultaneously, or causing them to fall into their ranks with equal ease.

And it is also whispered that the Light Horse Regiment which has been so long engaged in going over the glass bridge, at the top of Cheapside, under the command of General Dunnett, will likewise depart upon the same service.

BOLD SPECULATION!

VARIOUS rumours are afloat respecting the probable arrangement of Trafalgar-square. The subjoined hand-bill, which came into the possession of *Punch* in a very curious manner, may possibly throw some light on the subject. Of the authenticity of the document some doubts may be entertained; and yet, altogether, considering the known anxiety of Ministers to render taxation as little onerous as possible, and how likely they are to consult, in any financial measure, the public convenience, and to resort, in preference to others, to such sources of revenue as would be least felt, *Punch* is inclined to credit the announcement. It is as follows:—

By Authority of the Privy Council!

SIR ROBERT PEEL

Has the honour to announce that he has taken, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, a lease of those spacious and commodious premises known to the Public as

TRAFALGAR SQUARE,

For a period which will correspond with his tenure of office. The Cabinet has come to the determination of converting this extensive area into a place of Public Amusement—namely, an Amphitheatre, to be entitled

The Royal Trafalgar Circus;

In which Entertainments will be provided for the People on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. The object of the PREMIER and his Colleagues is two-fold; primarily, to provide the million with a cheap means of recreation; secondarily, by the derivation of VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS to the Treasury, to increase the Revenue. Should he be honoured by the public patronage, he confidently anticipates to be enabled, in a short space of time, to effect the

ABOLITION OF THE INCOME-TAX!

by means of the proceeds of the nightly overflows which he expects to be attracted by the performances. That burden having been removed, the receipts will thenceforth be devoted to the

Reduction of the National Debt!

after the deduction of moderate profits for the management and performers. The Circus will be constructed on the ancient Roman model; and SIR ROBERT PEEL need not remind the Classical Public that TRAFALGAR SQUARE is, in fact, a free translation of CAMPUS MARTIUS. The seats, it is calculated, will accommodate at least

One Million Spectators!

A huge tarpauling, consisting of

TWO ACRES OF CANVASS,

will be extended over the building in wet weather. The interior will be illuminated by one enormous Bude Light.

The Performances, which will take place at this Gigantic Establishment, will be of an entirely new and striking character. They will be presented by a GRANDE RÉUNION of the most celebrated

STATUES OF LONDON,

which will have the honour of exhibiting the most surprising equestrian achievements and feats of agility ever witnessed by a British public.

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

although he begs it may be distinctly understood that he is

NO CONJUROR,

pledges himself to the accomplishment of the foregoing promise, referring the sceptical, in the meanwhile, to his well known ability in devising

WAYS AND MEANS;

and the Minister, whose fiscal exploits have been tantamount to the extraction of blood from a post, may smile at the difficulty of giving motion to monuments.

Arrangements have already been entered into with the following distinguished artists:—

HIS MAJESTY OF BRONZE, KING CHARLES THE FIRST,

of Charing-Cross celebrity, whose long standing as a Public Favourite requires no comment. He will make his first appearance, with his renowned Charger, in LORD BYRON'S magnificent piece, MAZEPPA, OR THE WILD HORSE, the most popular production of the Noble Poet.

HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD, THE ACKNOWLEDGED FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE,

who has given such universal satisfaction at Pall-Mall, East. The Monarch, with his spirited steed, will make his *début* as Timour the Tartar; on which occasion he will condescend to wear his own pigtail.

GEORGE THE FOURTH,

(By whom so recent and unexpected a hit has just been made near St. Martin's), long since stamped by universal acclamation the

First Gentleman in Europe,

has been specially retained as the WIDDECOMB of the Trafalgar Circus.

THE FOURTH WILLIAM,

The equestrian representative of the British Tar; from the site of the Boar's Head in East Cheap, where he will shortly appear, previously to his performance at the Trafalgar Circus, for a limited period.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

The Hero of a hundred fights, who, by the time the building is completed, will have fulfilled his obligations to the New Royal Exchange. It is likewise in contemplation to make arrangements with the French Government for the appearance of the Parisian Novelty, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, from the Place Vendôme, with whom, in that case, his Grace will every evening fight a single combat in the Grand Hippodramatic Spectacle of

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

As Nautical Pieces will be among the features of this establishment,

THE GREAT LORD NELSON HIMSELF

Has been included among the *corps dramatique*, and has kindly condescended to come down from the top of his pillar whenever called for, and

Dance the Sailor's Hornpipe

with William the Fourth.

THE LATE DUKE OF YORK

Has also been induced to quit his column, and connect himself with the Treasury Department, as Check-taker.

The following eminent MONUMENTAL STARS have likewise been engaged:—

THE DUKE OF KENT,
(From the top of Portland-place;)

GEORGE CANNING,
(From Palace-yard;)

WILLIAM PITT,
(From Hanover-square;)

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX
(From the Square of Bloomsbury;)

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,
(From that of Russell;)

THE INFANT PRODIGY, EDWARD THE SIXTH,
(From St. Thomas's Hospital;)

AND

BLUFF KING HAL,
(From St. Bartholomew's.)

The services of the leading statues, male and female, including QUEEN ELIZABETH, and MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, have also been secured; as likewise have been those of GOG and MAGOG, by permission of the Corporation of London. A strong body of Supernumeraries from the various Image Shops, has been, moreover, retained.

The Properties by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Machinery by the SECRETARY OF STATE. The Scenery by the PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. The Music under the superintendence of the DIRECTORS OF THE ANCIENT CONCERTS. Leader, SIR H. R. BISHOP. Conductor, SIR GEORGE SMART. Stage Manager, SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Admittance, 1*s*. *Reserved Seats*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

VIVANT REGINA ET PRINCEPS!

N.B.—A Bronze Statue of LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, now in a great state of forwardness, will discharge the important part of "CLOWN TO THE RING."

Just the Same.

ONE of the Ojibbewayian Indians, we see, is called "THE FLYING GULL." This, translated into common sense, means "THE AERIAL MACHINE."

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.—OF THE KING'S (OR QUEEN'S) REVENUE.

THE Royal revenue is either ordinary or extraordinary; but what is ordinary for a sovereign, would be quite extraordinary for any other individual. It has subsisted time out of mind; and indeed the times must have been out of their mind, or mad, when they fixed the revenue at the enormous rate it was formerly fixed at.

The first item in the ordinary revenue consists of the temporalities of all bishopries whenever a see becomes vacant; but these are now merely nominal: for there are always so many arms ready to thrust themselves into a pair of lawn sleeves the moment they are empty, that the Sovereign has no chance of making anything by a see continuing unoccupied. William Rufus had a knack of keeping the sees empty a long time, and not only pocketing the temporalities to a pretty tune, but refusing to give them up to the new bishop without a considerable sum, which he generally managed to get; for few prelates were long contented with enjoying only the capacious sleeves, and the pasteboard mitre.

Secondly, The King is entitled to what the law calls a corody, namely, to send one of his chaplains to be maintained by the bishop, until the bishop promotes him to a benefice. This plan of quartering hungry curates upon well-fed prelates has now fallen into disuse. It certainly partook more of the military than the civil law, and was founded on the old practice of billeting soldiers upon publicans.

Thirdly, the King is entitled to the tithes of places that are extra-parochial; but, since tithes have been commuted, this branch of the royal revenue might be deposited in the royal eye, without any detriment to the royal eyesight.

The fourth branch comprises the First Fruits, which are not, as some have supposed, the earliest crop of gooseberries in the parish, but the first year's profits of the living; so that the parson would be compelled to live upon his wits during the first twelve months, or run into debt for that period to all the tradespeople. These First Fruits, amounting annually to a great deal more than a plum, were originally gathered for the use of the Pope; but Henry the Eighth, having thrown off the papal power, thought proper to bag the papal perquisites, and took possession of the First Fruits as a part of the royal revenue.

Queen Anne, however, to whom First Fruits, like unripe gooseberries, occasioned many a qualm, determined to give them up to augment the poorer livings, and the First Fruits have been preserved under the name of Queen Anne's Bounty.

The fifth branch consists of the rents and profits of the Crown Lands, including Regent-street and other sylvan retreats, which come under the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. What there is woody about Regent-street, except the pavement, it is difficult to say; and the connexion with a forest is still more dubious, except that it was a *branch* of the royal revenue.

Formerly the sovereign had the right of pre-emption, or buying up provisions, to the preference of others, without the consent of the owner; that is to say, he might have stopped the strawberry-women, as they walked into town, and bought every pottle of hautboys on his own terms; or he might have insisted on intercepting those waggon-loads of cabbages, which pour into Covent-Garden Market, and have had them all put in at the very lowest figure for the use of the royal household. This privilege of pre-emption was, however, resigned at the Restoration, by Charles the Second, who agreed to take it out in beer, or, in other words, receive a duty of fifteen pence a barrel on all the heavy wet sold in the kingdom.

The seventh branch consisted of a charge for licences to sell wine; but as this was liable to evasion, by sloe juice being sold instead, the revenue was abolished, and a compromise of 7000*l.* a year was taken by the Crown instead of it.

The eighth branch consists of fines for violation of the forest laws, which have for many years past amounted exactly to the same sum, which may be quoted in round numbers at 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

The ninth branch consists of the profits arising from proceedings in Courts of Justice; but as there is more plague than profit in all legal proceedings, the royal revenue may here be quoted at about the same as Pennsylvanian bonds, or shares in the bridge of Waterloo.

The tenth branch comprises whale and sturgeon, which belong of right to the king, when thrown ashore or caught near the coast; but the cunning fish seldom give royalty a chance of netting anything in this manner.

The king is, eleventhly, entitled to all legal wrecks; and "this," says Sir Peter Laurie, "is perhaps the reason why the King is called Rex, or Wrecks, in all legal documents." When the *Thunder* was wrecked by the reckless conduct of the crew of the *Lightning*, it does not appear that the sovereign claimed the former,

> As she lay,
> All the day,
> In the Bay of Lambeth-ho!

Twelfthly, the sovereign is entitled to all the gold mines in his dominions. As the Prince of Wales is a minor, perhaps he will be able to direct his royal parents to the mines alluded to.

Thirteenthly, the king is entitled to treasure-trove; that is to say, he may appropriate all the silver spoons, purses, bank-notes, watches, pocket handkerchiefs, and other valuables left lying in the streets without any one to pick them up or own them. If a man throws his property into the sea or on to the earth, he is supposed to have abandoned it, and the sovereign may claim it; so that if a gentleman, coming from a dinner-party, throws a handful of halfpence amongst a crowd, it seems that the sovereign might beat off the mob and pick up the copper.

Fourteenthly may be classed waifs, or property thrown down by a thief in the act of flight; so that if a pickpocket takes a handkerchief, and the king should happen to witness the act, he may cut after the thief in the hope of picking up a waif, by the article being thrown down, or dropped by the delinquent.

Fifteenthly are estrays, or animals found wandering about without an owner; and, considering how many donkies are in this erratic state, it is a wonder that this branch of the royal revenue is not more productive. It would, however, be converting the Court of Buckingham Palace into a Green-Yard, if this source of income were to be looked after by the sovereign; and hence it is that cabmen can leave their horses on the rank, without fear of the animals being treated as estrays, and walked off to the palace for the benefit of royalty.

The Sixteenth branch consists of confiscated goods, including deodands, or things forfeited on account of their having caused death by accident. If a wheel runs over a man and kills him, the wheel belongs to the king; and if an ox tosses up an individual so high that he never comes down again (alive,) the king may enjoy the horns as a part of his revenue.

The Seventeenth branch arises from escheats, or lands for which there are no heirs; but these lands are so scarce that there are no grounds for the supposition that the royal revenue derives any advantage from them.

The Eighteenth branch of the king's revenue consists in the custody of idiots, or the right of appropriating the lands of a *purus idiota*, or right down fool—a class so numerous, that it was thought the property of the barons would gradually get into the hands of the sovereign; and, therefore, on petition, the estate of a *non compos* may be committed to the care of some one, for the benefit of the heir, for "the lords were naturally fearful," says Fleta, or Fleeter, who is not quite so slow a coach as some of the jurists—"the lords were naturally fearful that the Crown should make idiots of them all, and bone their property."

It seems then, that out of eighteen sources of income, there is really nothing worth speaking of, to be got; and consequently, it is usual for the House of Commons to Vote a Supply first, and then think about the Ways and Means of raising it.

We now come to the extraordinary branches of the revenue, and shall begin with the land tax, which is a substitute for hydages, scutages, talliages, and other outlandish pretexts for getting hold of money.

In ancient times every knight was bound to attend the king in battle for forty days in a year; but as it would be very inconvenient for a man like Sir Peter Laurie to give his personal assistance in the wars, the matter came to be compromised for a sum of money called a scutage—and afterwards a hydage, probably in allusion to the hyding—or hiding—from which the compromise preserved the parties paying it.

Afterwards came the practice of subsidies, which consisted of money taken from the Commons, under the guise of their having granted it. These subsidies have now subsided into a land-tax.

Next comes the malt tax, which is thought to be a proper penalty on the very uncourtly practice of biting the initials into pewter pots; and the customs form a part of the revenue, including butlerage, or the right of taking two tons of wine from every ship—a process which, considering the quantity of vessels that carry no wine at all, savours so much of getting blood out of a stone, that we are not surprised at the practice being abandoned.

The excise we need hardly allude to, for every one knows, by personal experience, the nature of it—there being scarcely a single article of consumption, that is not partly consumed by the excise duty.

The post office, the stamps, and the duty on hackney carriages, are also branches of the revenue—so that the badge on the omnibus conductor's breast, is like so much money taken from his very heart—a remark that will also apply to the cab-driver.

The Assessed-taxes come next, and embrace the duty on windows; which constitutes a terrible look-out for those who have to pay it. These taxes also comprise the impost on horses and dogs—which are said by Buffon to be the natural companions of man; but it is hard that man should have to pay so dearly for their company.

The tax on hair-powder used to fall heavily on the briefless barristers, but they have rushed recklessly into horsehair, and run their heads into a species of composition wig, which combines the lightness of wire with the durability of cat-gut. Armorial bearings are also liable to a duty; and it is therefore not safe to seal a letter with anything but the top of a thimble, lest, by adopting a more elegant contrivance, the tax-gatherer should pounce down upon you for what he may call a crest; though it is in fact nothing but a chance device on a second-hand wafer stamp.

There is also a duty on pensions, perhaps to make up for the absence of

duty on the part of those to whom the pensions are payable. The first purpose to which the revenue is devoted is the interest of the national debt, which commenced in 1693, just five years after the glorious revolution of 1688, and was probably one of the glorious results of it. The national debt has increased several millions, in spite of the efforts of certain commissioners for reducing it. These gentlemen now and then announce the fact of their having rubbed off a few pounds at one end, while, somehow or other, a few thousands have been rubbed on at the other. If, till the debt is paid off, the commission is to be continued, it may be fairly pronounced immortal. The only method of getting rid of it would be for the sovereign to file a petition at the Insolvent Court in the name of the nation, and solemnly take the benefit of the act, in the presence of all the fundholders.

The whole of the revenues already described were given up by George III. to the public, in lieu of an allowance which was called the civil list—from the extreme civility on the side both of the king and the people. Some complaints have been occasionally made of the large amount of this civil list; but when all things are considered—the state-coach, the drawing-rooms, the levees, the palace dinners, and last, but not least, the royal progresses, we do not see how her Majesty can "do it" for less money than is paid to her.

It will have been seen, from our view of the royal prerogative and revenue, that the sovereignty is tolerably well hedged in with restrictions, and has, after all, very few opportunities of rendering itself obnoxious.

The army is at its beck and call, but the Commons must vote the money for supporting it; and an army without pay would be little better than a steam-engine without steam, or the keeper of Burlington Arcade without his brass-bound bludgeon. It is true the sovereign has the run of the treasury, but there is seldom any money in hand, for it is always spent first and raised afterwards. It is not now as it was in the days of the Johns and Richards, who, directly they usurped the throne, used to jump into a cab and rush to the Horse-Guards, "to secure," as Hume tells us, "the crown and treasure." These days of royal roguery are gone, and we may now venerate the crown and respect the sovereign, without feeling called upon to address to Englishmen those emphatic words, "Take care of your pockets."

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.

When blighted hearts and seedy coats
Are both together found,
The wretched union denotes
That all is dark around.

My heart, alas! is sear'd indeed,
And all exposed to view,
Because my wrapper, from the Tweed,
Is wearing almost through.

They tell me I should wear a cloak,
They say that sorrow must;
But when they do, I 'm sure they joke,
For nobody will trust!

I've tempted Doudney with a bill,
But he has worn a frown,
And, pointing coolly to his till,
Has whisper'd—"Cash—sir—down."

Alas! 'tis ever thus with those
Who live upon their wits;
They sometimes get a suit of clothes
By starts—but not by fits.

The seedy coat, and blighted heart,
The cold ones do not heed;
But you and I shall never part,
My wrapper—oh! my Tweed!

GIBBS' MONOPOLYLOGUE.

We understand that Mr. W. J. Hammond, ever anxious to provide variety for the frequenters of the Strand Theatre, has it in contemplation to offer terms to Alderman Gibbs, for a *Monopolylogue*, in which the worthy Alderman will sustain six different—some say indifferent—characters. The following is a copy of the intended announcement:—

SLY BOOTS, (a Churchwarden, which is the only account of him that can be given) . Alderman Gibbs!

TRUST'EM, (a Trustee of the Margate Infirmary, with the Song of "I've no money") Alderman Gibbs!!

VISION, (Treasurer of the National School, in which he will actually make up an account—positively for the first time) . . Alderman Gibbs!!!

PAUL PRY, (a Commissioner of the Income Tax) . . . . . Alderman Gibbs!!!!

O'GRUEL, (Chairman of the London Union) Alderman Gibbs!!!!!

ALDERMAN GIBBS, in *propriâ personâ*, with the song of "On that cold flinty Rock," and a *pas seul* to the admired air of "That's the way the money goes." . . . . Alderman Gibbs!!!!!!

Vivant Regina et Princeps:

N.B. (Particularly).—*NO MONEY RETURNED!*

Who says "Time waits for no man?"—Only look at the St. Clement's Clock!

PUNCH'S

Grand National Union Wife Agency and Assurance Company.

Chairman (and Treasurer): Mr. Punch.

Actuary: Boy Dick.

Directors:

THE RESPECTABLE MARRIED CONTRIBUTORS TO PUNCH.

ASSISTED BY A LIMITED NUMBER OF

INFLUENTIAL NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, AND MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

(*Over Sixty Years of Age*).

Capital, unlimited; to be raised in shares of 100*l.* each, as speedily as possible. A deposit of 6*d.* to be paid by each shareholder.

Address to the Public.

The object of this Society is purely philanthropic, being to relieve the frightful amount of matrimonial destitution now so extensively prevalent. Perhaps the united classes are not aware that there are at this moment many, very many, individuals of from one-and-twenty to thirty years and upwards, now dragging on their existence in a state of cheerless celibacy; the female portion of them without a protector, the male with nobody to look after their things.

The Wife Assurance Society will place within the reach of almost every man

A PARTNER OF HIS JOYS,

AND

A SOOTHER OF HIS SORROWS:

AS WELL AS

A Decided Ornament to his Establishment.

Celibacy is either voluntary or involuntary. To those who remain single from choice, the following considerations are respectfully submitted. It is to be premised that they are addressed to the sterner sex, of whom that class of persons is chiefly, if not entirely, composed.

Bachelorship is often denominated single blessedness. Blessedness may be said to consist in the union of moral serenity with physical comfort. The former is essentially dependent on the latter. Tranquillity of mind is incompatible with a stomach-ache. Equally inconsistent with equanimity are a combination and succession of minor evils, such as those to which the single man is exposed.

When, on putting on our clean Corazza of a cold morning, we discover that the collar of it is *minus* a button, how fearfully excited we become! How painful the interval during which, shivering and wretched, we rummage everywhere for a pin! for what bachelor's toilet is ever graced by a pin-cushion? A yet longer period must elapse ere the process of pinning—troublesome, tiresome process to accomplish by one's self—can be effected; and the chances are that our finger is pricked in the attempt. Are rage, frenzy, and imprecations conformable with a state of blessedness?

Equally, how exasperating it is to find that we have only one clean pair of stockings, with a great hole in the end of each; that our every wash-waistcoat is at the laundress's, or that our last pocket-handkerchief has been used. The mind of man, engrossed in study and contemplation, is unable to adapt itself to linen and hosiery, matters to which the feminine intellect "agnizes" (in the beautiful language of Shakespeare) "a natural and prompt alacrity" in attending. To look over sheets when they come from the mangle—how uncongenial an employment for the philosopher!

The bachelor, for the most part, resides in lodgings. The dusty mantelpiece, the patched carpet, the scanty window curtains, the tremulous table, the ricketty chair, are all so many sources of discomfort and annoyance. With what bitter disappointment does the single occupant of the two-pair back discover that the tea-pot has been filled, for his morning's breakfast, with luke-warm water by the maid-of-all-work! And with what yet more painful feelings does he observe the marks of her fingers on the sugar-basin! How indignantly, too, does he remark that his tea-caddy has been invaded!—his bottle of whiskey subtracted from!

Punch has generally heard it pleaded by young men, that their reason for remaining single is their inability to maintain a wife. He could not pry into their affairs, of course, but he has known them sit, hour after hour, in a tavern, smoking cigars, and drinking tumbler after tumbler, followed by chops, stewed cheese, an anchovy toast, and scalloped oysters. In a domesticated state, they would have had tea instead, which would have been much more economical, and every one knows, indeed, it is painful to see, how little ladies generally eat.

It is to be remembered that pipes and alcoholic liquors are superseded by matrimony. The "go" is resorted to as a stimulant to the spirits, depressed by a life of loneliness; the tobacco as a sedative to the heart, whose cravings, equally with those of the stomach, it allays. Addiction to either is incompatible with domestic bliss. With this the Virginian weed is especially at variance, and oh! how much money young men might save in cigars!

Involuntary celibacy arises from two causes. One of these is poverty; the other, ineligibility. The latter misfortune, in very many instances, is remediable. Why should locks of a dye a little too golden, why should a slight obliquity of vision, why should a trifling exuberance of form, debar, as is too often the case, an amiable young creature from happiness? Is the heart to be beggared because the foot is large? Why should maturity, united with worth, be husbandless? By a bountiful provision of Nature, mediocrity of person is commonly combined with plenitude of pocket. We know how transitory is beauty. The handsome but penniless youth will, if a philosopher, jump at good-nature, which, though ordinary, is well off. To unite comely indigence with wealthy plainness is, therefore, one of the principal objects of *Punch's* Grand National Union Wife Agency and Assurance Company.

The Company's Terms.

The payment of the sum of One Guinea annually, for bachelors or widows, of Twenty-one Years of Age, and an extra Half Guinea for every additional Ten Years of life, will secure the Assured the yearly refusal of One Wife each. Two refusals to be had for double that amount of Assurance; and so on in proportion. Policies of One Hundred Guineas and upwards to entitle to a *bonus* of refusals, in the ratio of ten per cent. The object of the Assured, whether Beauty or Competence, to be stated on effecting their insurance; and strict regard will be paid to it. Those desirous of both to pay double premiums. For the accommodation of persons anxious for immediate felicity, a large number of Hands will be constantly ready for disposal, on the following scale of fees:—

	£	s.	d.
A good serviceable wife	10	10	0
Ditto, with accomplishments	15	15	0
Ditto, handsome	23	0	0
Ditto, intellectual	26	5	0
Ditto, of superior beauty and fascinating manners	27	16	0
Ditto, extra-superfine in every respect; all that imagination could picture or heart desire .	31	10	0

Monied Wives at One per Cent. each on their Capital.

Ladies are respectfully invited to register their names *gratis*; for the present at *Punch's* Office: but to accommodate the rush of applicants which he anticipates, and to prevent obstruction in the street, he intends to open a new office shortly in some more commodious situation. Further particulars will be duly announced.

N.B.—The amiability of all wives guaranteed, if required, on payment of One Shilling Extra.

AMERICAN HONOUR.

The Americans have raised a loan, but it is out of their own pockets. They have been lending each other money, but it is only to decoy others to do the same. The accomplices of a thimble-rig proprietor lend money to each other for the purpose of drawing on the bystanders to play the game. Such is the intention, no doubt, of an American loan, raised out of the pockets of the Americans. If other nations are inclined to trust them, the Yankees will make themselves safe, and then—repudiate.

CARRIED WITHOUT A DIVISION.

If, by chance, the pea is discovered under the right thimble, the proprietor of the "rig" instantly commences a row, upsets the table, loses the pea, pockets the cash, and, in a word, *repudiates*. In fact, repudiation is a convenient mode of disposing of sundry small claims; and as America has tried it on a large scale, we strongly recommend its application to smaller matters—such as tailors' bills, and the claims of one's landlord.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Price, the celebrated Old Bailey barrister, intends taking out a patent for a new method of combining in one individual the threefold offices of laundress, charwoman, and clerk. The learned gentleman has, we believe, left the circuit mess, having got himself into a mess exclusively his own.

A POLITICAL LEADER.

As the time for the meeting of Parliament draws near, we naturally place the spectacles of consideration upon the nose of doubt, and, taking a pinch from the snuff-box of reflection, we cut out with the scissors of memory scraps from the history of the past, to paste them on the blank leaf of the mind as a guide to the future.

When we think of the glorious revolution of '88, and reflect on the fate of the brewer of Huntingdon, who rose from the mash-tub almost to the throne—when we remember that he left the sweet-wort of his trade to taste all the bitterness of politics,—when we ruminate on all this—it is then, and then alone, that we feel what we really are by comparison with what we might have been.

When the last of the Stuarts resigned his ashes to the papal undertakers, the cause of the Pretender was buried in his stately tomb, and neither the policy of a pontiff, nor the mutability of a mob, could henceforth aid the successors of James, of whom it has been justly said by a writer of his own time, that, "had he died as he lived, his death and his life would have been at least consistent with each other." Now, however, the spirit of the nation is changed; and when posterity sees the future, it will wonder at what will hereafter be regarded as the past, though we only view it as the present.

We had commenced this article with the intention of laying down a short synopsis of the political principles which, during the year that has just commenced, we intend to advocate. On questions of domestic policy our maxim will be this—"Let party look to party, but let man consider only the interest of mankind." This will give Sir Robert Peel an insight into the course we intend to pursue with

reference to the Irish Question and other great matters of what we may justly designate as our home politics. On foreign questions, we shall bear in mind the advice of Talleyrand, who, when asked what he thought, replied that he never thought of being asked—and hence, perhaps, his success in the difficult game of diplomacy.

Our colonial interests require an explicit avowal of our sentiments; and we therefore at once declare, that while "ships are but ships"—to use the beautiful truism of the immortal Shakespeare—we would rather see civilisation cultivated at home than plant the British standard on the remotest rock that seas ever swept, or that hurricanes ever howled upon.

Such are our political opinions on some of the most prominent subjects that are about to occupy the attention of Parliament. If we do not obtain friends, let us at least avoid making enemies, or, to use the beautiful allegory of the Persian dervise, "If Allah denies us champagne, let not Vishnu refuse us sparkling gooseberry."

A NOTION FOR THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

OUR *Punch*, reader, in making the circuit of Grosvenor or Belgrave Square, has often found himself stopping, in company with the little boys, opposite to the portal of some lordly mansion, to contemplate the living ornament reclining against the door-post. In other words, he has stood and stared at the footman. What has attracted the attention of *Punch*, and, he concludes, that of his young companions, has been the extraordinary appearance of the object. The hair, frizzled, pomatumed, and powdered; the green, blue, or red coat, with the collar of it of one colour and the rest of another; and the gamboge or crimson breeches, presented so striking a spectacle, that he could not refrain from gazing at it.

Being not less apt to reflect than to observe, he could not, likewise, but ask himself to what end was the exterior of the John or Thomas before him rendered so studiously eccentric? What, for example, could be the use of that bunch of bell-rope on the man's shoulder; and why was his head disfigured in that fashion?

Is the footman to the aristocratic establishment what the dummy is to that of the tailor—an evidence of the taste of the Proprietor? Very possibly; but if so, would not master dress himself like man? The Court dress, to be sure, approximates to that of the footman. But this resemblance is typical. The livery-like garb; the tights, the buckles of the lord equipped for the levee, are symbols. They are the outward and visible signs of inward servility. His lordship, in the plenitude of his loyalty, voluntarily assumes the lackey. Graceful self-degradation!

No. The footman's livery is emblematic. The shoulder-knot; the cockade, are hieroglyphics. In a word, they are badges. Unfortunately, however, the paraphernalia of shame are not always distinguishable from the insignia of honour. The Chief of the Ojibbeway Indians, the other day, saw Mr. SYKES, the porter, sitting in the Queen's gate, at Windsor Castle, and because SYKES was stout and well-fed, and withal wore a scarlet uniform and a gold-laced hat, he mistook him for some great nobleman, and made obeisance to him accordingly. Very probably the porter looked a great deal finer than anybody else on the premises, so that the mistake of the Indian was far from unnatural.

Such mistakes, however, are awkward. Liveries should speak unequivocally for themselves. Thoroughly to effect this desirable object, *Punch* humbly offers to the aristocracy, the following model of a costume wherewith to decorate their menials.

Instead of simply powdering and plastering the footman's hair, let it be also tied in three portions, two to project laterally from the head, and one to stand up perpendicularly, as a top-knot.

Let the flour-dredge be likewise applied to the face; or, which will be better, let that part be overspread with a white pigment, which will less easily rub off. Let the cheeks be adorned with triangular spots of red, and the mouth encircled by a margin of the same colour.

Let the outer garments consist of a linen tunic, tight at the waist; and wide bagging nether garments of the same material; both spotted with various colours. The neck and knees are to be adorned with a fringe or frill. The stockings shall be encircled with broad ribs of different tints; and the *chaussure* is to consist of red morocco, with clocks outside the ancles.

The head-gear—(to trespass slightly on a princely province)—shall be conical in form, parti-coloured, bedecked with ribbons, having bells affixed to it, and being adorned by ear-like appendages at the sides.

If the readers of *Punch* know to what kind of character this dress has been generally deemed appropriate, they will not fail to perceive how great an improvement it will be on existing liveries; how much more expressively it will denote the difference in the scale of humanity between master and servant; with how much greater force it will impress the latter with a sense of his condition; and withal, how funny and diverting a fellow it will make him look.

Lord Brougham and the Foxes.

"LORD BROUGHAM," says the *Sémaphore of Marseilles*, "has just purchased a forest in France full of foxes." His lordship will himself superintend the education of these interesting animals. His proficiency in the old Fox school of politics will enable him to give lessons in cunning even to Mons. Reynard.

Remarkable Instance of Gratitude.

BOY DICK begs to acknowledge the receipt of threepence, as conscience-money, being the value of a Number of "Punch's Almanack," which an elderly gentleman confesses to have read, at the rate of a month per day, through the shop-windows.

CIVILIZATION, OR "THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN."

"On leaving the Royal Presence * * the Ojibbeway Indians were much struck with the *red coat* and *gold lace* of Sykes, the Porter, and would not depart without shaking hands with that worthy functionary."—*Morning Paper.*

THE FINE ARTS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE equestrian statue of George the Fourth has at length been relieved of its tarpaulin, and the first gentleman in Europe now stands revealed in all the splendour of a bronze table-cloth. His Majesty is utterly hatless, and carries in his hand a roll of music—so that posterity will be under the impression that George the Fourth used to ride about in the streets uncovered, with a tremendous quantity of table linen suspended from his shoulders. The way in which the table-cloth toga is disposed, says much for the tact of the artist in getting up linen. The horse is a splendid specimen of equestrian sculpture. The fetlock is a study for Widdicomb, and the ears are thrown on with an ease and elegance not often met with. The eye is beautifully dotted with a brown spot of bronze, designed by the artist, we believe, as a lesson for one of his own pupils. The lash, however—as may be expected with such a horse as the one we are now upon—is wanting. The only fault in the animal is in the shoeing; but this is to be remedied if the frost sets in, for the artist has instructions to have the noble animal rough-shod immediately.

It is purposed (at the suggestion of his Royal Highness Prince Albert) to make some additions to the statue of his Majesty George the Third before it is placed on the pedestal destined for its reception in Trafalgar-square. Through the kindness of his Royal Highness, we are enabled to furnish our readers with the design for the proposed improvements.

GEORGE THE THIRD AS HE WILL BE.

A LETTER FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

"FREEDOM!"—and do you dare to send
In taunt, ye British slaves,
Words that ye cannot comprehend,
To us, across the waves?

"Freedom!"—Ye know not whence the name,
Far less the glorious spirit,
The first-rate, never-dying flame,
Our freeborn sons inherit!

We tried to teach you, fools, its sense,
When, long ago, we beat you,
And that great struggle's consequence
Gave us the right—*to cheat you!*

Then bluster on! We do not heed
The wrath ye idly kindle;
Our lot were base as yours, indeed,
Were we not FREE—to swindle!

There's Sydney Smith, poor foolish man,
Keeps up a ugly feelin',
And tries to prove our matchless plan
Of borrowing is—stealing!

But let the critter rant away,
We 'll try again to-morrow;
Who ever dreamt we meant to *pay*
The money that we borrow?

Friend Sydney's not the only one
We 've fairly driven frantic,
Smiths without number have we done
On t' other side th' Atlantic!

And many a widow have we caught,
And orphans by the dozens.
I reckon there 's no better sport
Than bamming country cousins!

Sometimes our glorious Parliament
Of Tailors and of Tinkers,
The noblest beings Heaven has sent,
The most enlightened thinkers—

Deigns on financial points to speak!
My!! aint *that* gain disputing,
When speeches sometimes last a week,
And often end in shooting!

They say *your* Commons, Britishers,
Are apt to fight and bellow,
But Congress men can beat you, Sirs,
Oh! *can't* they beat you hollow?

And yet, ye female-govern'd chaps,
You jamm'd-up, paying nation,
You think, because *you 're* tax'd, perhaps,
We would abide taxation.

But far from us the thought!—away!
What! stain our country's honour?
Compel her freeborn sons to pay,
By putting taxes on her?

No!—we 'll not suffer such a curse,
Ne'er could we brook submitting?
By Goles! it would be hardly worse
To lose our right of spitting!

And as for what you chaps have lent,
Why! say no more about it;
You 'll not get back a single cent,
So you may do without it!

WE go ahead! and like our land,
Free are our speculations;
We own no debts, nor understand
Such vile considerations!

We cheat by wholesale, as we lick!
None can resist our "Sawder;"
We go so everlastin' slick,
We set the world in order!

Victoria 's a gal, they say,
Of some discrimination:
Why don't she pack her traps, and pay
A visit to our nation?

Saxe Gothic she may also bring,
(But not her crown nor sceptre,)
We 'll give her plenty of gin sling,
My! won't she think it nectar?

Our freeborn gals will ryle her quite,
And won't our towns surprise her;
I guess, if she don't die of spite,
She 'll go back some the wiser!

She 'd better come!—She 's fond of sport,
And steaming seems her passion,
We 'll teach her, and her tinsel Court,
Real *genu-ine* high fashion!

For 'tis well known, in manners, we
Are first of every nation;
Ours is the *true* gentility,
It fairly beats Creation!

Our law is Freedom! Ease our aim,
Spitting our recreation,
Chewing our right;—our motto, "*Fame,*
Wrong, and Repudiation!"

Farewell, friend Bull! our trade is gone,
Our credit 's hardly better,
But yet, I guess, the game we 've won
Whilst we remain your Debtor!

C. G.

Larceny Lake, Pennsylvania.

Russian Intelligence.

THE public functionaries of the Russian provinces have just been forbidden to wear either beard or moustachioes. The prohibition of moustachioes seems rather unreasonable, but we think it quite right that the authorities should not continue to be in the slightest degree bearded. What is to become of the home trade in Russian bear's grease?

CUTTING AND CURLING.

THE CIVIC PRETENDERS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned in the City by a sort of Legitimist movement in favour of Alderman Thomas Wood, who by right of succession is entitled to the Civic Sovereignty. It is true that circumstances conspired to seat Magnay on the Mayoral throne, but several of the old cockney noblesse insist on the claims of the pretender Wood, being paramount. By many, the present monarch of the City is openly denounced as Magnay the Usurper—and it is declared by several, that Wood is *de jure* king of the City, while Magnay is *de facto* king of the citizens. Encouraged by the example of the Duke of Bordeaux, the city pretender—Wood—is trying to rally round him as many as possible of the civic Legitimists, and he holds a levee every morning at his office. A good deal of the *jure divino* feeling exists in the Poultry, which is to the City what La Vendée was to France in the days of the Revolution.

THE DUCAL HAT FOR JENKINS.

WE hasten to lay before our readers the following ill-spelt and worse-conceived communication. It came to us by our usual express, through Lord Lowther's office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was sealed with a large, we may say an enormous, circular seal, on which are emblazoned the royal arms of England, and in all respects similar to that with-some-people-very-uncommon-coin the half-crown. But though the appearance of the seal may have deceived the young gentleman in our office (who, from taking several hundred thousand half-crowns for "Punch's Pocket-Book," ought to have known the coin better), to *our* more acute eyes the flimsy deceit was at once apparent.

We unhesitatingly pronounce the letter AN AUDACIOUS FORGERY; and, in the words of the great bard, "would whip the rascal with his clothes off through the world"—or at least down the Strand as far as Charing Cross—did we know him, and were he inclined to submit to the punishment. As, however, he would probably resist, and as we are not acquainted with him, we leave him *to the pangs of his own conscience* and the opprobrium of an indignant public.

ED.*

* It has been said that *Punch* has not been grave enough on all occasions in the conduct of this miscellany, and therefore, ever anxious to please the public, *Mr. Punch* has engaged, at an immense expense, A MORAL YOUNG MAN of great parts and eloquence, and who has been, according to his own statement, connected with the *Observer* and the *Morning Herald* newspapers. He will be employed to write upon all great public questions, and is, in fact, the author of the letter signed Philodicky, which appeared in our last.

"AN DEN HERRN HERRN PUNSCH, HOCHWOHLGEBOREN, STRAND, LONDON.

"*Windsor, Jan. 7.*

"Fielt-Marshal his Royal Highness Brince Albert, D.C.L., bresents his gomblimends to Mr. Punch.

"Having heard of the bromotion of Mr. Jenkins by H.R.H. the Comte de Chambord, the Fielt-Marshal has retired to his study and gombosed for the use of Herzog Jenkins and the other dukes who have been greated by the D. of Bordeaux, *a* DUCAL HAT, of which the following is an aggurate design.

"The dugal goronet, it vill be obserfed, will surmounts de hat, vich may be a livery hat, a beafer hat, or vat you call a four-and-nine, at bleasure.

"De gockade vill be vite (emblematic of videlity, burity, and de house of Bourbon). A bouquet of lilies may be vorn in de goat, and de rest of de gostume vil be left to de taste of de vearer, or of de nobel and disdingirshed bersonages vid whom Duke Jenkins may dvell.

"Ven de hat grow old (or vat you call zeedy), Brinz Albert has arranged so dat it vil make a beawdiful and ornamendal flower-bot for a drawing-room vindow. Dis vas also de indention of de military hat vich has obdained so much bobularity in de army.

"B.S. Venever I invend any more hats, I vill send dem to you, mein dear *Bunch*.

"B.S. I bercief dat Herr Grunt, de zelebrated liderary man, has been greated Ritter of de Order of de Big (pig) and Vistle. I ave no vistles, but I can subbly him from my farm vid some bigs very fine.

"A."

FOUR-AND-TWENTY LEADERS

OF THE "MORNING POST" IN FOUR-AND-TWENTY SUCCESSIVE DAYS!!

THE result of the "fool-hardy wager," announced in our last, came off, as proposed, at Herne Bay. The daring Waiter was in capital condition, having had a week's hard training upon the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

We give the result of each day's reading:—

The First Leader.—The Waiter went off in capital style, getting over a line a minute. This continued for five minutes, when he began to show slight signs of fatigue. However, the task was completed in gallant style in about 10hs. and 45m.

Second Leader.—The subject, being *Puseyism*, severely tried the waiter's powers of endurance. He seemed to get over it with extreme difficulty, pausing every minute to take breath, and a cup of strong tea, but accomplished his Herculean labour five minutes before midnight.

Third Leader.—(*This day*, 10 *o'clock*, A.M.)—The Waiter has sent out for an ounce of snuff, and seems to be dreadfully punished. Wet towels and bags of ice have been applied to his temples, but the drowsiness increases with every line he reads. A Quaker has threatened to inform against the parties for their inhumanity, unless a copy of *Punch* is instantly substituted for the *Morning Post*.

1 *o'clock P.M.*—The Waiter is fast asleep. An ophicleide has been tried to arouse him, but it only elicits a loud snore. He breathes very hard, and seems to be in great pain. His ravings are fearful, consisting of extracts of the different leaders. The one Policeman (A 1), of Herne Bay, has been sent for the surgeon.

5 *o'clock.*—The Waiter has just evinced slight signs of returning animation; a visiter at the hotel having shouted in his ear—"John, here's half-a-crown for you!"

PUNCH'S NAVAL SONGSTER.

AFLOAT, ashore, ahead, astern,
With winds propitious or contrary,
(I do not spin an idle yarn,)
No—no, belay! I love thee, Mary.

Amidships—on the Bentinck shrouds,
Athwart the hawse, astride the mizen,
Watching at night the fleecy clouds,
Your Harry wishes you were his'n.

Then let us heave the nuptial lead,
In Hymen's port our anchors weighing;
Thy face shall be the figure-head
Our ship shall always be displaying.

But when old age shall bid us luff,
Our honest tack will never vary,
But I'll continue Harry Bluff,
And thou my little light-built Mary.

Important to Skaters.

THE proprietor of the *Glaciarium* has sent in a contract to Government for freezing the Serpentine in Hyde Park for the winter.

A WEEK AT CHELSEA.

Monday.—Arrived by the *Lily*, after a boisterous passage of five-and-twenty minutes from London Bridge, the wind right in our teeth, and the water left in our eye.

Tuesday.—Walked for several hours on the shore, conversing with the natives.

Wednesday.—Obtained a guide, who conducted me to the Old Bun House. Bought a bun, and talked with the proprietor, who repeated to me the legend of the Old Bun.

Thursday.—Strolled towards the hospital. Fell in with a veteran; treated him to drink, and fell out with him.

Friday.—Visited the waterworks, having had an introduction to the head turncock. Found him an intelligent man, and enthusiastically devoted to his profession. He was averse to mere mercenary considerations; and when I touched on the amount of the rates, he turned off the conversation by turning on the water.

Saturday.—Paid another visit to the Bun House, but made no purchase. Found the proprietor not so communicative as before. Alas! how can I have offended him? But it is ever thus. How true are the beautiful words of the poet—which I forget.

Sunday.—Remained at home at my lodgings.

Monday.—Went back by the *Thunder*, heartily tired of my WEEK AT CHELSEA.

THE ASSES OF LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MIDDLING SIZED COUNTRY TOWNS;" "THE DIMINUTIVE VILLAGE," &c. &c.

NUMBER of Asses in London		10,646
Number fed on bits and scraps . . .	4,797	
——— Hay and straw	9	
——— Cabbage leaves, leaves of the Great Metropolis, and other garbage	5,840	

There are many popular errors relative to this useful animal which the author takes this opportunity of correcting. Coleridge talks of its "*asking* footsteps," and Wordsworth speaks of the "pivot of its skull," and its "staring bones." The author can assure the public that the asses footsteps never speak, that its skull has no pivot, and that he never saw its bones staring.

It is also a common belief amongst the vulgar that the Ass never dies, forgetting the Dead Ass mentioned by Sterne, and the impossibility of the author's immortality.

Fashionable Intelligence.

THE practice of fitting up residences in the Italian style has been followed by Mr. Timkins, the Common law clerk in the respectable office of Slash and Sellemoff. Mr. Timkins having heard much of the splendid *palazzi* at Venice, has aimed at rendering his apartment as Venetian as possible, and has already covered the floor with some Venetian carpeting. The window is fitted with a Venetian blind; and in order that the Italian character of the room may be as much as possible preserved, he has placed an Italian iron over the chimney-piece.

HOMAGE TO NATIVE TALENT.

As an additional attraction to the performances of the Indians, Mr. Ferrand has been engaged by Mr. Catlin to "*throw the hatchet.*" From the wonderful perfection Mr. Ferrand has attained in this art, it is expected he will throw the hatchet much further than any Indian has yet accomplished, by introducing at each performance a new anecdote about the Anti-Corn Law League.

Constable's Miscellany.

POLICEMAN O'HOO, when lately discovered in an entire state of beer, was found to have on his person:—

1 Temperance Medal; 1 Complete Songster; 12 tresses of hair; 4 receipts from his uncle; 8 *Billet-doux* from the cook at No. 9, round the corner; an elegant twisted device, resembling a baton, in rhubarb leaves; 1 thimble; 1 Lucifer box; 3 area keys; 1 dark lantern; 1 piece of chalk; 1 paper of snuff; 4 split peas; and an onion.

Military Regulation.

WE understand that an order has been issued from the Horse Guards, positively prohibiting the introduction of a certain morning paper into any barracks; for when the journal alluded to has been admitted, it has been found quite impossible to prevent the soldiers from sleeping on their *Post*.

THE NEWS EXCHANGE.

Our Catherine-street Correspondent has sent us the rate of exchanges among the newsboys up to the latest moment. 12 *Posts* were freely offered for one *Times*, and indignantly refused; so that, in fact, the former is now never quoted. The *Herald*, with the first of January *coupon*—or cutting off the double sheet—was more brisk, and the *Globe* was declared to be up to the *Standard*.

A CHINESE CARD.

We, Chop-chin, Chop-lip, Circassan-cree, and Co-cree, having, in the plenitude of our hearts, set up a shop in the very bowels of this barbarian city, now graciously invite all to come and feast on the wonders of our transcendent genius. If, after this glorious proclamation, ye will come and look, then most assuredly will we benignantly smile; and if, further, ye should buy, we will as assuredly laugh very heartily. Delay not! hasten, hasten!! be speedy!!

The luxuriant and nourishing Tartar Cream, so highly sought for by the Chinese to polish and finish off their tails, is much recommended for producing

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

The true Keying Cold Cream.—This Messrs. Chops can safely recommend, it having been used for many years on the nose of the Jolly Keying, when heated by a vast multitude of red bunkles, occasioned, it was believed, by a constant flow of good spirits.

COLD CREAM.

Since the arrival of the Messrs. Chops into this country, they have witnessed the fashion of reducing all things to the smallest possible size and lightest possible weight; such as gentlemen's umbrellas, ladies' parasols, gentlemen's and ladies' watches, dressing-cases, &c. &c. Under this impression we have manufactured the smallest, lightest, and most shallow pots ever beheld; two will go into a pill-box, and any six can be carried in a gentleman's waistcoat pocket. Each pot 4*s.* 6*d.*, being only 1*s.* more than the usual large and clumsy pots sold at perfumers.

The Imperial Dentifrice, for procuring a

BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH,

is composed of pulverised bricks from the Porcelain Tower, Nankin. The wonders of this beautiful powder can be at once discovered by merely buying a pot.

People will directly find Messrs. Chops & Co.'s establishment by walking *up* the street, and keeping their eyes to the left, when they will know it by the old sign of the

BARBERS' POLES.

THE CLOCK SYMPHONY.

The following little quartette has been arranged for the four voices, or rather the four faces of St. Clement's Clock. The only difficulty they will find in doing justice to it, is in keeping their time.

The Song of St. Clement's,
(*By an old Hand.*)

(The Chains.)
Here we go up, up, up,

(The Works.)
Here we go down, down, down;

(The Pendulum.)
Here we go backwards and forwards,

(The Hands.)
Here we ought to go round, round, round!

Chorus.
(Pendulum and Hands.)
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we ought to go round, round, round!

COLOSSAL DISTRESS.

We understand that a ball and concert are about to be given for the benefit of the Swiss refugee, who formerly sold the pastry on the lake at the Colosseum. Since the rocks have been removed from Albany-street, and the avalanche knocked down by public auction, "the occupation" of the son of merry Switzerland has been "gone." The Eagle has been thrown on the parish of St. Marylebone, and has been set to the task of pecking oakum.

Shipping Intelligence.

Ship foundered.—The *Mary and Jane*, "Sweater," master, in consequence of coming in contact with the *Needles*. Crew short of provisions.

Piracy.—The *Shakspeare*, *Schiller*, and *Sir W. Scott*, and it is supposed the *Byron*, have been attacked and rifled of their provisions, papers, &c., on the high seas, by a clipper or cutter-rigged vessel, carrying very little *sale*, and with the letters *L. W. L.* painted on her stern.

Foreign Intelligence.

France.—King Louis Philippe has most handsomely forwarded to the Duc de Bordeaux a plan of the Paris fortifications.

Spain.—The Queen has been pleased to command, for the greater convenience of her subjects, that there be a change of ministry once a week, and that there shall be no government on Sundays.

Our Indian Mail.

Our Indian papers contain Indian Ink to the latest moment; and we have received pickles up to the time of starting. Our Courier, in anticipation of the Overland Mail, has arrived in anticipation of his pay; but he will not get it. Among our other Indian arrivals, we have been put in possession of Indian rubber from which we find that there is a good deal of elasticity in the markets.

Teetotal Intelligence.

Father Mathew is about to visit Sicily, for the purpose of putting a stop to the ravages of the "*Crater*."

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, January 13, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.—OF SUBORDINATE MAGISTRATES.

We have hitherto considered only the Chief Magistrate, but we now come down to the subordinates; and when we say that we shall begin with the Sheriff, the drop from the throne to the shrieval office-stool appears indeed terrible.

First, of the Sheriffs. The Sheriff is an officer of very great antiquity, his name being derived from two Saxon words, which we don't print, because if we did, we could not read them ourselves, and we think the reader would find himself in the same predicament. In Latin, he is called Vice-Comes, or Deputy of the Earl—though literally it means Viscount; but Viscount Moon, or Viscount Rogers, would sound so absurd that the term Vice-Comes is no longer applied to a sheriff. The Earls formerly did the duties themselves; but, finding that there was now and then a man to be hanged, the Earls turned the matter over to the sheriffs, who afterwards relinquished the task to Jack Ketch, the Sheriffs only reserving the right to introduce their friends to illustrious criminals.

The Judges now choose the Sheriffs; but in the time of Henry VI., the king having tried to make a sheriff, was told he could not, by Sir John Prisot and Sir John Fortescue, who delivered—probably in a duet like the following—the opinion of all the judges:—

Sir John Prisot.
Oh, no. You must not mention it.

Sir John Fortescue.
Your Majesty has err'd.

Sir John Prisot.
A sheriff you can never make,

Sir John Fortescue.
You can't, upon my word.

Both together.
From book to book we 've search'd all day,
And have perused a set
Of old reports—but cannot find
A King-made sheriff yet.

Notwithstanding this judicial distich, the King occasionally amused himself by making a sheriff, and even to the present time what are called pocket-sheriffs are now and then manufactured by the hands of Royalty. The Sheriff, like the sunflower, lasts only a year, though he partakes occasionally of the holly-hock, which may be cut down one year and spring up the next, for a sheriff that has blossomed once may again flower with shrievalty.

The Sheriff is like a telescope, a pencil-case, or a trombone, including two or three official divisions in one, and requires drawing out before he can be fully appreciated; for he is a judge, a keeper of the peace, and a bailiff.

His judicial capacity is often a good deal like judicial incapacity. It was formerly limited to forty shillings, which was about as much as it was worth; but it has since been extended to twenty pounds, by virtue of a writ of trial.

As the keeper of the King's peace, the Sheriff is, for the time being, the first man in the county; that is to say, he is expected to be the first to rush on at a row, when there is a probability that the only advantage in being the first man in the county will be the privilege of being the first to get his head broken. He is bound to pursue and take all traitors: so that if Sheriff Moon should happen to see a traitor standing at the corner of Threadneedle-street, he (Moon) would be bound, as Sheriff, to bolt after him. He may also summon the *posse comitatus*, or, in other words, call upon the tag-rag to assist him in capturing or pursuing a felon. The Sheriff, however, cannot try criminal offences; "For," says the facetious Fortescue, "it would be too much of a good thing that the Sheriff should try a man first, and hang him afterwards; for of course, having to hang him, he has a direct interest in finding him guilty."

The Sheriff is also bound to execute all writs; and for this purpose he has officers called bailiffs, who frequently undergo martyrdom at the spout of the pump, and pass through other ordeals in their endeavours to catch that particular bird which their writ indicates. "The Under-sheriff," says Dalton, "is derived from the old Saxon word Under, signifying beneath, and Shriff or Shreff, which means the Sheriff."

After the Under-sheriff and the Bailiff, comes the Gaoler, "an officer," says Coke, "who is the have ye to the bailiff's catch ye; for he keeps fast or has in custody the bird that the bailiff has caught; and as there is no catch ye no have ye, so the gaoler, who doth have the gaol bird, would be useless without the bailiff who doth catch him."

We now come to the Coroner, whose office is very ancient; and indeed the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench is *ex officio* the chief coroner in the kingdom, so that it really—*semble* that Lord Denman might insist on sitting upon any body whenever he happened to feel an inquisitorial fit come over him. The Coroner is elected by the freeholders; and formerly none but a discreet Knight could be chosen. In these days, however, a discreet Knight is not often to be found, and the office of Coroner is consequently given to mere Esquires, in whom discretion is not looked for. If any person dies suddenly, the Coroner must sit on the body, where the death happens; but, if a man is drowned by falling into the sea, it does not appear that the Coroner is bound to dive after the body and sit upon it. Another branch of his office is to sit upon wrecks—which can only be done when the top of the mast is sufficiently out of the water to enable the Coroner to sit in safety. He is also to inquire about treasure trove—which gives him jurisdiction over mudlarks, who seek for coals at low-water, and bone-grubbers, who rummage in dustholes.

We now come to Justices of the Peace, who are a very miscellaneous set, beginning with no less a person than the Sovereign, and finishing with the Solons who adorn the various benches of Magistrates. The duty of a Justice of the Peace is, to suppress riots and affrays, and to hear and determine felonies—but if a justice sees an affray, he is often too much afraid to rush in and put an end to it.

After the Justice comes the Constable—a genus of which there are two species—the High and the Petty. The Petty Constable is as old as Alfred, but how old Alfred might have been, we are unable to say with certainty. The Constable is armed with very great powers; and there is one at the Burlington Arcade who is armed with an instrument of slaughter, but, happily for the nation, he never uses it. Nevertheless, when the constable has nothing better to do, he may be seen breathing on the brass nob, and rubbing it up with his pocket handkerchief.

The Surveyors of the Highways form the next branch of subordinate magistrates; and their duty formerly was to call the inhabitants of the parish together, and order them to bring materials for repairing the roads. If this were now the case, the Dukes of Cambridge and Devonshire would be obliged to contribute a few blocks of wood to pave Piccadilly. To avoid this sort of inconvenience, a paving rate has been imposed; though there is no doubt that any inhabitant might claim the provisions of the statute of Henry the Eighth, and insist on mending his own ways, instead of paying a rate for doing so.

Lastly, we will consider the Overseers of the Poor, who sometimes literally over-see or over-look the cases of distress requiring assistance. The poor law of Elizabeth has been superseded by a much poorer law of William the Fourth, the one great principle of which is to afford the luxury of divorce to persons in needy circumstances. It also discountenances relief to the able-bodied, a point which is effected by disabling, as far as possible, anybody who comes into the workhouse. The Poor Law is administered by three Commissioners, who spend their time in diluting gruel and writing reports—trying experiments how little will suffice to prevent a repeal of the union between the soul and the body.

LITERARY TAVERNS OF LONDON.

THE MITRE IN FLEET-STREET.

THE *Mitre*, in Fleet-street, is remarkable for Johnson having used the house, and very probably done the landlord. Johnson was, to say the truth, a "do" of no common order; and it is reported of him, that when Boswell asked him why he did not pay his score, he replied, "Sir, I do not pay the score, because I have consumed the viands, and forgotten the items."—"Then, Sir," rejoined Boswell, "you think we are not bound to pay for these indulgences?"—"No, Sir," said Johnson, "I did not go so far as that; but if we pay what we have, we cease to possess that which is of value, and which it is our duty to keep, that we may be more valuable members of society."

To return, however, to the *Mitre*—which Johnson never did when his score had reached a certain amount, until Boswell would go and pay it for him, or until the waiter had left to whom the great lexicographer owed it. The *Mitre*, according to a recent magazine article, has a corner, known as Johnson's corner, which is so sacred that no one is allowed to sit in it. This corner is supposed to be the site on which the gas-pipe has since been erected.

The late owner of the *Mitre* was not aware that the house was famous as the rendezvous of Johnson, until once asked by a customer where Johnson generally sat, when the host replied, that "so many people came there whom he did not know, that he could not say which was Mr. Johnson's usual place of sitting." On the matter being subsequently explained to him, he saw the necessity of reading the subject well up, and he never took a waiter without examining him in the four first chapters of Boswell. The bust of Johnson, by Nollekens, and the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, by somebody, over the fire-place in the lower room added to the second-hand edition of the lexicographer's life, on the chimney-piece up-stairs, has turned the *Mitre* into a perfect Johnsonian Museum.

Medical Education Commission.

QUESTIONS FOR CIRCULATION AMONG MEDICAL STUDENTS.

1. WHAT are the comparative attractions of an evening lecture, and an evening at the Grecian Saloon?

2. How many beds can a ward contain without inconvenience to the patients, and how many students may assemble in a nurse's room without the interference of the matron?

3. What amount of medical knowledge is derived from a pot of half-and-half?

4. Scientifically speaking, what are the advantages of a game at billiards over an anatomical demonstration?

5. Practically speaking, what are the odds in favour of a student who spends his mornings in bed, and his evenings in the neighbourhood of Bow-street, passing the College of Surgeons?

6. What treatment is prescribed for the boy who cleans the boots, when he comes into a student's apartment (the said student entertaining a party of friends) with a message from the landlady to make less noise?

7. With what velocity can said boy be made to descend three pair of stairs?

The French Army.

IN future, all the laurels of French officers are to be gilt; a late ordonnance forbidding their marriage with any woman, who has less than 1,200 francs a year! Mere love is not to be allowed out of the ranks!

A NEW BATH.

SELF-INTEREST, MR. EDITOR, is the last motive that induces me to publish to an invalided world an account of the astounding properties of my new and highly improved, patent self-acting Americano herbo-medicated vapour-bath. It may be sufficient to describe the effects wrought in this University during the last year; and I therefore subjoin a few letters of testimony from three undergraduates and one bed-maker; all of whom have received soul-invigorating scintillations of intellect from my vapours.

LETTER I.

Peterhouse, Jan. 12th.

DEAR MAC BOILEAU,—It is now two months since I first enshrouded me in the genial folds of your vapour-bath. My degree was at hand, the betting in my college was three to one, and no takers, in favour of my getting the "wooden spoon." On reading my hydrostatics, I found that dense bodies expand by heat; and your advertisement told me that the mind also expands under the action of vaporeal caloric. I now made up my mind, and book, and, as you are not ignorant, was shortly 7*l.* 15*s.* in your debt for vapour-baths. After the first three, my head grew palpably clearer, and I got up my "pump and syphon" with ease; and on returning from the fourth experiment, got completely through a "Cassegrain's telescope," till I came to the negative eye-piece. I easily saw through this; and thus, after repeated steamings, escaped "the spoon" by three places. When my bets are paid, I shall clear ten shillings, at which period I shall not fail to discharge your bill. I beg you will make what use you please of this communication, and believe me,

Your obliged patient,
W. GRENORN.

LETTER II.

Trinity Coll., March.

SIR,—The use of your vapour-bath has quelled my quondam spirit of pride, and I now confess that three months ago I was a fool—a dunderhead, at whom sizers sneered. My "Little-go" was at hand—plucking seemed inevitable, when Providence sent me your list of prices. On using the bath, my ignorance seemed to ooze out with each globule of perspiration. Need I add that I passed through the examination like greased lightning? My uncle has in consequence come down with the tin, and paid all my bills—entirely owing to your stunning apparatus. Oh! publish my gratitude, adored Mac Boileau, and believe me, till my next bath,

Yours everlastingly,
THOMAS FRESH.

LETTER III.

Trinity, Jan. 10th.

DEAR MAC BOILEAU,—Your vapour-bath has just made me Senior Wrangler. I am so fully persuaded of its efficacy, that I am not without the hopes of a hundred baths making T—e a reasonable being. Call on him, for the love of all things. I remain,

Yours gratefully,
WALTER NEWUN.

LETTER IV.

THANK'T SUR,—Yew no very well I ad a thum too weak ago cum wensdy. If yew rekalect it woz as fat as a eg, but all along ov yure rapping it over with they herbs o' yurn, it as becum less then the uther, could yew oblidge me by redoosing the tother to the same size from

Yewr greatfool servunt to cummand,
SARAH HAY,
Bed-maker, John's.

BIOGRAPHY OF HOWQUA.

THIS great character is chiefly remarkable for the mixture—sold only in catty packages. He is said to have concocted it during a morning's walk in his own tea-garden. Howqua is reported to have been a man of great quickness, which was manifested in his refusing to be a vehicle for sloe—or in other words a slow coach—an accusation which no one ever thought of bringing against him.

As a literary character, we know little of him. His writings are said to be numerous, but all we have seen of them consists of a sheet of hieroglyphics, in which old snuffers, half-open razors, and other articles, said to form the richness of the Chinese language, are extremely prominent. We have the pleasure, however, of adding the autograph, for at the end of the hieroglyphical sheet, we find, as the advertisements say, "THE SIGNATURE, THUS"—

HOWQUA, his Mark.

THE KING OF CAKE.

THE *Morning Post* yet hopes to see the day when its own JENKINS will crown the Duke of BORDEAUX in Nôtre-Dame with its own supplemental Number. As for the sacred *ampoule*, never mind that: JENKINS will anoint him Henry the FIFTH with the *Post's* own ink. In the meantime JENKINS, in the modesty and forbearance of his soul, contents himself with making memoranda of the omens of the glad event. On Twelfth Day, young HARRY, a guest at the Duke of SOMERSET's, "drew the King!" The incident, which has thrown LOUIS-PHILIPPE into a bilious fever, is thus chronicled :—

"A circumstance occurred during the evening which excited *considerable sensation* among the distinguished guests of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The old English custom of drawing characters on Twelfth-night formed a portion of the evening's entertainment. The illustrious Prince *was pleased* to take a share in this lottery, and to the pleasure *and surprise* of all present *drew forth the 'king.'* The announcement of this *'good augury'* evidently excited *the greatest satisfaction*, and, but for the rigid etiquette attendant upon the presence of the illustrious guest, *the company would have burst forth into a spontaneous expression of their enthusiasm.*"

The "augury" is most convincing. From the cake to the throne there is but a step. The DUKE having got his character and his Twelfth-cake slice, may—

"—put in his thumb,
And pull out a plum,
And say, what a great king am I!"

HENRY is already the JACK HORNER of potentates,—according to the *Morning Post*. That every person present, at the cost of much physical suffering strangled a spontaneous enthusiasm, is a truth gathered by the industry of JENKINS from all the guests individually; and, considering that enthusiasm very rarely intrudes itself upon the decorum of high life, the sacrifice must have been—as the linen-drapers placard it—"enormous." The "augury" is, however, of sufficient importance to quicken all the philosophy of *Punch* thereupon. BAYLE himself (who loved *Punch*, by the way, as every truly wise philosopher must) would have spread himself into a voluminous essay on the matter. *Punch* will confine himself to a single leaf.

The extraordinary accident which placed the character of King (must we say for that night only?) in the hands of the Duke, is only paralleled by the strange event which, when MARC ANTONY was one day fishing with CLEOPATRA, hung a red herring at the old Roman's hook. SHAKSPERE records the fact :—

Charmain. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up!

That the King should have fallen to the fingers of HENRY was doubtless as purely accidental as that the red herring (for the Syncretics have proved it to be red herring) should have been hooked by ANTONY. Neither the Duke of SOMERSET nor the Duchess knew anything about it: "chance governed all." Let us, however, in the spirit of philosophy, follow out the omen. The shotten red-herring, the "flesh, flesh-fishified" by CLEOPATRA—"serpent of old Nile"—was a proper type of the salt old age of ANTONY: the red-herring was also ominous of the final spitting on his own sword by the undone Roman. In like manner, the Twelfth Cake is crammed, as with plums, with significant meanings, for young BORDEAUX.

And now does JENKINS look as wisely at the lump of cake as one of TENIERS' water-doctors at a bottle, and would thereupon prophesy the future. *Punch* will, for a few moments, borrow the mantle of JENKINS, and read a royal history from the toothsome morsel of the confectioner.

In the reign of HENRY the FIFTH (for reign he will—has he not drawn King at the Duke of SOMERSET's?) France will be a land of sugar: the Twelfth Cake's sweet and snowy top doth give warranty of it. And here pick we out a Surinam raisin, and prophesy that France will colonise in the East, giving great umbrage thereby to perfidious Albion. And here are currants from Zante, which tell of pretty pickings by the fingers of France in Greece; and now doth the pungent flavour of nutmeg warm our palate, and feel we assured that France will triumph in the Spice Islands; and now we taste cinnamon, and pray that the Dutch may keep Batavia free from Bourbon lilies; and now there is a crumb of flour and bread, and we feel that in the time of HENRY every French peasant will have a yard-long loaf; and, the flavour of brandy warming our tongue, we learn that the vine-growers of the South will be happy and free as the bacchanals of old, and taxes be the portion only of the wicked. And all this *Punch*—under the cloak of JENKINS—prophesies to France from HENRY's lump of SOMERSET's Twelfth Cake!

But what is a Twelfth Cake without its images?—What France without its Bourbon *noblesse*—the aristocracy of the *ancien régime*? And here they are, on Henry's cake! The same familiar faces; the same pulseless things of show—stately and frosty. Here they are, some of them the proper plaster of Paris representatives of Marquesses and Counts, who kissed hands in Belgrave-square, and then returned to France to wait the advent of their true king; (the while they cultivate lilies in flower-pots.) And, all these images laid by, forgotten in their old châteaux—HENRY THE FIFTH will cause to stand again in their old accustomed places; things of a buried age, forlorn and yet confronting the spirit of the present with the foolish mummery of the past. There is plenty, sweetness, wealth, for France, as foreboded by the cake; but then the cake must have its images. The whole soil of France shall be candied with sugar; but then the ancient images—the unpalatable, glittering insipidities—must dominate above it.

The subject extends before us. We should like to have a Twelfth Cake drawing by all crowned heads. We doubt not, as in the case of HENRY OF BOURBON, that the characters would sometimes be drawn with a marvellous applicability. NICHOLAS, for instance, might come up a turnkey; the Emperor of Austria a government spy; OTHO, of Greece, a pot-boy; LOUIS PHILIPPE a pawnbroker; the Queen of Spain, *not* the young lady who talked pearls and diamonds (as OLOZAGA will testify), and—not to run through the whole list—a Prince near Windsor, a hatter out of employment. The American PRESIDENT should, of course have a draw, and would doubtless come up as *Jeremy Diddler*.

Truly, oh JENKINS! there is sometimes great affinity 'tween Kings and Cakes!

PUNCH'S MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

CAPTAIN POPKINS OF THE GUARDS.

THE subject of our present biography is a younger son of the aristocratic house of Popkins, or—according to some—De Popkins, a family that kept extremely quiet during the Civil Wars; for we do not find it mentioned in any of the heroic achievements of that exciting period. By degrees the family lost the De, and retained only the Popkins—under which name a descendant of the younger branch carried on business as a tobacconist. Being patronised by many of the aristocracy, probably on account of his high birth, Hugh de Popkins—commonly called Popkins—realised a large fortune; and, anxious to resume the chivalrous character which once attached to the house, he bought a commission for our hero—who became his country's hero, by entering one of the regiments of foot as a Cornet. He soon began to distinguish himself, and attracted the notice of the Colonel by the unexceptionable neatness of his boots; while the suavity of his "Carry-a-ha-hems," "Present a-ha-a-hems," won him the affection of the men, the sergeants, and the corporals. Our hero was present in all the mountings of the guard before the Inclosure in St. James's Park; and when the regiment was ordered to Hounslow, it was Popkins who carried the colours all the way in his right hand, without once shifting them over his left shoulder.

Among other instances of tact and courage exhibited by Popkins, was the beautiful manœuvre of leading the retreat from the Parade to the archway under the Treasury, amid a shower of hailstones that suddenly poured down on the regiment. He was also present at the opening of Parliament in 1842; on which occasion he sustained the whole weight of a mob pressing on him from behind, and received the thanks of the officer in command—conveyed through the medium of a pinch of snuff from the colonel's own snuff-box.

In 1843 Popkins was rewarded with the rank of Captain, he having first duly paid for it. If the time should arrive when the country can only be saved by such men as Popkins, it is very probable that Popkins will be preferred to effect that desirable object.

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

PUNCH has been accused of hitting this clock very hard when it was down; and it certainly must be admitted that it was wholly unable to strike in return. We are happy to say that the wound has been followed by the clock being at last wound, and we now offer to take it by the hands in a spirit of friendship. We have been told that the long stagnation has been caused by the absurd scruples of the pendulum, which refused to go from side to side, lest it should be accused of inconsistency.

The public may not, perhaps, be aware that Alderman Gibbs' accounts were published on the same day that the clock of St. Clement's Church was set going. It is a singular coincidence, that two pieces of such intricate machinery, which had been behind time for so long, should have been wound up on the same day.

A LETTER

From an American Manager to his London Dramatic Agent.

Dear Kenneth,

As "Infants" seem to be all the fashion with you, pray send me one. We are tired of singers, tragedians, violin players, and lecturers ("so much for Buckingham"). We want something we have not had before. If you cannot get Lord Brougham to come, you must really book me per next an "Infant." I don't care if it is one that does not speak,

as long as it can dance,—or do something an Infant generally does not do. My terms are,—my bond for 50*l.* a night, unlimited pap, and board and lodging for its nurse. Mind! The child must be vaccinated.

I am, dear Kenneth,
Yours, next to insolvency,
Jonathan Price.

*** Try Alderman Gibbs with an engagement. I fancy he would be very popular in Pennsylvania.

A SINGULAR MUMMY.

Last evening, at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, a numerous and fashionable assembly was entertained for upwards of an hour by witnessing the unrolling of a mummy. The process was conducted by Adam Rummedge, M.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., the eminent physician and antiquary. What rendered this exhibition more than usually interesting, was the fact that the mummy was an English one. The remains were those of an individual belonging to a race anciently existing in this metropolis under the appellation of Hackney Coachmen.

Previously to the operation, an ingenious little lecture was delivered by the learned doctor on the class of men to which the deceased had belonged. He described them as corresponding to the modern cabmen; their employment having been to convey passengers for hire, about town. Their vehicles, like the present cabs, used, when disengaged, to be drawn up in rows on what was then, as now, denominated a stand. The stand was always contiguous to a public-house; and it was a singular fact, that the quality of the porter there sold, was superior to that of any which could be procured elsewhere. The Hackney Coachman was very bibacious in his habits; not only consuming some gallons of malt liquor daily, but also large quantities of gin, of which fluid he was accustomed to take a small wine-glass every now and then, as some people take snuff. In consequence of this practice, the face usually acquired a purplish tinge, particularly intense at the extremity of the nose, which, moreover, was for the most part garnished with cutaneous nodosities. The voice also contracted a peculiarly mucous character, from the induration of the membranes and ligaments of the *larynx* or windpipe, resulting from the co-operation of alcohol and catarrh. The Hackney Coachman was likewise known by the name of Jarvy, supposed to be a corruption of Jarvis, the surname of a celebrated member of the fraternity. It was a mistake to suppose that Jarvy was a Stage Coachman; though a coaching lord or baronet was certainly sometimes called a Jarvy. For the preservation of the subject on the table, it was not easy to account. The process of embalming prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, and the bodies of individuals of the Royal Family of England were generally embalmed; but it was not customary to embalm Jarvies or Hackney Coachmen. The probability was, that this man had expressed a wish to be buried in his ordinary attire; and that the saturation of his whole frame by alcohol, consequent on continual dram-drinking, had enabled it to resist decomposition. Whether or not this was the case would presently be seen. Having delivered himself to the above effect, the lecturer then proceeded to unroll the mummy.

The deceased, upon a superficial examination, appeared to have been a man of such extraordinary bulk, that to enter a common sized door it would have been necessary for him to walk sideways. The breadth of the body, inclusive of its envelopes, was at least a yard and a half. The height was about five feet ten inches. The proportions of the figure were quite indiscernible, the whole of it being incased in a species of great coat or wrap-rascal, of a dingy-drab colour and coarse texture, reaching quite to the feet. Around the neck was twisted a voluminous cotton handkerchief, which seemed to have once been variegated, and which concealed the whole lower portion of the face. The head was surmounted by a hat, napless, variously indented, in hue ferruginous or rusty, with a brim of about eight inches broad. It was surrounded by a faded band, beneath which, in front, had been thrust a short pipe. The head-gear was drawn down so far over the countenance, and the neckcloth came so high up, that no part of the features was perceptible except the tip of the nose.

THE MUMMY.

The hat was first removed. It came off pretty easily; and beneath it there was a red worsted night-cap in a good state of preservation.

The neckcloth was next unwound. It had been screwed up like a rope, and was discovered to have formed no less than six circumvolutions about the throat. In length it was nearly eighteen feet.

The removal of the great-coat was then attempted. Here occurred a slight mistake, which was productive of some delay. Around the shoulders, encircling the upper part of the back, almost as far as the waist, and extending in front, on either side, nearly to the middle of the breast, were several layers of cloth, each about two inches shorter than the one beneath it, which at first were thought to be separate garments, and were accordingly detached in succession, but were found, in fact, to be integral portions of that with which they were connected. These, Dr. Rummedge informed his audience, must have constituted what was called the *cape*, which, as history tells us, was worn by the Hackney Coachmen of antiquity. They were in number about sixteen.

The great-coat upon being taken off was found to be about half-an-inch in thickness. Its weight gave rise to much speculation with respect to the relative strength of the generation then existing, and the present.

Beneath the garment last mentioned, there was found a common body-coat of ample dimensions, not a little the worse for wear. Under this there were at least half-a-dozen waistcoats, which were successively removed and exhibited, amid much laughter. The outermost was very long, and unbuttoned at its termination. In the pockets were found several turnpike-tickets, a screw of tobacco, pronounced by the lecturer to be of the species termed bird's-eye, and a document relating to a damaged watch, an establishment in Theobald's Road, and five shillings.

The nether garments, as far as their colour was ascertainable, were of a lightish brown, patched in some places, and requiring patching in others. In one of their pockets were two-pence-halfpenny; and a bad shilling in the other. Here the lecturer observed, that this shilling had probably been received from an unprincipled fare. The Hackney Coachman's hire was a shilling a mile; that of the cabman

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

"Jack, having dug a deep pit, covered it over with green boughs. * * * The Giant Blunderbore pursued Jack, who carefully avoided the pit. * * * The light covering instantly gave way under the weight of the Giant. * * * Jack then drew his sword and _____."—*Nursery Tale.*

eightpence; to which circumstance the extinction of the former was owing.

The boots were remarkable for the extreme thickness of their soles, which amounted to one inch. Around the ancles was wound a sort of cordage, as big round as a man's wrist, which, on examination, was found to have been composed of hay. Beneath this were gaiters or leggings of brown leather, mended with black cloth.

The right arm was discovered to have been tattooed with the rude outline of a horse, and, under that, with the name of John Wite (*query* White), which, as the initials J. W. were also observed on the corner of a handkerchief found in one of the coat-tail pockets, was probably the individual's name.

THE MUMMY UNROLLED.

The entertainment having concluded, the lecturer returned thanks to his audience for their kind attention, and the company broke up amid much applause.

A LIBEL ON PUNCH.

THE following letter has been addressed by *Punch* to the Editor of the *Examiner*:—

"SIR,—I am in the habit, as you know, of combining instruction with amusement; but when I give instructions to my attorney, there is no joke about it, and very little amusement to the party I purpose proceeding against. In your paper of January the 6th, you compared me to Gonzales Bravo, or Gonzales Bravo to me, which is the same thing, though we are very different. I am advised that this is a libel, and I therefore write to you, to advise you to retract it. Lord Brougham, I know, threatened you with proceedings, which he did not follow up, for he never can continue in the same mind for six months together; but when I once begin, I never leave off, as my interminable number of Numbers—to come—will testify. I am fond of a good action; and as I think I have a good action against you, I mean to follow it up most scrupulously, which, in legal matters, means without a scruple. When I have taken out my writ, I hope you will let me know in what way I can serve you.

Ever, *Mr. Examiner*,

Your obedient plaintiff,

PUNCH.

ROYAL GIFTS TO THE OJIBBEWAYS.

"To what vile uses may we come at last."—HAMLET.

THE papers have very faithfully reported the fact, that her Majesty has sent to the Ojibbeway Indians certain yards of the "Queen's plaid," but have failed to state that Prince Albert also accompanied the gift with one of his own military caps for each of the male strangers. We are, exclusively, enabled to give the letter of acknowledgment sent by the Red Men to Windsor; it is very characteristic of their unsophisticated condition. "Great Mother,—Our hearts have been melted into water by your gifts. They will be spoken of by the Council Fire of our Nation. Tell the Great Warrior Albert, that gratitude also stirs within us for THE SPITTOONS."

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—The proprietors of the *Morning Herald* presented their subscribers, on New Year's Day, with only half of their usual matter.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE TURF.

IT is very much to be regretted that Shakespeare did not, among the glorious creations of his brain, favour us with a sporting character. That he could have done so there is not a doubt, for his beautiful little sketch of the Jockey in Richard the Third—the well-known Jockey of Norfolk, is a sample of what the Swan of Avon could have done for the Turf, had he been willing to shed over it the halo of his genius.

We never see the play of Richard, without regretting that the part of Norfolk is not dressed as Shakespeare wrote it, from top to toe, a jockey. The crook-backed tyrant's command to Norfolk, to "be stirring with the lark," shows the sporting habits of the jockey, who was known to be habitually ready for *the* lark, or *a* lark, on the very shortest notice. Shakespeare could have given us a magnificent Sir Harry Beagle, and, had he lived in these days, would have been the author of "Tom and Jerry." Our own opinion of the jockey in Richard is, that it ought to be played on horseback; and we hope that Mr. Bunn, when he does the tragedy at Drury Lane, will not only mount the piece, but mount the actor who is to represent Norfolk.

PUNCH'S ENGLISH AND OUTLANDISH INSTITUTE.

SOME years ago, Mr. Silk Buckingham got up a public subscription to buy him a ship, in which to sail round the world. He did not sail round the world; but he is now getting all the world round him at his new *spec* of the British and Foreign Institute.

Punch begs leave to say that he thinks of opening a public subscription to buy him a boat to row round the Isle of Thanet, with power to himself to decline buying the boat, and to sink the money. *Punch* also contemplates starting an English and Outlandish Institute, to which the public are invited to subscribe their money, publishers to send their books, and noblemen to lend their names as patrons. Everything sent is to be the property of *Punch*, but the subscribers are to have the privilege of looking at it. A donation of twenty guineas makes a life member; that is to say, if the Institute keeps alive long enough to admit of the privilege.

Resident Manager.—MR. PUNCH.

Treasurer.—MR. PUNCH. *Secretary.*—MR. PUNCH.

Auditor of the Accounts.—MR. PUNCH.

Bankers—(*to be drawn upon by the Resident Manager, Treasurer, Secretary, and Auditor*)—THE PUBLIC.

PUBLIC OFFICES OF LONDON.

THE OFFICE OF THE BUDE LIGHT.

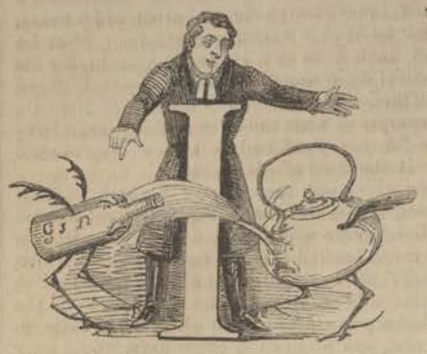
THIS interesting structure is on the second or third floor of a house in Waterloo Place. It is papered with designs—at three halfpence a yard—from the Lowther Arcade; and there is a table in the centre, formed upon the model of those beautiful specimens of the antique in furniture, which are displayed along the New Cut and Brokers' Alley. The office stool is a quadrilateral erection, mounted on thin pilasters of wood, and roofed in as it were, or thatched with a straw cushion, covered over with stout black leather.

The duty of the person employed in the Bude Light Office it is impossible for us to say; but the probability is, that watching the Bude Light in the lamp opposite the Duke of York's column is the most onerous part of the labour. This task, however, only calling on the clerk's energies from dusk until midnight, it is a matter of curious speculation—almost as curious a speculation as the light itself—to say what on earth the Office of the Bude Light can be used for in the day-time.

A Wink as good as a Nod.

WE have noticed an advertisement headed "Advice to the Deaf;" but what on earth is the use of offering advice to those who, being deaf, can't be expected to listen? The same enthusiast who offers advice to the deaf, puts forth suggestions to the nearly blind; these suggestions being intended, no doubt, for those who can see things with half an eye,—which is a convenient state of quick-sightedness to those who can hardly see anything.

THE COLD WATER CLUB.



It is proposed to form a club, to be called the Cold Water Club. Every candidate for admission must drink one quart of cold water in the presence of the porter, and another quart in the presence of the committee, on being proposed.

Life members must drink a bucketful of spring water in twenty-four hours; and no one is eligible to the committee who has not imbibed at least six pailsful of the element in any given week.

The advantages of the club will consist of a reading-room, supplied with all the newspapers, which will be kept damped, so that there will be a continued supply of wet sheets. There will also be water-spouts in various parts of the building, with the water constantly laid on, for the accommodation of members wishing to stand under them. Bath chairs will be placed in all the apartments, and the furniture will consist of watered silk. Engines will be constantly playing, in order to wet the appetite; and the moisture of the members will be in every way provided for.

NOTICE

We mentioned, in a former Number of this periodical, that we had engaged, at an immense outlay, and in accordance with the wishes of a numerous class of the British public, A MORAL YOUNG MAN, well known in the world of letters and newspapers, and enabled, from his experience, his opportunities, his learning, and his peculiar turn of mind, to impart to our little journal that tone of gravity and decorum which by some it has been found to lack.

Before we gave his name to the public, we were willing to make a trial of his capabilities in private: for though we had no doubt of his talents, yet all talents are not suited to our paper. If, as the *Morning Chronicle* somewhat impertinently says of our respected confrère, his Excellency Senor Gonzales Bravo, "*Punch* is not fit to be prime minister of Spain," in like manner we answer, many a prime minister is not fit to be editor of *Punch*. Sir Robert's jokes, however they make the House of Commons laugh, would hardly be suitable to the great, large, jovial, honest, laughter-loving PUBLIC OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Our moral young man has undergone his preparatory ordeal. That ordeal has satisfied his employers of the moral young man's capabilities. That capability we think is proved by the following papers; and of these papers we do not now hesitate to name the illustrious author of "Paddington and its People," as the writer.

In presenting the first series of his biographies to the public (to be completed in many scores of volumes), we unhesitatingly declare that his present work is distinguished by more than his usual accuracy of information, by more than his common splendour of diction, and characterised by a passionate, an abounding, an outpouring, a gushing, an overflooding, and overwhelming interest, such as fiction would endeavour in vain to confer, and such as truth only can command.

In his literary lives, the MORAL YOUNG MAN naturally (and gracefully, as we think) begins with the people of title who adorn both the Red Book, and the still more ennobling calendar of the Muses.

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE LORDS OF LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDINGTON AND ITS PEOPLE," "THE GREAT NECROPOLIS," ETC. ETC.

BLESSINGTON, The COUNTESS MARGUERITE of.—The author may be a proud man whose work commences with such a name as that of the above distinguished scion of the aristocracy. Sir Joshua Lawrence's portrait of her ladyship, which has been engraved several times, has rendered her form and features familiar to the British public, and therefore I need give no portrait of them here—suffice it to say, that both are (as far as poor human nature can be, and indeed which of us is?) faultless. Her ladyship's style of writing is ditto; and her works, both of history and fiction, are ornamented with a great number of phrases both in French and Italian, which sparkle through her English like gems in the night. To the merits of these works the whole British Press bears witness. "Brilliant, charming, elegant, graceful," are expressions, I may even say epithets, rung out in the fair countess's praise by every critic in these dominions. Those gents who bestow such *laudatory compliments* upon her ladyship's productions are, I observe, rather shy of quoting anything from them. And why? —from envy to be sure, as I have often found in my own case; the reviewers being afraid lest their criticisms should appear stupid and uninteresting by the side of the writer's delightful text.

My avocations as a member of the press, and a leader of public opinion, have prevented me from reading any of her ladyship's works; and as I know nobody who has, I am not enabled to furnish the reader with a catalogue of them.

Her ladyship's house is at Kensington, and is named, I understand, after another fair authoress, who shall be mentioned in her place. I do not visit there, and therefore of course cannot describe the contents of the mansion: need I say I should be happy to do so?

The Countess is a Peeress in her own right, and was elevated to that dignity upon presenting one of her delightful and successful novels to his late lamented Majesty George IV. Kneeling at the royal feet to receive the Countess's Coronet, (which is always placed on the head of the nobleman or lady at their investiture) the fair Countess dropped one of her gloves; on which his Majesty, picking it up, observed to Mr. Bentley, the respected publisher, who attended with a copy, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" This was the origin of the Guelphic order. I have this story from undoubted authority—from a gent indeed, who has written a good deal in Mr. B.'s Miscellany, where I should be very glad to furnish articles at the usual remuneration per line.

Her ladyship, to conclude, is Editor of the well-known "Book of Beauty" of which I cannot help remarking that the Beauties of late years seem *rather* used up. Is it so indeed? Perish the thought, I say. And the idea of the "Book of Beauty" naturally brings us to—

BROUGHAM, LORD HENRY.—His lordship is, as the world very well knows, a political, or what the admirable *Morning Herald* calls a lego-political gent. He was educated at Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with little Jack Horner, Judge Jeffries, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Admiral the Reverend Sir Sydney Smith, of whom more anonymously. Having finished his studies, he was brought to the bar in London, where he has distinguished himself in various ways ever since. Being born and bred in the North, his accent has stuck to him like a burr, and he has used that tongue of his to more purpose than any gent of the long robe. During the session, as the *Times* has remarked of him, his labours are tremendous. You may see him in the morning at the House of Lords, or in the Privy Council, the eagerest among the Judges there; and all the time writing off articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. In the evening, he is at the Lords again, backing up his friend Lord Monteagle, to whom he is tenderly attached. At night, I have myself enjoyed the pleasure of his company many times at the Garrick's Head, in Bow-street, where he astonishes the world by his eloquence. Such is only a part of the life of this restless though brilliant genius!

His fatal attachment for Queen Caroline in early life, is well known; and his duel with Mr. Canning, another ardent admirer of that fascinating, though unfortunate, Princess. Hence his Majesty George IV. could naturally never abide him.

King William IV. was passionately fond of him. When Lord Brougham was Chancellor, he and his Sovereign corresponded regularly by the post: both shed tears when obliged to part, especially

Lord Brougham, whose susceptible nature has, perhaps, never recovered the shock since.

But it is as a literary man that we are called upon to judge him; and as such he has been at everything. "His lordship is a bird that has hopped upon every branch of the tree of knowledge," as Goëthe observes: as Mr. S—m—l R—g—rs remarks, rather coarsely, he has been at everything in the literary way, from p—tch and t—ss to mansl—ghter. A politician, a theologian, an historian; on classics, optics, physics, metaphysics, he has wrote, and with unbounded applause. All his works are to be had on all these subjects, and at immensely reduced prices.

He is a corresponding member of three hundred and ninety-six philosophical societies. He is the inventor of the Brougham carriages, for which every man that uses a cab may thank him. In fact, an equestrian statue of him is to be set up in St. Martin's-lane, in a Brougham carriage, as soon as anybody will subscribe for the purpose.

Coming to London with nothing on but a common stuff gown, he rose himself to be Lord Chancellor—a lasting monument of genius! He is a member of the Beef-steak Club, which he founded in conjunction with Mr. Wilberforce.

He is equally distinguished in France (about which country, its capital, Paris, and its people, Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have just published a remarkable work). In France he is a member of the National Institute, and also Drum-Major of the National Guards.

King Louis Philippe has had the above portrait of him put up at Versailles. He has in that country a château at Cannæ, where Bonaparte landed, and where Cannibal the Carthaginian was defeated by Scipio (no doubt another African) in the Roman service; and there he cultivates the olive branches which he is in the habit of presenting to King Louis Philippe and our gracious Sovereign.

Lord Brougham, unlike other great men, has no envy; no uncharitableness; no desire to get his neighbours' places, or to oust his friends. Indeed, his very enemies admire him more than anybody else; and, can there be a greater proof of his disinterestedness? There is no truth in the report that, jealous of Mr. Macready's popularity, he proposed to take an opposition theatre, and play the principal tragic parts there. His talents are not dramatic. He once wrote a little comedy of intrigue, called "The Queen has done it All," but it was miserably hissed off the stage. And finally, to speak of him as a literary man, he has been so constant a contributor to *Punch*, and has supplied the inimitable H.B. with so many designs, that every lover of humour must admire him.

Broun, Sir Thomas.—I know nothing of this titled gent, except that he is secretary of the Society of Baronets of England, of which I know nothing too. This society, or this secretary, has discovered the rank of Baronetess, the right of the Baronets to wear the Ulster Badge, and what is called the collar of SS.

Sir Thomas Broun has wrote a book upon the above interesting subject, which brings him into our literary category; and which, whenever her Gracious Majesty shall please to call me to the order, I shall read with pleasure.

It is not generally known, that when the meeting of Baronets applied to our beloved Sovereign for permission to wear the collar of SS., she graciously granted the privilege, with the addition of A (the first letter in the alphabet) to be worn before the SS in question. I have not heard whether the collars have as yet been worn; but—speaking of Baronets—come naturally, as well as alphabetically, to the celebrated

Edward, Earl Lytton Bulwer, who is the next noble on my proud list of fame. As an Earl—and his title was actually conferred upon him at his baptism—he could not sit in the House of Commons, and therefore relinquished the vain rank of an hereditary aristocracy to serve his country in Parliament, which he did as member for Liskeard. He was made a Baronet for his services there; in compliment to which he wrote his eminent work, "The Last of the Baronets." Messrs. Saunders and Ottley will, I dare say, be happy to supply any of my readers with a copy of that performance at the usual moderate charge.

Sir Edward's labours as an author have been multivarious. He has written history, poetry, romance, criticism, politics, the drama. He has had detractors—what great man has not? I can speak myself from bitter experience; but as long as he can get his present price, which I have no doubt is a guinea per page per novel, I think he may afford to laugh at envy. There's many a gent, I know, would undergo a deal of similar persecution for a precious deal less money.

Among the celebrated authors in this family may be also mentioned His Excellency Lord Henry Bulwer, the Ambassador to Madrid, whose work on Paris and the Parisians is, however, altogether inferior to a late work, published by Messrs. Saunders and Ottley; viz. "Paris and its People;" and which that admirable journal, the *Morning Herald*, says is to be found on every Englishman's bookshelf.

The English reader having it on his shelf, of course there is no need to recommend him (unless he wishes to present it to a friend) to purchase another copy, which he is at liberty to do. The rest of Europe, however, had better give their orders early, as above. And this information, I believe, is all that I have to give of the celebrated author of "Pelham," "England and the English,' &c. In person, I may add, he is stout and swarthy. He wears a blue coat and brass buttons; boots named after the celebrated Prussian partisan, Prince Blucher; silver spectacles, and drab trousers, very much crunkled at the knees. He is about sixty-nine years of age, and lives in Tibbald's Row, Holborn—at least a gent going into a chambers there was pointed out to me as this above-named pride of our country.

What is Sauce for the Goose should be Sauce for the Gander.

A person was brought the other day before Alderman Gibbs, charged with refusing to say who he was. The Churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, declared that he would detain the mysterious individual until "he gave some account of himself." This seems a little too bad, for Alderman Gibbs ought to have shown some sympathy towards an individual refusing, or being unable to give an account of himself. If the Alderman were to be thus dealt with, it would amount to imprisonment for life—if present appearances are to be relied upon.

Od, Rat it.

A Company has just been formed in Paris with an immense capital, for the purpose of destroying rats. If such a company were to be formed in England, Lord Brougham, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, would be entitled to ask for protection from the magistrates, on the plea of their lives being in danger.

New Patent.—The Proprietors of the Wood Pavement have taken out a new patent for paving the streets—*with horses*.

NELSON COLUMN COMMITTEE.

LAST week, at a Meeting of the Nelson Column Committee, at the British Coffee House, the Right Hon. Lord Gosoughtly in the Chair, the Honorary Secretary, Delay O'Dawdle, Esq., read the following Letter addressed to him from Mr. Benjamin Bookham, the portly Bus time-keeper at Charing Cross :—

"SIR,—Hopin as how you will exqucege the liberty I takes in ritin this ere to you and wich cums to you now—I wants to no in regard off wether afore you pulls down your scaffle poles (wich same is wery old friends of mine) you cant obleege me by paring off sum of that there Sack a Sawdust wich is at the off Hankell of the Figger with the Queer tile on wich is at the top of the piller thats oppersite were I stands riggler, as it jist shuts out my wew of the Wite oss Seller and I cant tell wich Bus is a coming next Please give it a reglar good shave

"I are sir yours til deth & humble ser^t
(Signed) "BENJAMIN BOOKHAM."

Addressed "to The Nelsun piller:" and sealed with a thumb nail.

On the motion of Soloman Slow, Esq., and seconded by Nicholas Creeper, Esq, it was unanimously resolved,

"That Mr. Benjamin Bookham's request with regard to the cable, which he had mistaken for a sack of sawdust, be acceded to; and that the Man and the Boy be at once ordered to the platforms forthwith; and that they report progress as to extent of reduction required that day six months; and that they be allowed to call to their council Mr. Benjamin Bookham, at the bar of the Silver Cross."

After a vote of thanks to the Right Hon. Chairman, the Meeting adjourned.

AN UNREPORTED POLICE CASE.

YESTERDAY *Michael Slippery* was brought up at Guildhall before Mr. Alderman Gibbs. Various charges were made against the prisoner.

It appeared that the accused was treasurer to Ebenezer Chapel, and, in that capacity, had charge of all money for pews, moneys gathered at charity and funeral sermons, &c., and of which sums he resolutely resolved to give no account.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs, in a voice of much emotion, asked the prisoner what he meant by such conduct?

The prisoner, with much effrontery, answered, that he was not bound to give an account to the parties applying; and he would see them in a very uncomfortable locality before he would satisfy 'em. He had elected his own family—in all, with the baby, five persons—to audit the accounts; and they hadn't a word to say against him.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs said, it shocked him more than he could express, to see a man in such a situation. The worthy Alderman (wiping a tear from his eye) entreated *Slippery* to reconsider his determination. The course he was pursuing was not the course of an honest man. Scorn would point her finger at him; he would become an outcast and a by-word, and bring inevitable shame upon his old age.

Michael Slippery made no answer, but having placed the top of his thumb to his nose, swaggered out of the office.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs—at the sight of such human depravity—burst into tears.

The First Day of Term.

THE Lord Chancellor having declined giving the Judges, Queen's Counsel, and Sergeants a breakfast, in accordance with old custom, the Queen's Counsel refused to put on their best wigs, and the Sergeants declined sporting the scarlet toga. Our own standing Counsel came out in a pair of clean bands, and had had his stuff gown scoured for the occasion, being desirous to show the Chancellor that he did not participate in the evident soreness of his seniors. We have been given to understand, that the learned Lord on the Woolsack intends making up for the omission of the breakfast at the beginning of Term, by giving a small tea-party at the end of it.

The Height of Grandeur.

A WRITER in a provincial paper, in an outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, declared the other day that "our beloved Queen sits on the highest throne in Europe." This must be very inconvenient, considering that her Majesty has not the longest legs,—which, in order to sit at ease on the highest throne, would certainly be required.

Mechanics' Institution.

AT a meeting held last week by a few of the lecturers of the Mechanics' Institution, for the purpose of examining such of the members as were most zealous and frequent in their attendance—

Jonas Clump was called in, and passed the following creditable examination :—

"Is a wedgeable dealer in Clare Market, and has been a member of the Mechanics' Institution for three years. Has attended reg'lar. Knows what the mechanical power is; knows the Chartists and turn-outs of Manchester and the man'fact'ring towns is mechanical powers.

"Know'd what the wheel and axle was. Had had many opportunities of seeing of it; had often examined it under his own go-cart. Hadn't cal'clated its power; in fact, had rayther looked to his hoss for the power.

"Didn't know exactly what the 'wedge' was. Cal'clated its powers was henormous. Was wedged in a crowd last Thursday arternoon at *Punch's* office, and got well nigh spilt.

"Know'd a screw. His old uncle was a screw, know'd nothin' better; he was a man with lots of means but no liberality, who always vanted more, but didn't care what dirty way he got it in.

"The 'lever' he had never seen. Know'd what a 'balance' was; always liked to have it in his favour, particklar at the year's end. Had never heerd of any 'harm' in the lever.

"Was quite ignorant of the pulley. Believed the inclined plane was a carpenter's tool, but didn't exactly know."

Jonas Clump then retired.

INSECTS AND THEIR HABITATIONS.

WE have not read the book which has lately been advertised under the above title; because we not only know as much as we want to know, but also more than we could have wished to know, about the subject of which it treats. Of this superfluity of knowledge, we shall disburden ourselves for the benefit of the world.

Among the insects with whom we have formed a practical and by no means agreeable acquaintance, are :—

1. THE SPIDER.—Is partial to lodging-houses; especially to those portions of them which are tenanted by single gentlemen; where its reticular fabric very often adorns every angle in the room. A favourite haunt of the spider, is the book-shelf, where its web is too often observably extended over volumes of a moral and philosophical tendency.

2. THE MITE.—This interesting animalcule is gregarious in its habits. We believe that no species of solitary mite exists. Mites live in colonies, occupying large tracts of caseous formation, and principally the riper strata. Our own observation, in common, we believe, with those of other naturalists, have induced us to conclude that they prefer Stilton to Cheshire; though we have not unfrequently encountered them in Chedder and double Glo'ster; but never that we recollect in Dutch. The spectacle of countless myriads of mites, with their innumerable eggs, all living together in undisturbed harmony and happiness, must be a gratifying spectacle to the benevolent mind, reflecting on a lump of decayed cheese.

3. THE GRUB.—A member of this extensive family is often found in the filbert. Its white annular body, and tiny black head, are well known. The nut for some distance around the insect, is found converted into a black powder, which is extremely bitter to the taste. It is therefore advisable in extracting the kernel of the filbert to use the crackers instead of the teeth. A pleasing amusement may be derived from placing a couple of these insectile hermits on a table; and, forming a goal with a piece of apple, to try which can reach it first.

On pinching the tail of the nut-worm, the creature will by its movements, exhibit unequivocal evidences of sensation.

4. THE CATERPILLAR lies rankling, oftentimes in the very heart of the young cabbage, which it consumes like hopeless love. All cooks should be aware of this circumstance, which we are very sorry that they are not, or at least, that they do not always attend to it.

5. THE MOTH would seem to be an insect of Hebrew origin, from its attachment to old clothes. How often has the suit, laid by for a few brief years, been found when brought once more into request, to be the unwearable residence of this winged spoiler!

We cannot quit the subject of Insects and their Habitations, without delicately hinting at the bedpost and blanket. We need say no more.

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THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.—OF THE PEOPLE. WHETHER ALIENS, DENIZENS, OR NATIVES.

HAVING treated of the Sovereign, we now come down to the small change, or in other words, we turn from her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, to his Most Miscellaneous Majesty the people.

The people are divided into aliens and natural born, though the latter are not necessarily born naturals. Natural born subjects are such as are born within the ligeance, or allegiance of the Sovereign—but aliens are such as are born out of it.

Allegiance is the tie which binds the subject to the Sovereign, and the form is derived from the Goths; who, under the feudal system, held their possessions under some lord, to whom they were vassals. The only remains of this system are to be met with at the Gothic Cottages in the Regent's Park, the tenants of which swear fealty every quarter to the lord or his house-agent. Formerly there was mutual trust between the tenant of the soil and the owner, but this trust has been much broken in upon, by the modern practice of "shooting the moon," which hath destroyed that sylvan state of simple confidence which formerly existed.

The vassal was formerly expected to defend the lord against his enemies; so that if the landlord of a house got into a street row, his vassals or lodgers were expected to take part in it. This was called *fidelitas* or fealty, the tenant taking an oath to protect the lord of the soil; but this is now commuted into an undertaking to pay the taxes, including a police rate, which secures the lord and the vassal also from violence. The oath of allegiance to the Sovereign it still taken by attorneys and barristers, on being admitted to practise; but in consequence of their number, it has been arranged as a solo and chorus for the officer of the Court, and an unlimited number of voices, which chime in together, expressing their horror of the Pope—without knowing who the old gentleman is—and declaring that it is not lawful to murder foreign princes in the public street—as if any one in these days ever thought of assassinating continental royalty in Regent-street, or any of the leading thoroughfares.

It seems, however, that all subjects owe allegiance to the Sovereign, whether they have taken the oath or not; and it is very probable that the ideas of most people would be much the same on the slaughter of foreign princes, without going through the ceremony of swearing the awful affidavit alluded to.

Every person born within the English dominions owes allegiance to the Sovereign from the moment of birth, being at once under the protection or particular patronage of royalty. The immense quantity of allegiance payable from persons of large families may therefore be conceived; and it must be held as a constitutional doctrine, that twins cause a double accession of loyalty. Local allegiance is something of the nature of portable gas, for it is moveable, and only lighted up in the bosoms of aliens during their residence in this country, after which it may be turned off, or otherwise extinguished.

It seems that allegiance is as much due to the usurper as to the rightful Sovereign, and must be paid to whomsoever is on the throne for the time being. If, therefore, a lunatic should get into the throne-room in the Palace, and, sitting on the throne, proclaim himself king, it would seem that the royal housemaid would owe temporary allegiance to the madman, until a policeman should regularly dethrone him, and walk the usurper off to the nearest—that is to say, a much more humble—station.

Allegiance is due to the person, and not to the dignity alone; for, in the time of Edward the Third, the Spencers were banished for refusing allegiance to the person of the King, and offering it to his crown, which was something like the notion of bowing to Gesler's hat, which, through Sheridan Knowles's "William Tell," every one is acquainted with. The sad tale of these Spencers led to the introduction of spencers with no tail at all, several centuries afterwards.

Natural born subjects have rights that nothing but their own misbehaviour can forfeit; such as the right of buying lands, if they have got the money to pay for them.

This glorious privilege may be enjoyed by the meanest subject, under the circumstances last alluded to.

An alien may purchase lands; but if he does, the Sovereign is entitled to them. Nevertheless, an alien may hire a house to live in, though the King of the Belgians, when he first came to London as an alien, occupied only lodgings, being those on the second floor of Hagger's oil and pickle shop in Oxford-street. The Prince, who is now the Lord of the Belgians and their soil, was then the vassal of Hagger, to whom he did weekly homage to the tune of thirty shillings.

An alien may trade freely; so that Verrey dispenses dinners in strict conformity with the provisions of our glorious Constitution.

Children born out of England, whose father or grandfather, by the father's side, is in allegiance to the English Sovereign, are natural born subjects; and therefore the summer visitors to Boulogne are in no danger of producing a crop of young aliens,—a result which would deprive the Sovereign of many subjects, and not only the *Sovereign*, but the *Emerald*, the *Sir William Wallace*, the *Grand Turk*, and the *Waterwitch*, of a great number of passengers.

The children of aliens, when born in England, are considered as natural born, and Pagliano's Hotel contributes annually a large stock of subjects to the British monarchy.

A denizen is an alien, who, by the Royal prerogative, is made a natural—being, in fact, an animal something like a mule, which, being between the horse and the ass, generally partakes mostly of the latter. The denizen is indeed almost, not quite, a natural.

Naturalisation can only be achieved by Act of Parliament; but even when naturalised, neither an alien nor a denizen can be a member of Parliament,—a dignity that naturals only are thought worthy of.

There have been one or two attempts to introduce an Act for the general naturalisation of all foreigners; but the nearest approach to it is the statute naturalising certain persons who have served two years in the army or navy, and some who have been three years fishing for whales; which really exhibits such a strong turn for natural history, that naturalisation is the smallest compliment which can be paid to it.

So much for "the People," who have always got a number of "People's Friends" ready to serve them in all sorts of ways; but serving them out is the most usual course that is taken.

Post Office Intelligence.

GOVERNMENT having contracted for a mail to Sydney once a month, all letters for that quarter must be marked "Overland, through Sydney's Alley."

Good Grounds for it.

SINCE our report of the "Daring Wager" at Herne Bay, all the back Numbers of the *Morning Post* have been purchased by a wealthy Railway Company, from the fact that the *Post* makes the *soundest sleepers*.

A ZONG OF THE ZOUTH WEST.

ACETIOUS MR. PUNCH,—You occasionally, I perceive, enrich our poetical literature. Will you allow me, through your means, to submit to the public a new style of composition? Mr. ROBERT BURNS acquired considerable celebrity by writing poems in broad Scotch. Now, sir, I am a Hampshireman. I was brought up near the ancient and venerable city of Winchester. I love my county, and am proud of its dialect. The muse, like all beauties, rejoices in a variety of dresses. Will she appear less lovely in a south-western than in a northern garb? Will Apollo look a finer young man in a kilt than in a smock-frock? I wish to try. Accordingly, I forward you a little song of my own composing. It is couched in the vernacular of Itchen's Vale; the Doric of the Winton Downs. Here it is.

TO A ROSE.

I.

Woot [1] let me pluck thee, charmunest [2]
Of vlowers [3] that veed [4] the humble bee!
Woot goo [5] and greace [6] my true-love's breast?
That is the vittust [7] pleace [8] vor [9] thee!

II.

Thy noighbour [10] lily canst thee spy?
I warnd [11] thee'st vind [12] her neck moor [13] vair [14];
Or yan [15] kearnaition [16] dainty dye?
Her cheeks, I 'm bound, 'ool [17] match that 'ere.

III.

Mayhap thy zweetnuss [18] she may zniff,[19]
And thee'st be prest her lips unto;
Then, happy rose, I 'll ax thee if
Theezelf [20] can brag a vresher [21] hue?

IV.

Loor! [22] if zo be as how she should,
Zweet vlower, what vortune [23] 'ool be thine!
I 'd gie vive shilluns, that I 'ood,[24]
Zuppozun [25] zuch a chance wur [26] mine.

The above is a love song. Perhaps the strong Saxon of Hants may be more appropriate to the sterner strains of war and patriotism. There is one style of Poetry to which it is especially applicable, the Bacchanalian; and, indeed, there are several very fine beer-songs, of a traditionary character, still extant in the county. It is likewise adapted to pastoral purposes. Seeing that "Nichts wi' Burns," "Hours with Mary, Queen of Scots," and the like entertainments, have become so popular, would it not be a profitable speculation for any competent person to give a "Neite wee a Hampshire Hog?" Perhaps, *Mr. Punch*, you could contrive to get one up yourself.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
RUSTICUS.

GLOSSARY.

1 Woot, *wilt thou.*
2 Charmunest, *charmingest.*
3 Vlowers, *flowers.*
4 Veed, *feed.*
5 Goo, *go.*
6 Greace, *grace.*
7 Vittust, *fittest.*
8 Pleace, *place.*
9 Vor, *for.*
10 Noighbour, *neighbour.*
11 Warnd, *warrant.*
12 Vind, *find.*
13 Moor, *more.*
14 Vair, *fair.*
15 Yan, *yon, yonder.*
16 Kearnaition, *Carnation.*
17 'Ool, *will.*
18 Zweetnuss, *sweetness.*
19 Zniff, *sniff, smell.*
20 Theezelf, *thyself.*
21 Vresher, *fresher.*
22 Loor! *interject.*
23 Vortune, *fortune.*
24 'Ood, *would.*
25 Zuppozun, *supposing.*
26 Wur, *were.*

University Intelligence.

THE following questions have been privately sent us by the Cambridge Moderators, as part of the examination for the candidates for the Poll degree. *Mr. Punch*, always desirous of benefiting "Young England," lays these questions before his numerous readers.

1. Given the *force, i.e.* the *weight* in gold, of the salary of the Lord Chancellor, and the *time* in which Lord Lyndhurst is expected to resign; required the *velocity* with which Lord Brougham turns round from Whiggism to Toryism.

2. Given the *force* with which your fist is propelled against a cabman, and the *angle* at which it strikes him; required the *area* of mud he will cover on reaching the *horizontal plane.*

3. Show the incorrectness of using *imaginary quantities*, by attempting to put off your creditors with promising to pay them out of your Pennsylvania dividends.

THE PRIZE FOOTMAN SHOW.

THE great success attending the Prize Cattle Show has induced a body of enterprising noblemen, interested in the yet-youthful science of Slaveyculture, to start the following show, the particulars of which are subjoined for the benefit of rising Pages, and ambitious Errand-boys:—

PRIZE HALL-PORTER.

1st Prize.—£30, and a gold medal, to Sir G. Chokefull, Bart., for a hall porter, aged 68: weighs 20 stone, fatted on 15,000 lbs. of roast beef, cabbage, hot-rolls, and porter. Waddled to the show 100 yards, wheeled in his chair the rest.

PRIZE FOOTMAN.

2nd Prize.—£20, and a silver medal, to the Earl of Powdertax, for a full-calved, long-backed London footman, 30 years old: fatted in Grosvenor-square, on patties, sweetbreads, *vol-au-vents*, and other delicacies, washed down by his master's best old Port. Travelled to the show, hanging on, with two others, behind the carriage.

PRIZE COACHMAN.

3rd Prize.—£10, and a silver medal, to Lord Mount-Cockade, for a red-nosed state-coachman, with wig and bouquet, aged 64 : fattened in the servants' hall on hot-joints, greens, and treble X. Travelled to the show on the box.

PRIZE PAGE.

UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

4th Prize.—£7, and a German silver medal, to Lady Jemima Henriette de Faulder, for a ten-year old Page ; fattened on chocolate, chicken, curaçoa, sweetbreads, marmalade, and the general pickings of the store-room. Measures one yard eleven inches round the waist, and half a yard round each calf. Led to the show by Lady Faulder's poodle.

Unsuccessful Candidate.—Mr. Skimp's servant of all work, aged 15 : fed on board wages. Travelled to the show on the spikes of a hackney-coach.

NEW ORDERS.

The Emperor of Russia has just revived the Order of the Swan, and we understand the following Orders will shortly be instituted in this country :—

The Order of the Lark.—Grand Master, Lord Huntingtower.

The Order of the Goose.—Knight Commander, Colonel Sibthorpe.

The Order of the Swallow.—Members in ordinary, the Auditors of the Accounts of the Churchwarden of St. Stephen, Walbrook.

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. What are mesne incumbrances ?

A. Poor relations.

Q. What is a mortgagee in possession ?

A. An Uncle.

THE WEATHER.

Good Mr. Punch,—Everybody is agreed on the singular mildness of the season. The editor of the something Herald is writing with a bunch of precocious primroses lying before him ; and the conductor of the somewhere Express is sniffing at a twig of May, forwarded to him by a country correspondent. Mr. Tomkins, of Hurleybury, has picked, in his own garden, a green gooseberry as big as a marrowfat pea. Mr. Redhead, of Hawthorndean, has a second crop of Lilliputian apples in his orchard. Mr. Biggs has gathered three ripe strawberries, forced by the sun ; and Mr. Colewich had a dish of new potatoes on Christmas Day ! A county Sentinel is cocksure that he has heard the blackbird in full song ; and in the grounds of Mr. White there is a finch's nest with three eggs, which he will be happy to show to all the curious in ornithology. In short, the marriage of January and May is no longer a fiction.

Now it is a singular fact that none of our Natural Philosophers, Astronomers, Astrologers, Meteorologists, Murphies, or Clerks of the Weather, have foretold, or satisfactorily accounted, for such a signal deviation from the usual march of the seasons. They have been looking for it, in electric currents, in the winds, in the moon, in the planetary conjunctions, in a reel of the earth from her old axis,—but neither they, nor even our Political Weathercocks, have pointed to the very striking coincidence, that since the transportation of Frost, we have had no hard winter.

I am, dear Punch, Yours, &c.

Verb. Sap.

CANTIUNCULA.

Ranula furtivos statuebat quærere amores,
("Me miserum !" tristi Rolius ore gemit !)
Ranula furtivos statuebat quærere amores,
Mater sive daret sive negaret iter.
O Roli, Polique ! O perna, et caulis ! at "Eheu !"
Antoni Roli vox lacrymosa sonat ! [1]
Ergo abiit, nigro caput abscondente galero,
Forte comes sorex obvius adfuerat.
Nec mora sed simul ac venerunt muris ad ædes
Et voce et pulsu concrepuêre fores.
"Mater, Mus Mater, sis intus, necne ?" Sed Illa
"Immo, et sola sedens sedula pensa traho." [2]

Atque addit, "Nobis vis carmen, Rana, canorum
Edere ? Sed nec res sit tibi longa nimis."
Ille autem, "O Mater, meliùs me, tusse recenti,
"Immundæ dominus carmina fundit harœ."
Sic lætabantur : subitò sed felis in aulam
Horrenda, et proles vix numeranda, ruunt !
Sorex terribili cecidit sub matre,—nec illi
Dissimilis murem corripuit soboles !
At ranam, improvidè tranantem flumen aquarum,
Alba superveniens annihilavitanas !
Una, duo, tres sic morti occubuêre sinistræ,
Mus Mater, Sorex, Ranula ! Væ miseris !
O Roli, Polique ! O Perna et Caulis ! at "Eheu !"
Antoni Roli vox lacrymosa gemit !

[1] Juvenal afterwards cribbed this, à la Lord William. [2] Stolen by Virgil—"Mater, Cyrene Mater," &c.

"A prigging of what wasn't his'n,
For which the Bard deserved a prison."

—*Annotations of the Printer's Devil.*

Novel Publication.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs begs to inform the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and the public in general, that he has just published a work of a very curious and novel description, entitled, "The Accounts of the Churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook." A work of this description not having been published for very many years, it is hoped that the public, and especially the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, will duly appreciate it. It is illustrated by an immense number of figures, and is altogether very cleverly got up.

Dancing for the Million.

We understand that the fertile brain of Monsieur Jullien has been employed on devising some new Quadrilles, and that he intends bringing out a splendid arrangement of St. Vitus's dance, in a day or two.

THE STATE TRIALS IN IRELAND.

We always thought that the ordinary police van was the proper vehicle for bringing up accused parties to the Court where they are to take their trial. O'Connell, however, was fortunate enough to get the Lord Mayor of Dublin's state coach, with all the usual properties, including the mace, which was understood to have been relacquered, lest it should have been eclipsed by the more abundant brass of the chief traverser. If state coaches are to be used for the purpose of bringing alleged delinquents to trial, we should recommend the London Corporation to let out the carriage of the Mayor to such dependents as may be wealthy enough to pay for the accommodation. We understand the Lord Mayor of Dublin has issued, or intends issuing, the following—

CARD.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, ever anxious to meet the wishes of the accused and persecuted portion of the public, begs leave to offer the use of the state coach on terms exceedingly moderate. Prisoners taken up at their own homes, and surrendered into the custody of the Court on very reasonable charges. Every defendant is allowed to carry one of his bail as luggage on the coach box, and witnesses in footmen's liveries accommodated on the step behind, at a very low scale of prices. Prisoners in the habit of being tried repeatedly may contract for the use of the coach by the job, month or year, and convicted culprits called for at the House of Correction on the expiration of their sentence. No fees to coachmen. Parties of four, if included in the same indictment, taken at a very reduced rate, and acquittals punctually attended to. No extra charge for taking the mace; but if the Lord Mayor attends personally in his gold chain, it is expected that the value of the chain will be deposited at his Lordship's house previous to starting.

THE MONSTER TRIAL;

OR, THE JUROR'S OATH.

A Drama.

SCENE—*The Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin.*

Enter an USHER.

USHER (*to a Policeman outside.*)

Now, Bill, you may unlock the outer door,
And let the persons having tickets in.

[*A noise without.*

POLICEMAN, (*outside.*)

Keep back, I say.

A VOICE.

They 're shoving from behind.

USHER, (*soliloquizing.*)

How brief a span is life—ten little years
Have now elapsed since I——but here they come.

[*A tremendous rush takes place into the Court, which is completely filled, and the* USHER *retires to his seat.*

Enter the ATTORNEY *and* SOLICITOR-GENERAL, *the* COUNSEL, *the* JURY, *the* TRAVERSERS, &c. *The* CLERK OF THE CROWN, &c.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, (*aside to the Solicitor-General.*)

Didst mark O'Connell how he grinn'd?

SOLICITOR-GENERAL, (*aside to the Attorney-General.*)

I did!

Enter FOUR ASSOCIATES.

FIRST ASSOCIATE.

I charge thee, Usher, let 's have lots of pens.

USHER, (*bowing.*)

You 'll find pens, ink, and paper, all are there.

ASSOCIATE.

But are they all abundant?

USHER.

Marry are they!

Enter the FOUR JUDGES, *who bow to the Counsel, and then take their seats.*

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Usher, now call the Jury.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.

Yes, my Lord.—
Now, gentlemen, all answer to your names.
James Hamilton.

MR. HAMILTON.

James Hamilton am I.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.

Now,—Edward Roper.

MR. ROPER.

I am Edward Roper.
But seven-and-seventy winters, autumns, springs,
And summers also, have pass'd o'er my head.
There was a time when to the Jury-box
I would have bounded like the nimble fawn.
But now, my Lord, I'm old—aye, very old.

CHIEF JUSTICE, (*much affected.*)

Well, well,—we 'll hear you presently again.

[*Mr. Roper retires up.*

THE RUINED GAMESTER.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
Now,—Stephen Parker, of St. Andrew's Street.
No answer! Stephen Parker! Hilly! ho!
Ho, Stephen! Come or forfeit fifty pounds.
No answer! Well, then, let us call the next.—
Benjamin Eaton!

MR. EATON (*springing forward.*)
Eaton is my name!
My lord! I lately from a scaffold fell:
Alighting on my back——

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Hold! hold, I charge thee.
We 'll listen to your accident anon!
At present we but want the jurors' names.
[*Mr. Eaton retires to the back of the Court.*

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
The jury all have answered to their names,
And now we will proceed to swear them in.—
James Hamilton, you 'll please to take the book.
[*Mr. Hamilton is sworn.*
Now Captain Edward Roper.

CAPTAIN ROPER (*advancing.*)
I am he!
Time was, when I was stalwart, stout, and strong;
But now I 'm old—even my voice is weak.
This affidavit 's stronger than my tongue.
[*Hands in an affidavit.*

MR. O'CONNELL.
Permit me, Sir, to see that affidavit. [*Looking at it.*
Why, faith 'tis nothing but a declaration.

CAPTAIN ROPER.
My lords, I 'm dreadfully rheumatic also.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
No matter! Captain Roper must be sworn.
Quick—the next name!

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
The next is Stephen Parker.

MR. PARKER.
My lord, my health——

MR. VANCE (*interrupting him.*)
I 'm here for Stephen Parker!

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Who 's that? intruding thus upon the Court.

MR. VANCE.
My name, my lord, is Vance.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Let Vance be sworn.
Now, Sir, inform us who and what you are.

MR. VANCE.
My name is Vance; I 've sold your lordship drugs.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
I do remember—an apothecary—
But what have you to do with Stephen Parker?

MR. VANCE.
I have attended him for three long years;
He labours under horrid nervousness.
I saw him after dinner, yesterday,
And he was then as nervous as the leaf
Which quivers on the aspen.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
He 's excused.
[*Exeunt* MESSRS. VANCE *and* PARKER, *laughing in their sleeves.*

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
Now give the book at once to Edward Clarke,—
There 's no objection—Edward Clarke is sworn.
Benjamin Eaton.—Give the book to him.

MR. EATON (*coming forward.*)
Last May, upon a scaffold's giddy top
Full twenty feet above the earth I stood,
Some how or other—how, it matters not—
Whether 'twas sudden dizziness, or fear,
Or accident, or anything beside,
I know not—but I fell—and my poor back
Came on the kerb with fearful violence.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Enough, enough, the Court will hear no more;
Benjamin Eaton—must be—is—excused.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
John Croker, Francis Faulkner, Henry Flynn,
As well as Henry Thompson, Anson Floyd,
Are called, and having answered to their names,
Have taken each the book, and each is sworn.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
That's well! and even more—'tis very well!
But, to the next.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
John Rigby is the next.
What, ho! John Rigby—Rigby, John! appear.

MR. RIGBY.
That I am Rigby, that my name is John,
And, therefore, I, John Rigby, I confess—
But yet I 'm not John Rigby.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Mr. Rigby, pray explain.

MR. RIGBY.
If John and Rigby were my only names,
Then I should be John Rigby plain enough;
But as having been accustomed from my youth
To bear, besides the names which I have named,
Another name, that is not John or Rigby,
I do submit John Rigby is not I.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
In mercy, sir, unravel straight this yarn
Which you have spun but to entangle us
In such a web of mystery and doubt,
That we can scarcely see our way at all.—
Are you John Rigby, sir, or are you not?

MR. RIGBY.
If being John, and being also Rigby,
Makes me John Rigby, then, I own, I 'm he;
But if, by being more, I 'm rendered less,
Then am I not John Rigby.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Pray explain.

MR. RIGBY.
My parents, or my godfathers, or both,—
Or it might be, my godfathers alone,
For they have often in such things a voice,—
Gave me the name of John.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Zounds, Mister Rigby,
If you were christened John, you are John Rigby.

MR. RIGBY.
Nay, hear me out, my Lord. They called me John;
But more than that, they called me Jason, too.
And so, John Jason Rigby is my name.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Is it for this you have detained the Court,
Consumed the public time, delayed the trial,
And put my patience to a fearful test?
Swear him at once!

MR. RIGBY.
My Lord, I——

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Swear him—swear!

CLERK OF THE COURT.
John Rigby——

MR. RIGBY.
And *Jason* Rigby, if you please.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Let him be sworn without another word.
I 'd rather be an usher of the Court,
And bellow "Silence!" to the talking crowd,
Than let the Bench be fool'd as Rigby 's fool'd us.

CLERK OF THE CROWN.
He 's sworn, my Lord; and so are all the rest.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
To trial, then. Let counsel do their best;
And may our friends the public, gathered round,
Be satisfied, whate'er the verdict found.

If you approve of what the judges do,
I 'll say no judges are so good as you.
We do our best to execute the laws,
But let your verdict kindly be (*clapping his hands*) applause.
Bell rings, and the Curtain falls.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN :—

POLICEMEN. THE PUBLIC. WITNESSES. USHERS, &c. &c.
TRAVERSERS. ASSOCIATES. JURY. COUNSEL.
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR-GENERAL.
PUISNE JUDGES. CHIEF JUSTICE. PUISNE JUDGES

Aphorisms and Reflections.

(NOT FROM MACNISH.)

EA and Yarmouth bloaters,—chops and stout, Welsh rabbits and whiskey—such is a day!

How beautiful is Nature! From the sun in his noon-tide glory, to the humble glimmer of the glowworm! What painter could faithfully depict the rainbow colouring of a convalescent black eye!

As Comfort to the afflicted spirit, so is the hat-brush to the ruffled gossamer.

Perseverance and Industry will ultimately obtain life's leg of mutton, be the pole on which it is elevated never so greasy; and the carefully-soaped tail of the pig of prosperity seldom eludes the grasp of well-directed assiduity.

Seldom do we meet with a more striking instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, than when we see a blind man industriously endeavouring to decipher in the dark the unintelligible hieroglyphics of bygone ages.

WAKLEY'S LAST.

THE verdant sunbeam gaily sweeps
O'er Peckham's mosques and minarets;
The moss-grey sapling fondly weeps
Over the daisied lake, whose jets
Perfume the hours and deck the air,
And make fair Nature still more fair.

Uprising, see the fitful lark
Unfold his pinion to the stream,
The pensive watch-dog's mellow bark
O'ershades yon cottage like a dream,—
The playful duck and warbling bee,
Hop gaily on from tree to tree.

How calmly could my spirit rest
Beneath you primrose-bell, so blue,
And watch those airy oxen, drest
In every tint of purling hue,
As on they hurl the gladsome plough,
While fairy Zephyrs deck each bough!

THE GIBBS' TESTIMONIAL.

WE understand it is in contemplation to present to Alderman Gibbs a testimonial, in commemoration of his having at length made up his accounts. It is to consist of a long column with Egyptian hieroglyphics running from the top to the bottom, and terminating at the top in a finely chiselled figure of St. Stephen presenting the Alderman with a draft for eighteen hundred pounds, while Mercury is tearing out, from the bosom of Time, some unintelligible papers marked "vouchers." On the top is a weathercock, the four points of the compass being marked by the figures of four auditors, while the alderman himself acts as the nave in the centre, round which the auditors are revolving.

Triumph of the British Constitution.

AN unfortunate calf destined for sausage-meat, having been found on a butcher's premises, in a condition said to be unfit for human food, was sent for into the police-office yard, that the magistrate himself might judge of it. This glorious privilege awarded to the calf, of being tried by one of his own peers, is quite in conformity with the splendid provisions of our unparalleled Constitution!

"LADY L.'s JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO FOREIGN COURTS."

As this *soul-stirring* publication is about to be continued, and as it has formed the subject of conversation in the *very highest* circles, we hasten to lay before the public a letter on the subject from a most distinguished leader of *ton* :—

LETTER FROM LADY JUDY PUNCH TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF JENKINS.

What *malheur affige* my dear Duchess? I looked for you in vain last night at Lady Smithfield's. I sent Lord P. to all your accustomed *séjours* of evenings—

L'HÔTEL DE L'AIGLE,

Route de la Cité; la Maison de la Conduite Blanche; le Château de Jean de la Paille, à Hampstead—in vain—your Grace was absent. The nobles of the land were without their brightest ornament; and the dear Duke of Jenkins (who joined us afterwards) was seen at his club taking his ordinary *rafraîchissement* of *moitié et moitié* alone. Can it be that the *blanchissage* (as stated) required your presence elsewhere? One of your dear children told me you had sold your *mécanique à repasser*. Well, *cara mia*, as soon as that *bisogno* is completed, come to the faithful arms of your Giuditta. Lord P. shall be your *cavaliere*. With what joy does he ever receive news of the dear Duke and your Grace!

My love, I have *cent mille choses à vous dire*—a hundred thousand, positively. I wish to consult you about the *sweetest* pink bonnet, *aux carottes*; about *such* a *toque*, *en velours épinglé aux choux de Bruxelles*! Above all, to talk to you about Lady L.'s Journal. My love, the whole town is positively mad about it. I give you my *parole d' honneur* quite *folle*. If you could have heard Lady Barbican last night, quite *crévé*-ing with envy at the Marchioness's success—if you could have witnessed the enthusiasm of Percy Aldersgate (Lord Smithfield's son, you know)—and poor dear Lord Billingsgate's raptures of joy! "Her Ladyship," said he, turning round to little Frank Ludgate (of the Farringdon family), who was at cards with the three odious Aldermanbury girls, "has done honour to her country and her class! *We* thank her—the *noblesse* of England thank her. She has enabled us to show the vile *roturiers*, and low newspaper-creatures, that the aristocracy of England is superior to them with the pen, as in every other way. She has shown that we are of a different order of beings—a superior one—and, in so doing, has only performed the duty of a British Peeress—the duty of us all. We must stand by our order, my Lords and Ladies. I, for my part, never move without having my rank, my order, I proudly say my *caste*, in 'my eye.'"

"I wonder he mentioned it," said downright old Lady Friarbridge; at which bluff Lord St. Paul's nodded his head waggishly. In a word, my dear, it was voted that the Journal should be read instantly for the benefit of the company assembled; and, as 'tis known that your darling husband the Duke can spell the *longest* words without hesitating, he was *unanimously* selected to fill the office of *lecteur*. Arabella Minory gracefully brought and snuffed the *chandelle de mouton* for the dear Duke, who, refreshing himself with a sip of a delicious *sorbet au genièvre*, began as follows :—

"Saturday, August 22, 1840.—Among the various vexations of life (I mean not to include the real ills, but to speak of the numberless trifles that irritate and annoy one),

few things are more disagreeable than the appearance of one's maid by one's bed-side at four o'clock in the morning, with a candle in her hand."

"Admirably said, dear Lady Billingsgate," exclaimed your darling husband. "How pretty that way of saying 'annoying one with one's maid by one's bed-side'—one only finds people of fashion ever use one's language in the proper way—does one?" "I call it the *unique* way," said the Dowager of Aldgate, to her daughter Blanche Pumpington. "I think it must be more annoying for one's maid though, than for one's self, for you know one's maid must be up at three," said stupid old Friarbridge—but her remark was told low, and the old frump, you know, is of city extraction.

His Grace continued to read :—

"The town was in a great bustle, this being the Fête of Reubens. This ceremony only occurs once in a hundred years, and this is but the second time it has been celebrated. Ruben's Descent from the Cross is a magnificent picture, and the rays of the sun falling on it, showed it to great advantage. * * * The Crucifixion, at the Musée, also by Rubens, claims the traveller's attention; but we, unfortunately, had not the time to examine the pictures, or to go to the Church of Saint Jacques. We paid a visit to Mr. Baillie, the great shawl merchant, and bought some of the wondrous black silk." * *

"I thought they had no time," said odious Friarbridge.

"To see pictures, no," said the Duke indignantly, "but to buy black silk is a very different thing—(Cries of hear!)—though, why should we say that her Ladyship had no time for pictures, when the sentence above, shows such a profound knowledge of them? Does she not call the painter Rubens, Ruben, and Reubens in that single page? Does she not tell us that his Fête occurs once in a hundred years, and that the sun's beams falling on a picture, enable you to see it to the greatest advantage? Who could have told those things but a true connoisseur?"

A little dispute between two noble Dukes present, here arose as to whether the word, as applied to a lady, should be connoyshure or connoyshuse, which was decided by Sir James Grunt stating that the first was the correct word; and as the Chevalier is fresh from Paris, his opinion of course was taken.

The Duke resumed :—

"We then drove to the railway, where we found a scene of unequalled confusion. We had great difficulty in getting places, and only succeeded after *a scuffle* between Lord L. *and some pert priest*."

Gracious Heavens! how pale the Duke of Jenkins becomes at reading this: "A scuffle between Lord L. and a priest!—it's too bad!"

"*What's* too bad?" said St. Paul's.

"The scuffle between the noble Lord and the priest."

"On whose side?" said St. Paul's. "Do you mean that it is wrong of a Lord to scuffle with a clergyman, or of a clergyman to scuffle with a Lord?"

"He ought to have given way."

"*Who* ought to have given way?" continued the persevering old nobleman. But he had evidently his *cross* look on that day; and, without deigning to answer his question, the Duke continued to read :

"The railway travelling has the undoubted advantage of enabling one to move from place to place with great rapidity. (BRAVO.) But its drawbacks are innumerable. The noise, the smell, the jar, *and, above all, the being brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of people.*"

The Duke.—"Fellow-creatures! No, no. For Heaven's sake moderate your expressions! My Lord, this is dangerous levelling doctrine."

Lord St. Paul's.—"Lady L.'s BETTERS have condescended to mix with all sorts and conditions of people."

The Duke.—"Who are her ladyship's betters?"

Lord St. Paul's.—"Sir, we won't talk religion in company. Pray go on."

"A picturesque-looking man, whose appearance was that of a half Spanish brigand, half player"—(a half Spanish brigand is a subtle distinction, suggested some one)—"also accompanied us. We dined at Liège, and posted on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived late, having passed the Prussian frontier, where the Custom House officers were civil, and did not unpack or meddle with anything we had, except a ham, on which they enforced duty. The railroad is to be continued to Cologne, which will much facilitate travelling. We remained but one night at Aix, which is full of people. I took a bath, but cannot say I liked the experiment."

The Duke.—"It is an experiment I have never tried."—(A laugh.) After which he continues :—

"We were next day picked up by the steamer, which brought the rest of our family from Rotterdam. These boats are long, narrow, and adapted to carry a great number of passengers. There were two hundred on this occasion; but as we occupied the pavilion, which is really a good-sized private room, we were well accommodated, and enjoyed plenty of air and light, *and were not molested by strangers.*"

St. Paul's.—"What a pleasant frame of mind to travel in. If people do not wish to be molested by strangers, why do they not stay at home? Go on, my dear Duke of Jenkins."

"We passed Bonn, and the Drachenfels, *both of which disappointed us*, and, at four, arrived at Coblentz, which is very finely situated. A picturesque bridge of boats connects it with the citadel of Ehrenbretstein, bristling with its embrasures and lines of artillery. . . . Next morning, September 4, we continued our progress. The scenery after Coblentz becomes much more grand. We passed some old castles and many picturesque crags and hills, feathered down to the water's edge with luxuriant foliage. The prettiest seemed to me in possession of Prince Frederick of Prussia. This castle has been repaired and rendered habitable, and must be in summer a delightful residence. It is situated half way up a rocky hill, and perched like an eagle's nest in a romantic situation."

Lady Friarbridge.—"Are eagles' nests always in romantic situations?"

The Duke.—"Madam, her Ladyship knows best."

Lord St. Paul's.—"Perhaps you are not aware that, hearing of the noble travellers' disappointment at Drachenfels, the king of Prussia had the mountain pulled down. And, Duke, what a charming expression that is, 'bristling with embrasures;' it is as if we were to say, indented with pikes."

The Duke.—"As you say—it is only the very highest nobility that can think of such expressions. By the way, I may take your word for that little anecdote about the king of Prussia? I will insert it in a proper quarter, heading it 'POLITENESS TO A BRITISH NOBLEMAN'—eh?—but to proceed :—

* * * "We drove through the fine free town of Frankfort * * it is finely situated on the Maine; it is built of white stone, has wide streets, and good hotels * * * At Wurzburg, we spent the night at an *Hôtel*, (mark the delicacy of that lady's—an hotel with the circumflex!) which we found dear, dirty, and *the eating beyond all description bad.* Having discovered that the waiter and the master of the inn understood French, I derived considerable comfort from informing them that we had meant to stay the next day; but, finding everything so bad, we should go on * * * The distance from Wurzburg to Nuremberg may be accomplished in about twelve hours; but we determined to divide this, and sleep at Langenfeldt, a small, dirty inn, where, nineteen years ago, returning from Vienna, we bought and carried off all their china, of which they neither knew the beauty nor the value, but which turned out to be the finest old Dresden, and once the property of the Margraves of Anspach. The landlord remembered us all."

Lord St. Paul's.—"My dear Duke, I think, for my part, that this is rather a dangerous sort of writing now-a-days. I don't think that ladies, of however exalted rank, are quite justified in shuddering at being brought into contact with their fellow-creatures."

Lord St. Paul's.—"And no wonder he did."

Lord Billingsgate.—"Egad, it was a devilish good trick that—carrying off all the old fellow's china!"

Lord St. Paul's.—"Of which he did not know the value, and for which of course the noble English party paid the utmost farthing. You would not suppose that they would *hoax* the poor fellow as to the value of his wares?"

Lord Billingsgate.—"I don't call it *hoaxing* at all" (cries of no! no!)—"it's fair play, I say—it's only coming Yorkshire over them,—eh, Jenkins?"

Lord St. Paul's.—"That is a sweet sentence regarding the *Hôtel* at Wurzburg—'I derived considerable comfort' from abusing the landlord—or rather *dis*-abusing him! What a graceful and good-tempered guest the Wurzburger must have had!"

Lady Friarbridge.—"But why, if her ladyship is so angry at dirty inns, did she stop at the other 'dirty inn' at What-do-ye-call-it?—Langenfeldt?"

Lord St. Paul's.—"My dear Lady Friarbridge—you have lived all your life in the City or on the Surrey side—*I* can get a peep sometimes into genteeler neighbourhoods; and let me whisper in your ear, that there was perhaps some more *china to be had* at Langenfeldt. Her Ladyship talks of speaking French: be so kind, my dear Duke of Jenkins, who know the language so well, as to give us a few specimens of her proficiency.

Duke Jenkins.—"Oh, there is plenty of it!—Here Prince Metternich says—

"*Ecoutez, mon cher, les jeunes femmes que vous avez* CONNUE *sont mortes.*"

St. Paul's.—"The blundering German!"

Jenkins.—

"We say a collection of *bijouterie* and VIELLERIES."

St. Paul's.—"A pretty word, but not in the Dictionary."

Jenkins.—"Here is a passage which I really hardly dare trust myself to read. It is the most affecting thing I ever read. The two greatest statesmen of the age—Lord L. and Prince Metternich—are conversing together. They speak of the brilliant Congress of Verona, and the kings and heroes who assembled. 'Where are they all now?' exclaims the greatest statesman (but one) of the age—I mean Prince Metternich—

"*Que de changemens, que de monde est mort! . . . . . Et pour les plénipotentiaires ils sont tous* MORT *aussi. Vous,*" turning to Lord L., "*grâces au ciel, vous voilà. Le pauvre Castlereagh, que je regretterai toujours—Talleyrand est mort—Cathcart, il est mort.*"

"*Non, il existe toujours,*" said Lord L.

"*Et bien dans ce cas-là,* CELUI-LÀ N'EST PAS MORT!"

Flesh and blood could bear it no longer; the fine eyes of your dear husband filled rapidly with tears; his voice, always sweet, now gave way in an uncontrollable burst of emotion; and when he came to this passage, he dropped the book, and fell lifeless into the arms of the astonished Lady Barbican. This little *circonstance atténuante* (this affecting circumstance) put an abrupt finale to our *soirée*. We asked Lord Billingsgate to lead our dear Duke home; but his Lordship said he must be off, as he had other fish to fry; Lord St. Paul's left us, inviting us all to his ball; and your darling husband was left to go home by himself. It was one o'clock; one's maid had been in waiting with one's pattens, I don't know how long; and when one got home, one was quite glad to get to one's bed and dream of one of the most delightful *soirées* one ever enjoyed.

A thousand compliments from Lord P. to the Duke. How is your dear Grace this morning?—one sighs to know! Write, write to one's faithful— GIUDITTA.

Short's Gardens.
To her Grace the Duchess of Jenkins.

TAKING A HINT.

COUSIN PUNCH,—I write to thank you for the "Hint" you gave in your Almanack * "to Country Cousins" for buying birds in Regent-street with old clothes, &c. I have now a most excellent aviary. Every coat, shoe, stocking, handkerchief, shirt, book, or old thing that was useless, I have long since exchanged for ornithological specimens.

Out of gratitude, I send you the list of my warbling collection:—

A pair of Wellington boots, that I have taught to draw water like anything.

A German pipe, that whistles beautifully.

A pair of silk stockings under a course of sulphur.

A satin waistcoat that is very fond of sugar.

Burns's Poems, and a lancet-case, both in full song, and

Half-a-dozen pair of Russia ducks, that at present are moulting.

I hope in time to add to my collection a pair of corduroys I am now wearing; and a shooting-coat which is nearly out of the elbows.

Yours, most gratefully, Punch,
A COUNTRY COUSIN.

If I send you a great coat, which is in beautiful feather, would it be safe at the office?

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

WE have received several complaints on the subject of the Clock of St. Clements, which has caused the greatest inconvenience since it has been put right, by the confusion it occasions to those who, having been accustomed to see it always wrong, are now more than ever misled by it. Like the boy who cried "wolf" so long, that at last no one believed him when the wolf really came, the clock of St. Clements has been so long at variance with the truth, that no one, now that it is actually right, attaches the smallest credit to it.

The ceremony of setting the clock going, was an extremely solemn one, and caused the greatest excitement among the bystanders. The pavement opposite the railings of the church was occupied by a select party of juveniles, and the kerbstone of the Strand, commanding a view of the clock, was appropriated to a few friends of the watchmaker. The beadle's party had secured a private lamp-post to view the proceedings, and the general company stood in groups on the open space opposite the western door-way.

Every thing being in readiness for the clock to be set right, the church-warden summoned the pendulum, in the Queen's name, to resume its functions, and the company outside having given three cheers for the main-spring, the groups began gradually to disperse, expressing themselves highly delighted with the very novel sight afforded them.

* No. 129.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

(*From the Observer's own Correspondent*).

KEEPING to the truth, or what we thought to be the truth, we last week intimated—but we never pledge ourselves, for when we are pledged we are frequently taken in—that Webster had had no comedies worth anything sent in, and that if he had, it was not likely that, looking at the state of the stage, he would think so. We have had a letter from Mr. Webster, telling us what we already knew, for several of our friends have been hinting as much, that we are quite wrong, which we delight in being told when we are, which is almost always. We only speak as we think, or at least we try to do so; and if we do not, we can only say we do our best, which is often worse for ourselves—at least we continually find it so.

Everybody, that is to say, everybody we meet, at least all who speak to us, which is not exactly everybody, is talking about Strickland's "Falstaff," that is to say, if "Falstaff" (which so many actors have filled, though nobody ever did fill it except Stephen Kemble, who played it without stuffing—not but what he had a good deal of what the actors term stuff about him)—can be called Strickland's.

Some prefer him,—we mean of course, Stephen Kemble, though we might be thought to mean Strickland—in the part, for the latter is a very fine actor, and always knows what he is about, excepting of course when he is carried away by excitement, and then he never goes too far,—or if he does, he comes back again,—at least we always thought so, that is to say, whenever we thought upon the subject at all—which is very seldom. Nevertheless, our own opinion is, that Strickland is not so dignified as John Kemble, but that does not prevent us from comparing him with Stephen, who would not have competed with his brother, that is to say his own brother, for we do not of course allude to Strickland's brother, nor do we know if he has a brother, and if he has, he is certainly not upon the stage,—at least in London; at all events, if he is, we do not know of it; and if we did, we do not see why we should be called upon—not that we mean to say any one has called upon us—to notice it. Some people think Bannister beat Stephen Kemble; but that makes no difference; and though some have preferred Suett, we never liked Suett, at least as an actor, though at the dinner-table—we don't mean in beef—Suett was always acceptable.

PUNCH having the interest of the Nation at heart, has determined to take on himself the extreme labour of being present frequently in BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT during the ensuing Session. To show his fitness for this task (as well as for everything else), he will, in his next Number, present his readers with a splendid illustration, drawn by KENNY MEADOWS, and occupying Two Pages; being

PUNCH'S
Mirror of Parliament
FOR 1844.

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THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.—OF THE CLERGY.

THE people are divided into the clergy and the laity—the former of whom will be the subject of this chapter; and a very lively chapter may be expected in consequence.

The clergy have several privileges, some of which were taken from them at the Reformation, in consequence of their having become impudent from the great liberties allowed to them. Many of the personal exemptions still continue. For instance, no one can be compelled to sit upon a jury, after he has taken orders—though, *semble* that the persons at the free-list office in the theatres, notwithstanding their having taken orders, are liable to serve as jurymen. A clergyman cannot be chosen to any temporal office, such as bailiff or constable—so that a curate cannot be a bailiff at a lock-up house—nor could a rector act as a policeman in a street riot. A clergyman is also privileged from arrest, in going to, and returning from the performance of duty, or, as the Norman Jurist expresses it, "il ne faut pas commettre un tel faux pas de nabber il parsone, et lui porter hors de la pulpite jusqu'a maison de fermer au cle." (One must not commit such a false step, as to nab the parson, and carry him out of the pulpit to the lock-up house). Formerly, a clergyman had what is called the benefit of clergy in cases of felony—a privilege, which if a layman had asked for, he would have been told, that the authorities would "see him hanged first." The last remnant of benefit of clergy, was the benefit allowed every May-day to the sweeps—who were vulgarly called the clergy, but this has been almost swept away by the Ramoneur—a very upright invention, which, disdaining to force itself into holes and corners, leaves the soot to ignite in the crevices of the chimneys.

The clergymen have, however, several disabilities; for instance, they cannot sit in Parliament, but "that's not so much," as Othello—(one of Nature's clergymen) very properly observed—for there are many occasions, such as a financial discussion, when exclusion from the House of Commons must be regarded as a privilege, rather than a disability. Formerly, a clergyman was not allowed to trade, but was restricted to the cure of souls. It does not seem, however, that even in the days of doubtful orthography—for our ancestors never *could* spell—a parson might have occupied himself in the drying of fish, which is certainly in one sense undertaking the cure of soles—for we do not find that Shakespeare's beautiful line in Hamlet, "Excellent well, you're a fishmonger," was ever applied to any reverend contemporary of the Swan of Avon.

It having been determined that a contract with any company, of which any spiritual persons were partners or members, was void,—and this having been decided to be the law,—another law was passed in the reign of her present Majesty to decide that it was not, or, if it was, it never ought to be. It might be a hint worthy of adoption by the repudiating States of America; for as there are, no doubt, spiritual persons among them, they may as well shuffle out of their liabilities, by reference to the fine old principles of English law, and thus give a sacred character to one of the sublimest swindles ever attempted in any age or country. By the new act, parsons may trade in joint-stock companies, their evanescence giving them, no doubt, a sort of ethereal character. The clergy may also trade in books, or in anything connected with keeping a school, which admits of their adding to their income by selling ink and various other scholastic commodities.

We shall now consider the various ranks and degrees of the clergy, commencing with an archbishop, who is the greatest gun in the Church, according to all the canons. Archbishops were formerly elected by all the people; but the tumultuous scenes that arose were a great scandal; and indeed we cannot fancy his Grace of Canterbury placarding the town with posters, calling upon the public to "vote for Howley," or defacing the walls of the episcopal palace with the words, "Howley for Canterbury."

Archbishoprics afterwards came to be conferred by the sovereigns till Gregory VII. exhibited a bull, declaring that princes should not meddle in the manufacture of prelates. Henry VIII., however, put an end to the Pope's pretensions, by giving the power of electing an archbishop or a bishop to the bishops themselves; that is to say, when his Majesty has made his own choice, he gives the prelates the power of confirming to it—or, in other words, rams a bishop down their throats, thus forcing them to swallow him.

An archbishop is a sort of inspector of all the bishops in his province; but he does not call them out like an inspector would so many policemen, to examine their mitres, and see that their lawn sleeves are properly starched, before going on duty in their respective dioceses. An archbishop may call out the bishops, just as a militia colonel may call out the militia; and it is his duty to look after the spiritualities of a vacant see, while the Crown takes care of the temporalities, which are the only remunerating part of the business. If a bishop does not fill up a vacant living in his diocese within six months, the archbishop may; but the bishop has generally too much archness to give a chance to his superior.

The archbishop also takes the first presentation to a living which may occur in a bishop's diocese, so that a bishop's mouth waters a good deal before he is suffered to quaff the sweets of patronage. The Archbishop of Canterbury has also the privilege of putting the crown on the heads of the Kings and Queens of England; but this seems to be more a hatter's business, and we, therefore, do not enter into it.

Bishops have authority over the manners of the people; and we wonder, therefore, that the Bishop of London does not favour us with a book on etiquette.

Several alterations have been made, and others contemplated, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament in the reign of William IV., to unite certain sees, by cutting through the barrier or isthmus that divided them.

We now come to deans and chapters, which would form a chapter of themselves, only there is no occasion for it. A dean and chapter are a sort of council to advise the bishop, who, however, seldom asks their advice; or, if he asks it, scarcely ever takes it. A dean formerly superintended ten canons, but this must have been in the days when the Church was disposed to be militant. The bishop is the superior of the dean and chapter, with the power of visiting them and "correcting their excesses;" which surely cannot mean, administering soda-water, after they have been rather convivial!

An archdeacon comes the next to a bishop, and visits the clergy—leaving his card formally with some, and dropping in to tea, in a friendly manner, no doubt, with others.

Rural deans, in these anti-rural days, are nearly out of use. They had nothing to do but pry into the domestic affairs of the parochial clergy. They were called rural, very likely, from their love of country occupations, such as fishing for preferment, and making hay during sunshine.

We now come to the parson, a name derived from the word *persona*,—a person; because the parson is a person; that is to say, he is in the parish decidedly "somebody." He is sometimes called the rector or ruler, but why, we cannot tell; for there is no rule to account for it.

Formerly, the monasteries appropriated to themselves the valuable part of a living, and contracted with some curate to do the work; the monasteries acting then, much as the "sweaters" do now, making a very good profit upon a task which they gave a beggarly sum to another party to execute. Henry VIII., however, determined to sweat the monastic sweaters; for, at the dissolution of monasteries, he swept away the insti-

tutions, and pocketed the good things that belonged to them. The Crown having afterwards granted these things out to laymen, gave rise to what are called lay-appropriations, hands having been laid upon them by those who were most inappropriately possessed of them.

These appropriators used to get the duty done very cheap by a vicar; and there being much competition among the clergy, vicar's work was done on such very low terms, that there was an alarming sacrifice of the interests of the parishioners. This led to an act being passed to protect

vicars, by providing for their being better paid, and some of the smaller tithes were settled on the vicar; who, on the principle of "little fishes being sweet," no doubt eagerly clutched at them.

The duties incumbent on a parson, are first to act as the incumbent, by living in the place where he has his living. By a recent Act, a parson absenting himself from his parsonage for upwards of three months in a year, forfeits a third of the value of his benefice, and so in proportion; so that if he stays away a whole year, he will have more to pay than to receive, and thus realise the homely picture of the man who is said to have won a shilling and lost eighteen-pence.

There is only one way of becoming a parson or vicar, but five at least of ceasing to continue so:—1st. By dying, or going quite out, like an exhausted rushlight. 2nd. By taking another and a better benefice, or, following the allegory of the light, being removed from a japan to a plated candlestick. 3rd. By being made a bishop, or undergoing a sort of conversion from simple tallow to superior sperm. 4th. By resignation, or, still pursuing the simile of the light, suddenly going out, nobody knows why. And 5th. By deprivation, that is to say, being deprived of one's benefice altogether, and expelled from the clerical profession, which is like a gas lamp completely cut off from the company's main.

A curate is the lowest grade in the church, for he is a sort of journeyman parson, and several of them meet at a house of call in St. Paul's Church Yard—ready to job a pulpit by the day—and being in fact "clergymen taken in to bait" by the landlord of the house alluded to.

From the clergy, we come next to the churchwardens, who keep the church, and represent the parish. They also keep the accounts; and, in some cases, like that of Alderman Gibbs, these accounts are so literally kept, that it is hard to get hold of them. The churchwarden may keep order in the church; and if a boy giggles, it is the duty of the churchwarden to frown, or even to kick the juvenile's shins, if he should be near enough.

Parish clerks and sextons are also particularly regarded by the common law—which must be very common to regard such exceedingly common people. The parish clerk was formerly often in holy orders, but any one may be a parish clerk, excepting, by-the-bye, Macbeth, who was utterly disqualified for the post, inasmuch as he could not say 'Amen,' according to the authority of Shakspeare.

Fashionable Intelligence.

(*From our own Reporter, who actually witnessed it.*)

THE neighbourhood of St. Martin's church was the scene of much gaiety on Thursday last, in consequence of the marriage of a gentleman in a blue coat and a lady in a white sarsnet bonnet. The names of the parties were not known; but public curiosity was excited by a *cortège* waiting at the door, consisting of a post-chaise and two, a fly and one, with a man on the box wearing a livery hat but a private coat, and a cab, the driver of which had endeavoured to conceal his badge by tucking it up under his waistcoat. A few idlers having been attracted to the spot, waited outside the railings of the church; but, as the ceremony was protracted far beyond the usual time—perhaps there was some dispute about the fees—the crowd kept increasing until there was a mob of several hundreds.

The moment "the happy couple" made their appearance, they were received with partial cheering and universal laughter, which they acknowledged by jumping briskly into the post-chaise, and trying to pull up the blinds, amid the increased merriment of the multitude. As the friends hurried into the single horse fly and the street cab, the same compliments were paid to them; and the last of the wedding guests, who, for want of room, was compelled to mount the box with the cabman, was received with ironical cheering, which lasted while the nosebag was being removed from the head of the horse, an operation that occupied several minutes. The nuptial party having been hooted down Parliament-street, at length succeeded in getting into full gallop, and thus eluded any further compliment.

THE ENGLISH NAPOLEON.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Gomersal is again performing his pet part of Napoleon, at Astley's. He takes snuff as well as ever; and the proprietor of the Napoleon Museum has, out of compliment to his ability, presented him with the loan of one of the Emperor's snuff-boxes. The Treasury, we understand, provides him every night with an ounce of the best rappee.

TO THE ANTI-LEAGUE AND THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

PUNCH, in his anxiety for the protection of British Agriculture, will be happy to supply the Anti-League and the Anti-Corn-Law League with articles, of which the following is a specimen. To save trouble and expense, it is proposed, that instead of being stitched into the Magazines, according to the general practice, the articles should be taken direct from the printing office to the butter shops. There is no reason why there should be any middle class between the authors and the waste paper dealers, for it is better that the writings should attain their end with as little delay as possible. *Punch* will supply the following by the ream, quire, or sheet, to any amount that may be wished for.

PROTECTION TO INDUSTRY.

The British Lion is at length roused, and has shaken his mane, while the British Bull-dog wags his home-grown tail with responsive sympathy. The farmer who has long been trembling in his homely but health-preserving high-lows, has at length buckled on his armour for the fight; and, with the plough in one hand and the English Constitution in the other, he may defy all the efforts of the League to do him an injury. When we think of our hearths and our homesteads, our blood rushes to our cheeks; and our first inquiry, upon turning our situation over in our minds, is, how would our apathy make our present circumstances appear to our forefathers? Now is the time to make a bold effort in defence of our ploughs, our rakes, our pitchforks, and every other effect that is dearest to our hearts, and nearest to our bosoms.

But now, to take another view of the question, and to regard it merely as a matter of political economy:—Let us ask, how the native growers, with sixteen millions of quarters of wheat, can be in the same situation as a mill-owner with forty thousand bales of cotton? Supposing the markets to admit of it—which we altogether deny, yet allowing it for the sake of argument—how could scarcity be compatible with a currency fluctuating between two and two-and-a half, with stocks down and prices up, markets full and pockets empty, a large floating surplus depressing the money power, and a sort of feverish rampancy quickening the pulsation of fiscal enterprise? This we admit to be a frightful, but it is not an overdrawn picture. Ricardo, who was the first to declare the startling fact, that prices must fall directly value came to be lowered, has already prepared the students in political economy for the consequences we have hinted at. While the bank coffers are literally groaning with bullion, and corn is almost sprouting in the warehouses, as if impatient of the bond to which the short-sighted policy of Mark-lane has subjected it,—while Consols are quoted at what they are, and the Bank parlour is obstinately bent on doing nothing, it is time for the farmers to stir themselves.

We hail the present movement with the deepest satisfaction; and we again encourage the British Lion to shake his mane "till each particular hair shall stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." But let us not be misunderstood. We do not mention the British Lion with the view of disparaging the British Bull-dog. Let him, too, wag that tail which, if well directed, never wags in vain; and let our standard be the harrow, our shield the barn-door, our sword the scythe, and our text-book, Magna Charta.

*** The above article is very much at the service of the *Morning Post*.—PUNCH.

A HINT TO THE MINT.

SUR MISTER PUNCH,

Tho not mutch ov a skoller i reads yoor book and az yoo noze whats what wil yoo tel me the inglish meenin ov the italien whats on the soverins and settera. jack walker who noze a powr ov nollige sez classicle skollers onli could make out what it meens. dus the government delite in alwais keepin the hignorant hignorant? wood kno motoz like the followin if put round the kine be better and instructiver to the lower classez ov wich i am a humbel membir:—

"Take care ov yoor tin,"
"Honesty iz the best Policey,"

and other equalli amuzing prescriptions and advices and settera.

Yoors trooli

SAM ROBINSON.

"PHILANTHROPY" IN THE BAIL COURT.

ALMOST fainting with intense delight, we extract the subjoined paragraph from the *Times*:—

"BAIL COURT.—IN THE MATTER OF ——.—Mr. Atherton moved that an attorney might, *at his own request*, be struck off the roll, in order that he might be more entirely at liberty to pursue '*philanthropical occupations.*'

"The application was granted."

A cannibal who has forsworn man's flesh, and, moved only by his own stomach, contents himself with milk diet; a shark that turns from "a man overboard," meekly swallowing seaweed, and not BEN BINNACLE; a porcupine suddenly softened into a beaver; a web-spinning, fly-catching spider changed into a honey-bee; Lord BROUGHAM turned to a monosyllabic Quaker, and never turning again;—any one of these transformations might call from *Punch* a passing paragraph of wonderment. But that an attorney—(no, we must have a new line for the miracle):—

But that an attorney should dash legal ink (alchemic fluid!) from his lips—tear sheepskin from his bosom—and, untangling red tape from his heart-strings, become, in the face of all the inns of court, a philanthropist—spirit of departed pantomime! where is such another change? We know no parallel in human experience. True it is, that *Peachem* talks of one of his gang, who resolves to forego picking pockets and return to tailoring, which "he calls an honest employment:" but this is fiction. Now, "——," of the Bail Court, is stranger than *The Beggar's Opera!*

Is the man—benevolent apostate!—safe? Will he not be waylaid and maltreated by attorneys *still in the ink*? Will not Chancery-lane compass his ruin? Can he defy Clifford's Inn? Are there no perils in Cursitor-street? No pounce-box bravoes lying perch in Gray's-inn-square? We know, among the Mahometans, the relentless cruelty with which they follow a backslider from their faith. Now, whatever satirists may insinuate, attorneys are but men; and can they forgive this large, this most eccentric insult offered by "——" to their whole body? Can English solicitors be thought more merciful than Turks? We fear not. Hence our anxiety. Hence, though we may weep lachrymatories full, we shall drop no drop in surprise if "——" be found strangled with red tape; and pinned on his breast a label, professionally engrossed with these words —

"The Philanthropist; or False Attorney!"

We see in this the germ of a minor theatre drama. O. SMITH, as the assassin copying-clerk, rises dimly before us.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM, have you any bowels? But why do we ask—have you not turned yourself inside out? Nevertheless, affect, man, a heart; and let that heart feel for a brother apostate. Hence, surround the steps of "——" with police, from A to &c.!

"At his own request to be struck off the roll." To cast, by the vigour of benevolence, his old moral skin, scribbled and stained, and sealed with blushing wax,—all over; writ with vile verbosity, blotted with tautology, crammed with hocus-pocus,—to throw off this vile parchment of the attorney, and suddenly to rejoice in the white cuticle (pure and radiant as the gown of a bride) of—of—of a philanthropist! *Punch* almost faints with excess of rapture at the spectacle!

There! We have kicked off our shoes, have thrown away our stockings; and with feet bare as Lord BROUGHAM's face, we offer to make a pilgrimage over twenty leagues of broken glass, to take one good look at the countenance of "——!" Only one look! And wherefore? Because that one glance would fortify us for life. Having gazed upon the features of philanthropist, late attorney, we should have no fear of the *mal' occhio*, the evil eye of the whole law-list. We would heed not the Anthropophagi who still haunt chambers; the legal men-eaters who, with the knife and fork of costs, will devour a man and his wife, and after, wipe their lips with the provided baby-linen.

"To pursue philanthropical occupations!"—

Still are we kept wondering. Where is "——?" What is he about? What glorious task is the fruit of his new condition? Is he, while we write, at the ear of Sir ROBERT PEEL, prompting philanthropy for the Queen's Speech? Is he at the Dublin Trials, whispering to that very bilious Attorney-General? Is he in the study of Alderman GIBBS, suggesting that something of the balance handsomely presented to him by the select vestry, should be given to the poor of St. Olave's? Is he at Somerset House, preaching words of milk and honey to the Poor Law Commissioners? or is he kneeling by the side of the last victim of the law, a peasant of ninety, in his death-struggle on the highway?

It may be that "——" is at the west-end, among the dowagers. If so, oh "——!" we pray thee stick needles, yet stick them gently, ticklingly into the memories of the rich and great, that they may not, after all the talk, forget the poor Shirt-makers; for Benevolence very often, like a dog, runs about with her tongue out, yet, somehow, forgets to show her heart.

Theatrical Intelligence.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

THERE has been a pressure lately upon "Ham Sandwiches," owing to the heavy rains having had the effect of glutting the market with that commodity. "Apples, oranges, and ginger-beer," are still in loud demand in the higher circles; but a "bill of the play," unless there is something very good in it, is not looked upon with the same greediness. "Porter" commands an easy circulation, and the stone-bottle is never offered twice during the *entr' acte* without meeting with a ready holder. Many parties have burnt their fingers dabbling in hot potatoes, but the *indentures* of butter and salt lately issued with them have given to speculators in the gallery a fresh zest for them. The "pieman" has not been tossed so much lately over the water, but at Covent Garden the "odd man" has been very popular since M. Jullien opened his concerts. The National Drama, we are sorry to say, has, since the engagement of Mr. Charles Kean, gone down to zero.

A Proclamation from Nicholas!

Punch Office, 10½ P.M.

WE have just received the following by extraordinary express:—

WHEREAS, it hath lately reached Us that divers of our most loyal and faithful subjects have endured much annoyance, by reason of the most unwarrantable use of our name and titles:—

Wherefore, in order to exhibit our most distinguished consideration for these our loving servants, we do hereby ordain, and be it ordained, that, from the date of this, henceforth, Our august names and titles be held in respectful consideration; and we do hereby strictly forbid novelists, dramatists, farce-concoctors, melo-drama-perpetrators, and ballet-mongers, to take, refer to, or employ Our royal names, upon all and any pretence whatsoever. Moreover, the better to ensure the full observance of Our will, we have determined to appoint Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., our Novelist in Ordinary; Sir Harcourt Lees, our Licenser of Plays; and M. P. Jenkins, our very common critic.

Given at Our Court of Pandemonium.

CROSSING THE STYX.

(Signed) Nicholas, Senior.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHENS.

REHEARSAL.

"THE ROYAL SPEECH."

PRINCIPALS . . . . . AT 7 O'CLOCK.
CHORUS . . . . . AT 10 O'CLOCK.
SUPERNUMERARIES . . . . TO-MORROW.

Robert Peel

Jan. 31, 1844. Prompter.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

WRITING, as we of necessity do, before the speech from the throne is delivered, we can only gather its contents from the small talk we have been permitted to enjoy with different members of the Cabinet. The following dialogue that recently took place between ourselves and Sir Robert Peel, will furnish some clue to the subject.

Punch.—Rhoo-too-too-it.

Sir R. Peel, (ringing a bell.)—Show this person down stairs.

This is all that has passed between ourselves and the Premier with reference to the speech to be delivered by her Majesty. Thrown, therefore, upon our own resources, we ventured to furnish our own draft of the royal speech, according to prescription. Of common-place, there will be two drams; of sense a single pennyweight; and of the sublimate of humbug, not many scruples. The dose may with safety be labelled

PARLIAMENT AND PEEL'S VICTIM.

ERE *Punch* shall have issued his next sheet, her Gracious MAJESTY will have enacted a part of *Juliet* before the mob of Parliament. "She speaks; yet she says nothing." Dear lady! Deeply, indeed, shall we sympathise with her, drawn to the House, with nothing better than Sir ROBERT PEEL's words in her mouth for public delivery. Great, indeed, is the privilege of an English Prime Minister. He may not only be a first-rate smasher with impunity, dealing wholesale in the veriest pocket-pieces, but—hard fate for the monarch!—ensnare his gracious sovereign to utter them. There is Bow-street for the coiner of Field-lane; for the plebeian ROBERT SURFACE, who inveigles an artless housemaid—some VICTORIA WINDSOR—to put off his pewter half-crowns on a dull-eyed tradesman; but, but—as we have said—a Prime Minister is privileged! Thus, the pocket-pieces palmed off on Parliament by the smashers of Downing-street are countless. Little did that excellent monarch GEORGE the THIRD dream of the part thrust upon him by Prime Ministers: otherwise, sure we are, he would have committed a violence on his nature, and, with fellow-feeling, saved many an utterer of base coin from Tyburn!

Punch is a philosopher. It is not often that we make such trite avowals; but *Punch* IS a philosopher. Hence, with what a sadly-meditative feeling do we contemplate the royal procession on its progress to Parliament! The unthinking crowd hurrah and shout, and, whilst they look upon the silver trumpets, and the gold-lace of the blowers, think themselves, for an intoxicating moment, a part and parcel of the state about them. JACK NOKES has, for a second, a vague notion that he is a bit of the monarchy; that the show is a part of his property; that the Life Guards and the state coaches, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and more—that her Gracious MAJESTY herself—are, at least a portion of them, his goods. Other men may be landholders, householders; he—JACK NOKES, with a ventilating rent in his nether garment—is nevertheless a sight-holder; and therefore bawls and huzzas lustily when he catches a fitful glance of his lawful chattels. It may possibly be this feeling—exalted to enthusiasm—that, on hanging-days, makes people congregate about the gibbet.

With very different feelings does *Punch* watch her MAJESTY's progress to Parliament! There sits VICTORIA, framed and glazed, in that beautiful coach, and looking happy, and throwing smiles about her, wide as the sun; and there sits Prince ALBERT, contented as JACK HORNER with his finger on his plum; and there, too, sits the Mistress of the Robes (a blessed sight for the shirt-makers!); and the Women of the Bed-chamber and the Maids of Honour look something more than mortal presences—creatures that, for a day, have left their wings in a happier sphere, and have condescended to behold those things of humanity (some of them very questionable specimens) the Peers and Members of Parliament. And the cream-coloured horses look fed on golden oats, out of silver mangers (and doubtless are, or how *could* the £70,000 for royal stables go?); and even the royal footmen seem heathen gods, in scarlet coats and silver hose.

And this spectacle, glorious as it is to thoughtless eyes, to the vision of *Punch* is sad, yea, dolorous. The excess of his grief arises from the superabundance of his loyalty. He sees her Majesty—radiant victim!—and the shout dies in his throat, for he remembers that the gracious VICTORIA is, at the moment of her seeming felicity, condemned, given over by state necessity to the speech of ROBERT PEEL! She has dressed herself, she and her household too have prepared themselves,—she, her women and her maids, her Life Guards, and her black cymbal-players, her horses, her asses, and the rest of the ministry,—and all to deliver a shabby message from Tamworth! Could it not have been done by letter, or wherefore the blessing of the penny post? Or, if too heavy for such a medium, is there not a company for the punctual delivery of parcels? We are too prone to cite antiquity for specious examples of human endurance, whilst about us are still nobler specimens of this virtue. What, we ask, was the Spartan schoolboy who whistled with a fox preying on his vitals, to the heroic composure of Queen Victoria on her way to Parliament—for, with the speech of PEEL to deliver, had not our gracious Sovereign the fox at her lips?

It is *not* true that we are too apt to give our sympathies to great people in distress, recompensing ourselves by apathy towards the meaner multitude. Was a tear shed for VICTORIA on her way to Parliament? Was there one manly breast (we of course except the tear and breast of *Punch*), heaving with the thoughts of rescue? On the contrary, Ignorance huzzaed—and Folly, never separating the victim from the show that marked it, flung up its cap, and shouted *Vivat Regina*—the Queen opens Parliament!

Let us now put the case of opening a private tenement; let us assume a common case as touchstone to the sensibility of the reader.—

BOB SLIMELY is a shrewd, cunning, winding fellow, with a soft word and a lackered cheek for everybody. His independence is that of the weather-vane, for he veers when and how he pleases. He was once a very great favourite with the farmers, and used to sing at their wakes and harvest-homes. He is now seldom asked to a merry-making; and Farmer GAMMON bluntly declares that BOB is no better than a scamp. And so BOB has lived upon an equivocal reputation, carefully husbanding the scraps. He has now, however, his designs upon a certain house. There is a fine larder in it; a capital plate-chest; a bureau crammed with gold and bank-notes; all excellent things for himself and particular friends. It is necessary that the house "should be opened" that he may proceed with his plans. What does BOB? He sits him down and commits a cock-and-a-bull story to paper (BOB, by the way, is eloquent on bulls), which he delivers to an artless villager—a frank-hearted female, by name, VICTORIA WINDSOR—and (how can she help it, poor thing?) makes her adopt the story as her own. With this tale, the young creature—who, by the way, wishes BOB in any penal settlement—goes against her will to the house—it is called Stephen's Lodge—kept by the family of the STEPHENS, and is received with considerable cordiality, for she is a great favourite, by old Mrs. S. The young woman has her task glibly enough, and straightway proceeds—

"Pray be seated, Mrs. Stephens," (the old gentlewoman having very politely risen from her chair.) "I am come to tell you that I am very glad to meet you. Since we last saw one another, I've been a bit of a traveller—have been to France, and bought a bonnet in the Rue de l'Ecu, Boulogne. Such a dear! There has been a great noise with some of our people at Cork and Carrickfergus, but our

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT FOR 1844.

friend Arthur—you know he has been in the militia—has given such good counsel, that I 've no doubt they 'll be as quiet as mice. The wretches wanted to rob me of half-a-crown, but I 'd die first.

"However, you 'll be glad to hear that I 'm on the best terms with all my neighbours. There is Monsieur Louis, the French schoolmaster, can't make too much of me. The poor little thing who keeps the Spanish liquorice shop, she certainly gives me some anxiety, but they say her mother is going to manage the business for her.

"You will see—for the tradesmen will lay their bills before you—that my housekeeping is regulated by the strictest economy—a leg of mutton hot one day, cold with pickles the next. Nevertheless, if you think it would be better for me to retrench pickles, why onions shan't stand between me and my constitution."

And so the young woman goes on—and so the "house is opened." And where is Bob Slimely? Now at the plate-chest, and at the bureau, and now into his friend's, eating tariff beef in the larder.

Now, reader, we see it; you melt with pity at the hard fate of Victoria Windsor, compelled by Bob to say a string of nothings to Mrs. Stephens; and yet, such is the ignorance of man! You bellow huzza! huzza! when her Gracious Majesty, with Peel's speech in her mouth, opens Parliament.

THE VESUVIUS AND ETNA EXTINCTION COMPANY.

Near the city of Naples is situate the volcano, or burning mountain, of Vesuvius; and, in the romantic Island of Sicily, that of Etna. These volcanoes have, from time immemorial, constituted a great nuisance to their respective neighbourhoods. Most persons must be aware, that in the latter part of the first century, an eruption of Vesuvius engulfed the large and populous towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii in lava; and proved fatal to that eminent naturalist, Pliny. Etna, in 1669, as the celebrated geographer, Guthrie, informs us, destroyed fourteen towns and villages. Minor eruptions of both these volcanoes have since been, and are still, continually occurring; at one time, overwhelming a village; at another, a farm; and at all times, involving more or less damage to person and property. It may seem wonderful that no steps should have at any time been taken by the Neapolitans and the inhabitants of Sicily to protect themselves and their families from such ruinous visitations; but this circumstance is to be ascribed to the debasement of the national mind, occasioned by the influence of superstition and priestcraft. It was reserved for British Enterprise and Capital, availing themselves of the resources of modern Science, to supply the desideratum, and to project a

GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING,

—which, when completed, will surpass all the wonders of the world. The object of the above-named Company is no less than the Extinction both of Vesuvius and Etna. to form the first in a proposed series of operations for the Quenching of Volcanoes.

The districts adjoining both to Etna and Vesuvius are well known to be extremely fertile. Owing, however, to the insecurity of life and property occasioned by the contiguity of those sources of devastation, the value of the land is so greatly impaired, that it does not let for one-half of what it would fetch otherwise. It is, therefore, calculated, that could the danger attending its occupancy be removed, a gain of at least fifty per cent. would accrue to the landlord, which in a few years would remunerate a very enormous outlay. The Sicilian and Neapolitan landlords will be too widely awake to their own interests not to join cordially in a speculation which will prove so beneficial to themselves.

Vesuvius will first be operated on. It is advantageously circumstanced for the introduction of sea-water into its crater; an object which will be accomplished by an

ENORMOUS PUMP,

of the magnitude of which some idea may be formed when it is stated that it will be worked by what may truly be denominated a

MONSTER STEAM-ENGINE,

the piston of which will exceed in height and dimensions

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

Pipes, communicating with this pump, will be laid down along the coast

to the foot of the mountain; extending up the side of it into the crater. By this contrivance

Ocean will be pumped up,

(without the slightest hyperbole or exaggeration of expression)

FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES:

Thus bringing to bear upon the burning bowels of the mountain

THE COLD WATER CURE,

which has long been recognised as the remedy most effectual in cases of combustion.

Arrangements will be entered into with the Neapolitan Government and Proprietors, for the purpose of securing an adequate remuneration to the Company, which, at the lowest computation, would amount to the interest of

THREE MILLIONS STERLING ANNUALLY.

But this is the least promising part of the speculation. There can be no doubt that beneath Vesuvius lie

Mines of Exhaustless Wealth,

which could be explored as soon as they were cool enough, independently of the labours of excavation. At all events, the quantity of sulphur which would be found, would be infinite; and as where there is fire there must necessarily be fuel, and since Vesuvius has often been known to throw up cinders, it is by no means unreasonable to expect, that with its other mineral treasures will be combined

NO END OF COAL,

of a quality, at any rate,

Rather superior to the Calacre.

To realise these advantages, it will in the first place be necessary to purchase Mount Vesuvius on behalf of the Company. No doubt it is to be had cheap; perhaps for nothing, conditionally on putting it out. However, since funds will be required not only for this purpose, but for the fabrication of the necessary machinery, it is requested that persons desirous of becoming shareholders will as speedily as possible come forward with their contributions. The smallest will be gladly received, and for the present may be left at *Punch*'s Office.

T. FIREWOOD, (Hon. Sec.)

Hints to Inefficient Heralds.

Q. When is *Canton* charged?—*A.* In a war with China.

Q. What is an *ordinary*?—*A.* A variety of the genus eating-house.

Q. What is a *cross ancient*?—*A.* Nero and others of the same temper.

Q. Are *charges* ever found in *ordinaries*?—*A.* Yes, very high ones.

Q. Are *hurts* ever found with *pellets*?—*A.* Generally, when the pellets are large.

CIBBER DETECTED.

An Operatic Sketch.

[On the first night of Cibber's *Richard III.*, at Drury Lane, a most affecting incident occurred in one of the boxes. A party, not having heard how Cibber had mangled Shakespeare's tragedy, had brought with them Knight's illustrated edition of the original text; and the desponding air with which they endeavoured to reconcile what they had in their hands with what they saw on the stage, was immensely impressive. Henry VI., who was played by Diddear, and who does not occur at all in the proper "Richard," appeared a most incomprehensible mystery. The incident struck us as of such truly lyrical character, that we at once turned it into an operatic sketch.]

SCENE—*A box at Drury Lane.*

A few bars are played tremulando, indicative of great uneasiness; a lady and four gentlemen are discovered in a state of alarm passing from one to another a number of "Knight's Illustrated," and shortly break into the following—

CHORUS.

Oh, where are they going? Look here! look here!
There's something improper—I fear—I fear.
Oh, where is the part by Diddear, Diddear?
'Tis no more like the play than King Lear, King Lear.

RECITATIVE—LADY.

Oh mournful times! Oh days of dark abuse—
We 've got a book of not the slightest use.

AIR—LADY.

While roaming in the city,
Near Paul's majestic dome,
We saw this book so pretty—
We said, "Let 's take it home."
With forms of warriors manly,
The wondrous page was strown;
We lik'd the face of Stanly.
And made the book our own.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*mournfully*).

Thou sayest true, and half-a-crown it cost.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL (*peeping over box*).

Halloah! Halloah! what 's all this precious clatter?
Why, bless me, Madam, what can be the matter!

LADY.

Oh, gentle stranger—we have got a book,
Which is not like the play—nay only look!
Greatly we fear we all have been betrayed;
To Knight, on Tuesday, half-a-crown we paid.

JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL (*misapprehending*).

To-night on Tuesday? What is that you say?

LADY (*explaining*).

I am quite right; I mean Knight with a K.

JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

O blame not Knight; his is the proper text;
Cibber's is played, and therefore you 're perplex'd.

AIR—JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

Will Shakspeare was a mighty man,—no author could be glibber,
He wrote foul Richard's tragedy, wherein grim spectres gibber;
But once there came a traitor bold whose name was Colley Cibber,
He mangled noble Shakspeare's play with ruthless hoe and dibber.
'T was a terrible alteration
And it causes great vexation.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Then Knight is right, and Colley Cibber's wrong;
Let 's raise against him, friends, the warlike song.

GRAND CHORUS.

Vengeance on Cibber, he shall rue the day
When he forc 'd us vainly half-a-crown to pay
All by Colley
Is mere folly.
Vengeance, &c.

RECITATIVE.—JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

Peace, peace—there is no use in talking so,
For guilty Cibber perished years ago.

LADY.

But, learned sir, what can we do now, pray?

JUDICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

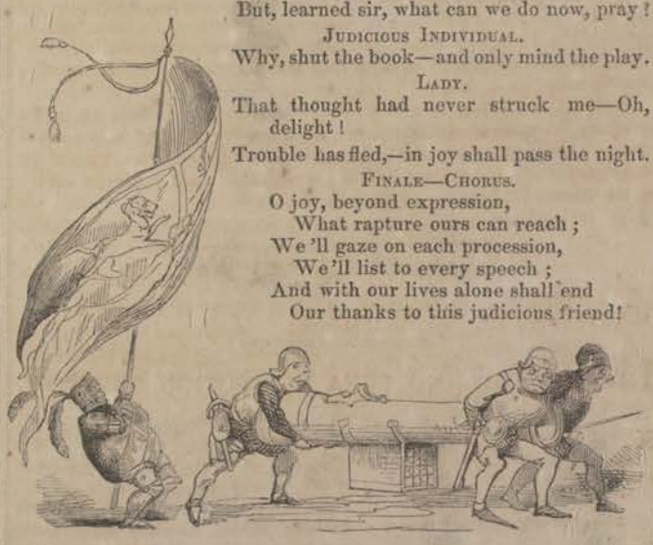
Why, shut the book—and only mind the play.

LADY.

That thought had never struck me—Oh, delight!
Trouble has fled,—in joy shall pass the night.

FINALE—CHORUS.

O joy, beyond expression,
What rapture ours can reach;
We 'll gaze on each procession,
We 'll list to every speech;
And with our lives alone shall end
Our thanks to this judicious friend!



RAILWAY REFORM.

WE see a Bill on this subject is to be introduced next Session to Parliament. The provisions of the Bill, we understand, are as follows:—

1. That smoking be allowed, with the exception of the engine, which should consume its own smoke.

2. That the Tunnels be illuminated with Vauxhall lamps.

3. That the engines be supplied with "Crevelli's Cough Lozenges" or the "*Pâte Pectorale*," to cure them of the dreadful asthma they are subject to the whole year round; and that they be allowed to stop as often as the stokers please to "wet their whistle."

4. That husband and wife be not allowed to travel in the same carriage, for fear of their *falling out* during the journey.

5. That the engine be placed in front of the third class train, to allow of a large supply of coals being distributed at this cold season of the year amongst the poorer passengers.

There are many other Clauses, which we will notice at the earliest stage of proceedings, as soon as the Bill is brought before Parliament.

Important Statistical Intelligence.

WE understand that the Life Insurance Offices have determined not any longer to issue Policies to habitual readers of the *Morning Post*. The tables of mortality show the frightful result of subscribing regularly to the paper mentioned. We understand that the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, ascribes one out of three of the deaths said to arise from causes unknown, to the pernicious habit alluded to. The frightful diminution of West-End Footmen and Ladies' Maids has, it is believed, arisen from the unfortunate persons having perused the *Morning Post*; but this malady, which is in the nature of an epidemic, has lately, we are told, been materially diminishing.

THE "REAL" LION OF ENGLAND DISCOVERED.

THE identity of the English lion has often been a matter of dispute. Frequently have the army taken to themselves the said lion as their especial, inalienable property; the navy—albeit, we never knew any lion the better for a sea-voyage—have also declared the disputed animal to be their own. We are happy to inform our readers that a Mr. A. PIGOTT, orator at the Buckingham Conservative dinner, has once and for ever set the question at rest. The real lion of England is neither military, nor nautical, but rustic:—

We so often hear of the British lion being awakened by something or somebody, that we must needs conclude the beast to be a very somnambulent animal. We have no doubt that the sleepy habit grew upon him from the moment he was promoted to the royal arms. A good Government place induces napping upon the holder. However, for the ten thousandth time within these few years, the British lion is again wide awake. Upon the authority of Mr. A. PIGOTT, the lazy brute has at length shaken his mane, and is, doubtless, at the present moment stretching his legs, and opening his jaws. Due notice will be given of his growl.

The English lion has hitherto been considered carnivorous; the more especially, when prowling at Waterloo and other shambles.

We thought, too, that he had of late been roaming in India, under the especial protection of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, taking a few dinners in Sindh. No: that lion was an impostor; a flesh-eating, sanguinary cheat. The real lion was in the county of Buckinghamshire all the time; and, fast asleep, was digesting his bloodless meal of turnips and oil-cake.

As the British lion is now proved to be an agricultural animal, a creature living on herbs and pulse, we trust her Majesty will see the justice of indicating his true nature, by ordering him, when appearing in her royal arms, a wisp of hay in his mouth—or a few ears of barley in his mane; or, like mad LEAR, he may be—

> "Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
> With nariocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining cover."

The legend *Dieu et mon droit*, must, of course, be changed. For "God and my right" we would suggest, "Nobody but ourselves."

As the real British lion is now awake, and prowling in the agricultural districts, we presume that Mr. CORDEN will not again venture there upon anything less than an elephant. Mr. Cross has a most sagacious beast, and may doubtless be treated with. As the animal has for years been in the habit of taking money from visitors, &c., to purchase cakes and oranges, it may also be made useful as collector for the League.

By the way, talking of money, the owners of the Agricultural lion have certainly opened their mouths. When do they open their pockets?

Michaelmas Term—Legal Examination.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Q. Mention some of the principal law books which you have studied?—*A.* Hoyle's Laws of Whist, Cribbage, &c. The Rules of the Cricket Club; ditto of the Jockey Club.

Q. Have you attended any, and what law lectures?—*A.* I have attended to many legal lectures, when I have been admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off knockers, &c.

COMMON LAW.

Q. What is a real action?—*A.* An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke.

Q. What are original writs?—*A.* Pothooks and hangers.

EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Q. What are a bill and answer?—*A.* Ask my tailor.

Q. How would you file a bill?—*A.* I don't know, but would lay a case before a blacksmith.

Q. What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?—*A.* I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it was melted.

Q. What are post-nuptial articles?—*A.* Children.

CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Q. What is simple larceny?—*A.* Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind.

Q. What is grand larceny? *A.* The Income-tax.

Q. How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt?—*A.* Induce him to take one of the national theatres.

Q. How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of?—*A.* The solicitor to the fiat, and the other legal functionaries, divide it amongst themselves.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE TAPIS.

THE shopkeepers of Regent-street, with the laudable intention of making their street as *distingué* as possible, so that it may be quoted as the street *par excellence* in the world, have determined upon flooring the pavements with British oak, and covering them with costly carpets. The oak will be scoured and polished by the housemaids regularly every morning, and the carpets shaken by the policemen on their beat. A company is being organised for this purpose, and will shortly be announced under the title of "THE BRITISH OAK AND KIDDERMINSTER CARPET REGENT STREET PAVEMENT COMPANY," the shares of which will be restricted to the nobility and those persons making purchases in Regent Street. It is expected that the wood, when covered with the carpets, will last for years.

Mr. Joseph Hume, who has lately become a member of the "PEACE CONVENTION," purposes this Session introducing a Bill into Parliament to empower magistrates and vestries to employ the Troops on home-service upon the cleansing of the streets. He has kindly sent us a sketch of a guardsman so employed, which we subjoin with pleasure for the information of the Army and the amusement of our readers.

THE CABMAN'S DREAM.

I DREAMT I was called from the rank where I stood,
By a party all laughing and gay;
And I thought that the fare would be sure to be good,
For I saw they were out for the day.

And I fancied I drove them through alley and street,
Through passage, and crescent, and square;
And I thought that my rent for the week I should meet,
Having got such a capital fare.

I dreamt that I suddenly came to a stop,
But I knew not—I guess'd not the cause,
Till I came to the earth with a terrible whop,
In obedience to gravity's laws.

Then I suddenly woke to the terrible fact,
I'd received the severest of shocks;
For heedless, alas, of the clause in the act,
I had fallen asleep on my box!

A MERRY GESTE OF QVENE VICTORIA.

YE Qvene, beynge atte a game, was asked bye ye comysyoneres off ye wudes and forestes, wyche sorte off bryges itt myte seme gude to her shude be inne ye Regente his parke; whereatte, waxinge wroth withe ye comysyoneres, quothe she, "Hange ye bryges!" whereuponne they didde make ym suspensyonne bryges. And this I have fromme a gude wrytere.

DOCTORS' BILLS.

GENTLEMAN, the other day, wrote a letter to the *Times*, complaining of a bill which had been sent in to him by his medical man. His grievance was, that the items of professional service had, therein, been generalised under the two heads of "Medicine and Attendance" simply, instead of being set forth severally and at large. He wished the Account had been drawn up according to the good old formula, which was a specific enumeration of the different pills, draughts, boluses, and other matters and articles, constituting the "value received."

This gentleman evidently prided himself upon his common sense, which told him that it would have been satisfactory to know what he had to pay for. The same faculty, perhaps, informed him that medicine has a marketable value, like tea or sugar; and that skill and science can be sold by weight and measure.

We hope the gentleman will approve of the following model of a bill, which we draw up for the guidance of those medical men who may have patients of his way of thinking to deal with.

——— ———, *Esq.*
To ——— ———, *Surgeon, Apothecary, &c.*

	£	s.	d.
Jan. 11, 1844.—To attending you at your own house, at your request, at a distance of five miles	0	5	0
To listening for half an hour to a detail of your symptoms	0	4	2
To asking you to put out your tongue	0	1	0
To feeling your pulse	0	1	0
To inquiring whether you had slept well on the previous night	0	1	0
To replying, in the negative, to your question, Whether oyster-sauce was good for you?	0	6	8
To answer to your question, Whether I considered you consumptive? by telling you to make your mind easy, for that your lungs were as sound as my own	0	6	8
To saying "Yes," when you inquired, Whether you were bilious?	0	6	8
To telling you, in answer to your question, What I thought was the matter with you? "that you had got a common cold"	0	6	8
To recommending you to put your feet into warm water, and take a basin of hot gruel, going to bed	0	3	4
To calomel pill	0	0	6
To black dose	0	1	0
Total	£2	3	8

THAT BILL WAS SETTLED LONG AGO.

The above is the sort of bill to please your sensible man of business, who looks upon medical attendance as journey-work, and medicine as merchandise. For those who, in their simplicity, think that one question prompted by skill and science, which in a moment elicits the nature of a disorder, is worth as much as a thousand; and that the value of physic depends rather upon its efficiency than its quantity, the charge of "Medicine and Attendance," if reasonable in amount, may suffice.

THE STATE TRIALS.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

THE Judges having taken their seats, with the exception of Mr. Justice Burton, who was absent from ill health, the counsel for the traversers protested against the trial being proceeded with. The Court wished to be referred to a case. The counsel for the traversers remarked that they had not had time to look one out, but would be ready shortly. After the expiration of about an hour, the counsel for the traversers said they had got a case, and—

The Court said they would hear it.

The Attorney-General, on the part of the prosecution, begged to read a clause from the Statute.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q.C.—What book is that?

The Attorney-General.—It is the Statute Book.

Mr. Fitzgibbon.—You cannot read a clause from the Act without reading the whole of it.

The Clerk of the Court then read the whole of the Act of Parliament.

The Attorney-General would now contend——

Mr. Smyly.—But stop a moment, we have only read the Act. We have a right to hear the whole volume.

The Clerk then read the whole of the volume in which the Act was contained.

The Court then adjourned until the

NEXT DAY.

The Attorney-General would now propose, that the Act having been read, and the whole volume fairly before the Court, it was competent for him to——

Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q.C.—We have had the volume read, it is true, but the work is in several volumes. How are the traversers to know that the other volumes may not qualify or contradict, or in some measure vitiate the authority of what was read yesterday?

The Court hoped that the learned Counsel would not press his right, for it might be inconvenient.

The Attorney-General was prepared to take any course, and have all the volumes read, but he thought——

The Chief-Justice said it was already late, and as the learned gentleman was preparing to state what he thought, which might occupy some time, it would be better for the Court to adjourn, which it did accordingly.

NEXT DAY.

On the Judges taking their seats,

The Attorney-General said he thought, with all due respect to the Council on the other side—nevertheless he did think, and always should think——

Mr. Smyly protested against the right of the Attorney-General to think at this state of the proceedings.

The Attorney-General said, he would be guided by the Bench, and the Judges having left the Court to consider the point, returned and delivered their judgments *seriatim*; which were to the effect that the Attorney-General had better not think at present.

It being now late, the Court adjourned to the

NEXT DAY,

When the Attorney-General commenced his argument on the question of proceeding while one Judge was absent; but the learned gentleman had not nearly concluded his speech, when our express was forwarded.

A RARA AVIS.

AN attorney applied, the other day, to have his name struck off the rolls, in order to enable him to practise the very opposite profession of a philanthropist. The case was so new, that the books afforded no precedent to guide the judge, who observed, that "as a lawyer was never yet known to have a turn for philanthropy, there would be some difficulty in striking him off the roll for such a very strange purpose."

It is to be hoped that the violence of the shock caused by the extreme suddenness of the change, will not prove too much for the constitution of the individual alluded to. Upon inquiry at his residence, the answer to inquiries was, that he was "going on as well as could be expected."

Police Intelligence.

THE authorities of Herne Bay refuse to increase their police force beyond the "one policeman, A. 1.," upon the plea that "*Unity* is Strength."

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.—OF THE CIVIL STATE.

The Civil State includes every one of the laity who does not belong to the military or maritime state. But there are some of the military, such as the sentinels on duty at the Park, who are in a very civil state, when asked a civil question.

The Civil State consists of the nobility and commonalty, the former of which resembles, in some respects, "ginger beer from the fountain," the Sovereign being the fountain from which alone it is possible to draw nobility.

The Sovereign may invent any titles he pleases; but those now in use are Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons.

A Duke is derived from the latin word *dux*, a military leader; and perhaps the practice of soldiers wearing dux or ducks in the present day, has something to do with it. In the time of Elizabeth, the order of Dukes became extinct—but it was galvanised fifty years afterwards. A Marquess is the next degree of nobility, and is so called from the Teutonic word *marche*, a limit, because the Marquesses originally watched the limits of the kingdom—but, whether they acted as a sort of coast-guard, or as a police on the frontiers, or as beadles to beat the bounds of the kingdom, we are wholly at a loss to make up our minds about. An Earl is a title so early, that it is impossible to trace its origin. It is supposed that after the Norman Conquest, William made Earls of those who were the earliest to do him homage. The Saxons had their Ealdormen, which got corrupted into Earldermen—or, greater corruption still, into Aldermen. An Earl was at one time called a Count, from an old Norman pun of the Conqueror, who said "he could *Count* upon his *early* friends;" but, as the pun died off, the title was discontinued, leaving nothing to keep it in remembrance but the word County.

The Sovereign, in writs, always styles an earl his "trusty and well-beloved *cousin*"—a reason as old as Henry the Fourth, who had really cousined, or cozened, all the Earls, and was related to every one of them.

The next degree is that of Viscount, or vice comes; which, though we have turned on the gas of research from the main of history, we are unable to throw a light upon.

The last, and most general degree of nobility, is that of Baron, which was formerly so numerous, that the King summoned only the greater ones to the council of the nation, and the others gradually became extinct—except the barony of Nathan, the holder of which, though not enjoying a seat in the peers, occupies a seat in or near the (Kennington) Commons.

Peerages were formerly annexed to lands; and even now there are some piers—such as those of Westminster-bridge—which only exist by the hold they have upon the soil; but this sort of tenure has now become very uncertain.

Peers are now created by writ or by patent; so that, when a sheriff's officer serves a person with a writ, he is said to be made *a-ppear* (*a peer*) by the writ being served on him. But every one who is summoned by a writ is not ennobled, and it is now usual to make peers by the batch.

Let us now examine the privileges of nobility, the first of which is the right of being tried by one's peers—the last case being that of Westminster Bridge, which when tried by its piers was sentenced to have its head entirely removed—and was so far disgraced as to be brought down to a lower level.

A peer or peeress cannot be arrested in civil cases. Peers always give a verdict upon their honour; and there is something, therefore, very aristocratic in the term, "'Pon honour!" which is, probably, the reason why dandy footmen and shop-boys "out for the day," generally make use of it. A peer cannot be deprived of his nobility except by death or by attainder; though, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was reduced to such a seedy state, that he was degraded on account of his poverty. It is probable that he attended Parliament in a cotton velvet robe, and a squirrel cape instead of real ermine; while, instead of the ducal coronet,—irredeemably pledged, and the ticket out of date—he sported a sort of theatrical property, made of tinfoil and mother-of-pearl, cutting in every respect such a very shabby figure that the peers, amid loud cries of "Turn him out," got unceremoniously rid of him. The Act of Parliament by which it was accomplished was termed an "Act for Cutting the Tin Kettle, from the tail of George Neville, Duke of Bedford." It is said that, if a Baron wastes his estate, the King may degrade him; but some Barons are in the habit of degrading themselves, by wasting their estates, without any interference of the Sovereign.

The first dignity beneath that of a Peer was a *vidames*, a title so old, that antiquarians quarrel greatly as to what a *vidames* was; though they agree pretty well in believing that such a thing as a rudaines never existed. The first personal dignity after the nobility is consequently now settled to be that of a Knight of the Garter, instituted by Edward the Third to preserve tidiness in the stockings of the aristocracy—a point that has been beautifully kept in view by Shakespeare, who makes Hamlet wear his stockings about his heels until he visits England, where it is supposed he has been invested with the Garter, and he consequently always appears in the last act with his silk hose properly adjusted.

Next comes a Knight Banneret, or a knight made by the Sovereign in person on the field of battle; so that, if a civil war should break out in London, her Majesty might rush to Lincoln's Inn-fields and manufacture knights bannerets. After these come the Baronets, an order instituted by James the First to raise money to meet a bill for the reduction of Ulster. Next follow the Knights of the Bath, instituted by Henry the Fourth, and so called from the ceremony of taking a bath the night before their creation. This fact about the bath is given on the authority of a case in Shower.

William the Fourth instituted a Guelphic order, and a few knights were installed; but the instalments not being regularly kept up, the order expired.

Knights are called in Latin *equites*; and, indeed, all nations call their knights by some name connected with a horse, excepting the Scotch order of the Thistle, which seems to show that the Scotch knights are akin to another and a much more homely quadruped.

St. Patrick is the name of an Irish order; but St. Patrick's day—particularly in the morning—is more associated with the idea of dis-order than order; at least, it is generally considered so.

The lowest order of knighthood is that of the Knights Bachelors, the first of whom was Alfred's son, Athelstan, who must have been a single young man; and his wretched fate proves that he was ultimately "taken in and done for."

"These," says Coke, "are all the names of dignity;" but Sir Edward confounds together Esquires and Gentlemen, leaving the subject confoundedly obscure, according to the usual custom of the quaint old jurist. It has been said that any one who wore coat armour was an Esquire; in which case the supernumeraries at Drury-lane, clothed as they are in

block tin dish-covers, must be considered Esquires while engaged in the performance of Richard the Third, but no longer. Camden, who was himself a herald, and blew the trumpet vigorously for any one who paid him, makes four degrees of Esquires. First, the eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons, in successional crops, like broad beans or radishes. Second, the eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like succession ; so that Baron Nathan's youngest son's eldest boy's first-born male infant would be an Esquire, supposing the Barony of Nathan to be acknowledged as a branch of the tree of English aristocracy. Third, Esquires created, like Baker's mangles, by patent. Fourth, Esquires who are so called from holding a place of trust under the crown; but it is not decided whether the waiter at the Crown and Anchor comes under this head, as holding a place of trust under the Crown, the words "and Anchor" being rejected as surplusage.

As for Gentlemen, says Sir Thomas Smith, they who can live idly, and bear the port and charge of a gentleman—that is to say, can pay what is charged for port, and sit idly over it—shall be taken for a Gentleman. A Yeoman is one who hath land that brings him in forty shillings a year ; but *semble* that a crossing, the sweeping of which produces forty shillings a year, does not constitute the sweeper a Yeoman.

The rest of the community are tradesmen, artificers, and labourers, who must all be styled, in legal proceedings, by their estate or mystery ; but the estates of most of them would be a mystery indeed to any one attempting to describe them.

Such is the Civil State, which we have stated as civilly as circumstances will admit of.

"DESTITUTION AT THE WEST END."

THE *Times* relates some melancholy proofs of "destitution at the west end," and mentions the establishment of a "refuge for the houseless." We have been favoured, "from our own correspondent," with several other melancholy instances of distress among the higher classes.

The Duke of Post-obit, who has, within these few years, come into possession of a rent-roll of eighty thousand a year, has been under the painful necessity of "raising the wind" at the rate of forty and sixty per cent. So hard has his Grace been run, that we are assured, upon competent authority, that he has actually been driven—to ask a bill-discounter to dine with him !

Another noble Duke has given a melancholy proof of the march of mendicity. He was recently applied to by the tutor of his youth, with whom he had continued on terms of affectionate intimacy, for the loan of a hundred pounds to save him from a gaol. His Grace was reduced to the sad extremity of confessing that he had been "hit rather hard at Newmarket," and most reluctantly declined. The noble Duke has, indeed, *but* sixty thousand a year, out of which he has the junior members of his family to educate.

A noble Marquis, the produce of whose estate has been, through certain causes, deteriorated at least five per cent. per annum, and barely brings him in fifty thousand pounds clear, has been put to the most painful and humiliating shifts. At a magnificent ball, at which—we have the *Morning Post's* authority and French for the fact—the *élite* of rank and fashion was present, the "men in possession" were put into liveries, of which there are always a few spare suits in his lordship's establishments for these painful emergencies. What adds to the pain of the recital is, that the ball itself cost more money than would have discharged the whole of the persecuting creditors' demands.

A fashionable Colonel, who has experienced some severe vicissitudes at Crockford's, was recently driven to such an appalling state of destitution, that he actually, for the sake of raising a few hundreds, pledged his word of honour to a lie ! To be sure, "he did the Jew," and the incident afforded a hearty laugh at mess. But the Colonel's face of bronze has worn a humbler expression since this voluntary debasement.

The Income-tax, while it has been the cause of some undoubted "drawing in of the horns," on the whole has been found a very convenient excuse for shabbiness and retrenchment. "My loves," said the Dowager Lady Hookring to her three eldest unmarried daughters, "we really must not *think* of going to town this season. I positively can't afford it while that odious Property-tax is to be paid." The indignant remonstrances of the young ladies effected a compromise, by which a furnished house in Eaton-square, at twenty-five guineas a week, was secured to the end of July, and the future services of the governess (who was paid at the fearfully extravagant rate of forty pounds a year !) were dispensed with.

A Viscount of large landed estates has, we are credibly informed, felt the pressure of the times so remarkably hard upon him, that he has actually condescended to borrow the whole savings of his own housekeeper ! The distress of his Lordship may be better imagined than described, when we state that he really would have borrowed "a cool hundred" of his butler, had not that respectful servitor felt the honour of being his master's creditor a piece of presumption he could not be guilty of !

It is pleasing to hear, among so many painful instances of privation and straitened means, that a few of the most distinguished leaders of *ton* have determined on some vigorous means of retrenchment. The Countess of ———, who invariably has a blonde head-dress for every night of the Opera season, at the cost of five guineas, and which of course becomes afterwards the perquisite of her maid, has declared her intention of omitting Thursdays, for the sake of economy. As a necessary consequence, not only ladies' maids, but milliners and their assistants, must feel the effects of this contracted expenditure.

Among the junior members of the aristocracy—younger brothers and gentlemen of acknowledged limited income—the symptoms of distress have become most unequivocal. A middle-aged Baronet, who, when he dines at his own cost, either selects Clarendon or Grillion's, and picks his teeth at the moderate charge of two pounds twelve and sixpence, has actually been detected, at a late hour of the evening, when the coffee-room was nearly cleared, dining at his club, on a simple dinner of three courses, at the ridiculously low charge of eighteen and sixpence ! The Hon. — ——, who has hitherto engaged an opera-box for the exclusive use of himself, and such friends as he may invite, has subscribed for a share in "the Omnibus-box," and has been heard confidentially to declare that the stalls are not "so decidedly low" as he once voted them. In the same spirit of economy, Major ——, of the —— Guards, has limited his orders to Nugee for five waistcoats in the week (having usually bespoke one for each day) ; and, as we are credibly informed, has been seen for two successive mornings in the same *robe-de-chambre*. But this, we suspect, must be an exaggeration.

Many ladies of rank and title, anxious to compete with their husbands in this laudable rivalry, have consented to the most fearful sacrifices. Several of them have withdrawn their subscriptions of from one to five guineas annually from most deserving charities, which they had previously declared they could not exist without supporting ; and their husbands, not to appear insensible to this affecting proof of self-denial, have actually not paid the subscriptions to which they had put their names down.

Amongst the landed proprietors, the pressure of the times has been equally insupportable ; not only have the coals and flannel usually distributed to the poor been omitted, but the Christmas Festivities either altogether dispensed with, or sadly curtailed.

The demand for exotics is, we also hear, most lamentably on the decline ; *bouquets* which should have been given away at a guinea and five-and-twenty shillings, actually have withered for want of customers, even at those absurd prices !

We have many other sad illustrations of destitution at the West-end ; and have positively heard it hinted, that in case the distress continues, St. James's Palace will be thrown open as a refuge for the unfortunate sufferers. Ude has signified his willingness to mitigate the privation of such a receptacle, by superintending the culinary arrangements ; and Gillow's and three other fashionable upholsterers have sent in estimates and designs for its internal furnishing decoration. We have arrived at fearful times indeed. O'Connell taking his trial at Dublin, and younger sons *living* on five thousand a year !

"MUSIC HATH POWER," &c.

WE are informed that, in honour of the opening of Parliament, M. Jullien has composed a new set of Quadrilles, to be called the "Parliamentary Echoes." We believe the following is to be the arrangement of the airs :—

1. THE PREPARATION.—Air, "*Sich a gittin' up stairs.*"
2. THE ARRIVAL.—Air, "*Carle noo the Queen's come.*"
3. THE SPEECH.—Air, "*Here be gems of various hue.*"
4. THE DEBATE.—A Mélange, in which will be introduced several well known airs.
5. DEBATE CONTINUED.—Air, "*We won't go home 'till morning.*"

Room for Improvement.

MADAME TUSSAUD, wishing to make her Exhibition as complete as possible, has, with extreme difficulty, procured a copy of the MORNING POST, which she intends having framed and hung, as the most prominent feature, in her "CHAMBER OF HORRORS."

CANDID CONSTRUCTION.

THE *Times* of Thursday, Jan. 25, contains the following advertisement:

"CHURCH PREFERMENT.—To be SOLD, the next PRESENTATION to two several very desirable LIVINGS, viz:—To a Rectory, situate in the county of S——, within a few miles of several good market towns, and at a convenient distance from a railway station. There is a good Parsonage-house, and about sixty acres of glebe. The tithes have been commuted; and the income, exclusive of the glebe and surplice fees, is about 1,050*l.* per annum. The incumbent is in his 59th year. To another Rectory, &c."

What a pity it is that advertisements are so expensive! The above is open to misconstruction nearly from beginning to end. Almost every clause of it, therefore, requires a commentary; but then its insertion would have been frightfully chargeable.

The first sentence informs us, that the *next presentation* to two *very desirable* livings is *to be sold.*

The announcement may, to the unthinking, seem to savour of simony. No such thing! Simony is the sale of Church preferment; the sale here advertised is merely the sale of Church preferment contingent upon the death of its present holders: which is quite a different matter. The livings, it will have been observed, are represented as being *very desirable.* Let it not be supposed that, by "very desirable" is meant "very lucrative," or "very snug," because we know that a loftier gain than lucre is the object of a clergyman, and that his business is to labour for the spiritual welfare of his flock; and not to make himself snug.

The statement, that the Rectory in the county of S—— lies near "several good market towns, and at a convenient distance from a railway station," is no hint that luxuries are easily accessible, and the pleasures of the metropolis at speedy command. No; it simply means, that there are places at hand where food, clothing, and good books may be bought, in charity, for the poor; and where conferences on religious subjects and for benevolent purposes, may be had, on market days, with the neighbouring gentry and farmers. Also, that there are facilities for getting up quickly to London, to attend missionary and philanthropic meetings, and transact clerical business when necessary.

The fact, that there is a good parsonage house, is mentioned to show the opportunity which exists for the practice of hospitality; and the "sixty acres of glebe," are adverted to, no doubt, with a view to the capabilities which they afford for the employment of the necessitous, and the promotion of agricultural industry.

The amount of the income is stated to indicate the surplus, which, after subtraction of the amount required to live upon, will remain to be expended in doing good.

The age of the incumbent is specified, in order to excite the hope that, though he is now fifty-nine, and will very soon be sixty, yet, notwithstanding, he may live till seventy or eighty, or longer, in the enjoyment of his present means of conferring happiness on those around him.

What has been said in explanation of the announcements respecting the first Rectory is applicable, also, to those concerning the second. In addition, therefore, *Punch* will only say, that he hopes, if for a moment he has forgotten the humourist in the commentator, that he will be pardoned on the score of his good intentions.

Interesting to Irish Law Officers.

IN allusion to a recent challenge, the Dublin Authorities have been recommended to write over the Hall of the Four Courts "No RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE sloppy weather has compelled boots to give way in some places, and also stockings, which are let out here and there, but particularly about the ball of the foot, where a slash in the *chaussure* releases the *bas* from its confined position. The golosh is a favourite both with ladies and gentlemen, but some are worn so *degagé*, that one golosh is apt to twist round the ankle, or come quite off; but it is only those who go a very great way in the article of goloshes, that adopt the style alluded to. In very wet weather, we have seen a tasteful article made of brown paper dipped in oil and cut *en* cape, which is a cheap substitute for a regular Macintosh. It admits of a good deal of wear and tear, for directly you wear it, the cape begins to tear all to pieces.

SONNET

TO

THE MEMORY OF A KITCHEN MAID!

BY THE COUNTESS OF ——.

INTENDED FOR THE "METROPOLITAN."

YES, to her Memory!—for she has been,
And is not! And her spirit form alone—
As sleeps the shade of the sepulchral stone
Upon her grave—is resting on the green
Oasis spots of Memory: for good
She was and fair, and to her lowly "place"
Imparted many a "strange and foreign grace."
Her soul was bright; it was not "understood"
By those she lighted—like a precious gem
'Mid many false ones. And, like one real flower
'Mid artificial ones, her fading hour
Show'd that she was not made as one of them.
She was more formed to strike the lute and lyre,
Than rinse a saucepan or make up a fire!

DEBUT OF HER MAJESTY'S STATE COACHMAN.

AN immense assemblage of persons had collected on the day of the opening of Parliament, in order to witness the first appearance of Mr. Baker in the arduous part of State Coachman to Her Majesty. In the earlier scenes he evinced considerable nervousness, and the leaving the stable yard was greatly marred by a tremulousness of the nose and eye-brow, bespeaking an agitation in the *débutant* which it was really painful to look upon. A slight shout of "Go it, Bob," from the head ostler, seemed to revive Mr. Baker, who gathered up the reins and cracked the whip with an air of confidence that gave every hope of his *début* being successful. The grand point of the performance, indeed the touchstone of the powers of the artist, was the drawing up at the door of the House of Lords, and here Mr. Baker's effective pantomime came very freely into play, for the splendid manner in which he contrived to keep up a protracted squint, so as to have one eye on the coach-door to see when her Majesty had alighted, and the other on his horses, elicited shouts of enthusiasm from the numerous individuals assembled to witness it. On the whole, the *début* must be regarded as perfectly successful. Mr. Baker's style wants the delicacy of Wimbush, and is without the dash or buoyancy of the Blackwall School; but, as a piece of tasteful and quiet coachmanship, it may rank with some of the highest efforts of our very ablest drivers.

The Martyr Gibbs.

A FEW of the Aldermen, in order to mark their sense of the "shameful misrepresentations" of which poor Alderman Gibbs has been made the victim, intend to erect a statue to the great accountant. He will be represented in the abstract character of Magnanimity "smiling at" Arithmetic. Thus, the Alderman having been wickedly abused by the vile press, will at length be "cut" by his best friends.

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

(*A Leader for the Post.*)

THE shrill blast of the British trumpet has blown the glad note of the Constitution into the patriotic ear, and the bounding heart beats in the bursting bosom of every one who loves his land and her laws—his hearth, his hob, his household gods, and all the other contingencies which make the soil of England the soil of liberty.

Parliament has opened. Time has blown another tremendous trump from his shrill clarion. Neptune again digs his trident into the water at his side, and "Britannia rules the Waves" is the burden of the joyous pæan.

It seldom happens that a speech from the throne is so thoroughly satisfactory as that just delivered by her Majesty. Trade is revived. Stockings that lately hung unsold in the windows at nine and a half (we mean 9½*d.*) have appeared with altered *coupons*, rating them at a higher and a fairer figure. Prosperity is literally gushing from the pockets of the people, and plenty is reeling about in rampant luxuriance. The *sal volatile* of a good harvest has been applied to the nostrils of trade, which has wonderfully revived in consequence; and it is a notorious fact, that abundance is going about begging for some one to adopt as his own its numerous advantages. In the emphatic words of somebody, "There never were such times;" and in the still more emphatic words of somebody else,—but no—we will not be too eager to boast, lest, like the Thracian commander, we are compelled to cry, "Who'd have thought it!"

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED for Ireland, an Attorney-General, who will be ready to challenge not only jurors but Counsel themselves, and who will be prepared to fight the battles of the Crown with pistols—the question of a defendant being "worth powder and shot" having a strictly literal meaning, which may be resolved on application to the defendant's advocate. The applicant for the office must be willing to give every one satisfaction by means of pistols—but not otherwise; —a disregard to the dignity and authority of the Bench, evincing an independence of spirit, will be liberally treated with; and any one against whom the public, on all sides, may have been calling out, will not be objected to, if he calls out one of his learned brethren.

MONKS AND MAGISTRATES.

"It seems now to be a regular part of the magistrate's duties, after the ordinary business of the Court is over, to attend to the appeals for relief from the crowds of squalid and emaciated applicants who may be seen daily congregated in the waiting-room."—*Morning Post.*

IN the good old times—old times, by the way, appear to have been always good—of rosary and paternoster, the monk was made the almoner to the poor: the door of the monastery was sought by the "squalid and emaciated," and the charities of the rich and pious were doled out by the frocked sons of the church. The good old times are past and gone, and the wickedness of the present is upon us. Nevertheless, we have our appointed almoners. Monks Francis and Hildebrand and Lawrence are succeeded by Fathers Broughton, Broderip, and Twyford: the friar re-appears in the magistrate. The monastery is a picturesque ruin, tenanted by owls and lizards; but the "waiting-room" of Marlborough-street police-office is made populous by human misery and destitution. The "ladye" of the baron or knight—the merchant's or the yeoman's wife, no longer sends her poor's-gift through the church, but through the police: justice is made alms-giver; and for the thanks and praises of the friar, we have instead a due acknowledgment in the *Times* and *Chronicle*.

We fear this state of things has escaped the perception of those particularly excellent people, who would make the human heart a mere clause in an Act of Parliament, and who very properly discourage all benevolence as eccentric and injurious, save that paid upon receipt to the man duly authorised to collect the poor's-rate. The foolish people who rejoice that "A. B." should send "10*s.* for the widow West," forget, in the ignorance of their gladness, the danger that such improvident charity may bring upon our noblest institutions. We have looked very deeply, indeed, into this mill-stone, and are at once prepared to publish the result of our labour. We do not hesitate to state the fact, that we believe both Church and good government to be in peril from the unthinking deeds of people, who will send their gold and silver to the police-offices for the relief of the poor, when the said subscribers should keep their pockets buttoned, and think serenely and gratefully upon the virtues of Somerset House. To make magistrates the dolers-out of private alms, what is it, we ask, but to offer a pains-taking insult to the Poor Law Commissioners?

Before, however, we proceed to paint the evil in all its natural deformity, let us in candour allow that the practice of making a police-court a temporary place of refuge for destitution—of accustoming the people to associate a place of punishment with a place of charity—is, very properly, calculated to perpetuate the union between guilt and poverty; making them, indeed, bone of each other's bone —flesh of each other's flesh,—a marriage which even Poor Law Commissioners respect, never—as in the case of vulgar wedlock—separating the parties. Thus, that starvation should seek a loaf where crime is awarded handcuffs, is, we insist upon it, very properly to associate destitution with wickedness; an association which, with good reason, makes much of the pride of the thrifty and respectable people in this our respectable world.

That, however, the Established Church is in danger from the practice of making magistrates almsgivers, cannot have escaped the aquiline observation of such men as Colonel SIBTHORP and Mr. PLUMPTRE, though, oddly enough, they have hitherto been mute as oysters on the circumstance. We can see in this the invidious attempts of Puseyism, which seeks to bring into disrepute the rectors and curates of the Established Church, to the present time—the fact is notorious!—visitants at the hovels of the London poor. We have already had a sort of side-wind proposal in the House of Commons to establish lay-monasteries and nunneries; and this continual sending of alms to magistrates, instead of entrusting them to the clergy of the parish, results from the same active and dangerous spirit. A man with a properly-constituted nose may smell Puseyism, where duller organs apprehend nothing but the mere odour of charity. For our own part, we shall scorn to be surprised if some day Mr. BROUGHTON takes his seat with a rosary at his side, and Mr TWYFORD appears—all the merely criminal cases disposed of—frocked and cowled.

And next to the insult offered to Somerset-House. We contend, that every shilling sent to a police-office for the aid of any calamity thereat whimpering, is an overt act of disaffection to that government which has placed, as it were, the heart-strings of the menial poor in the tender hands of judicious commissioners. We are not skilled in the many beautiful bye-ways of law—it is with a sigh that we confess our ignorance—yet have we a lively faith that the reckless subscribers to the police poor-box might, somehow, be reached by the castigating spirit of some statute.

For the present, however, we shall content ourselves with two indignant questions: Is charity only to be found with street-walkers, at a police-office?—Are Magistrates to be made Monks?

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

WHEN Harry Brougham turns a Tory,
Too late convinc'd that Whigs betray,
What can revive his tarnish'd glory?
What his desertion best repay?

The only robe his shame to cover,
To hide the brand upon his back,
And best reward this faithless lover—
That Peel can give him is—*the sack.*

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

IT is not generally known that the new medicine "Morphine," so fashionable now with the faculty for its narcotic qualities, is extracted from Files of the *Morning Post*, boiled down to a pulp, and subjected to a strong chemical process. In consequence of these virtues, it is rumoured that the name of the journal in question will shortly be changed to "The Morning Morpheus," and that its readers, for their better sleeping accommodation, will, in future, be provided with two "sheets" instead of one.

PERSUASION BETTER THAN FORCE.

WAYS AND MEANS.

WHEN the poor man's loaf is taxed; when the very malt and hops of our daily drink are tributary; when an impost is levied on tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, pepper, and the light of heaven; when, in short, from every necessary that sustains, or luxury that sweetens, existence, a per-centage is extorted for the maintenance of the revenue; when, to crown all, we are saddled with the Income-Tax; and when JOHN BULL may be so truly said to resemble a sponge wrung dry, or a lemon which has yielded its last drop to the punch-bowl, that it is difficult to determine which of the two he is most like; surely to overlook any obvious means of securing to the Exchequer contributions which would be unfelt by the people, is a piece of culpable negligence on the part of the Government.

To those who have given the least attention to the subject of Finance, many such sources of national income must have occurred. We will mention one which has struck us: we have often to resolve ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means on our own account, and having dispatched our private affairs, we generally proceed to settle those of the nation.

The metropolis abounds in statues of eminent men, and almost every day adds to their number. They are erected with very laudable intentions, namely, to honour the memory of those whom they represent, to adorn their respective localities, and to benefit the starved-out sculptors, with whom the present times are very hard.

In all these objects, except the last, they fail most signally. They are decided caricatures and undeniable eyesores, and gratify none but foreigners, to whom they afford high diversion at the expense of British art.

Not being ornamental, then, the question is, could they not be rendered useful? Undoubtedly they could. The use to which we would have them applied is precisely that made of certain other things that are voted fit for nothing else;—dead walls, barriers, and the shoulders of poor people. Let them be made the vehicles of advertisements. The

effigy of George the Third, for instance, might be invested in the tabard which we so often see worn about the streets, recommendatory of washable hats, tally-ho sauce, industrious fleas, and pictorial newspapers. To the royal right arm might be affixed a standard, inscribed with an invitation "To persons about to Marry." A monster play-bill might dangle from the charger's neck, and an Exeter Hall announcement be appended to his tail.

The back of George the Fourth in Trafalgar Square is uncourteously turned to the public; a position very unbecoming to the first gentleman (that was) of Europe. How appropriately it might be graced with a notification of MOSES'S! The Sovereign, in his life-time, was very tasty in dress.

Lord Nelson stands too high to bear an ordinary placard to any purpose; but he might hold a huge flag of the nature of a union-jack; and M. JULLIEN, who has a fine eye for a poster, could advertise his Concerts thereon. His late Royal Highness the Duke of York might display a "Guide to 100 Loan Societies" in the same way.

Lastly, the whole front of the National Gallery might be rendered very serviceable, and have its deformities concealed besides, by being overspread with notices and bills, whose various colours, red, blue, green, and yellow, would agreeably diversify it. By the by, the different police-vans, otherwise termed Her Majesty's omnibuses, might be thus decorated to great advantage.

For every advertisement a certain sum should be demanded, of an amount proportioned to its size, the prominence and importance of its situation, and the time for which it is to remain: the money thus raised to be placed at the disposal of the Government.

THE AWFUL STATE OF IRELAND!

MISTER *Punch*,

I have offen red and herd of the friteful State of Ireland And the Unsecuritty of life and Propperty in that distractid Country. But if all is trew, witch sum times it isn't, even the most peasable parts of the Isle of Herein can't be habittable for a Protestint Clergy Man xcept he 's an impregnable Knight in Armer or an invulnerabel Rinocerus.

I allude to the Lady's Letter as was brought forrard by Lord Eldon in the Upper House. From witch it appear, as to I-burn-ye, alias Ireland, even in the most bewtiful distrix insted of bein in Parradis, the more youre Blest the more youre Cust. Cos why? A power of good wishes is all the same as a shower of slugs and a hearty Bennediction on one's Head as fatal as a fractured Perrycranum with a Spaid or a turfin irun. Whereby it follows yure never safe in yure Skin xcept you go clothed with Cusses as with a Garmint, or sumboddy is saying sumthing I can't repeat at yure Eyes or yure Blud or yure Lims. But for fear of mistakes here is the hole account verbatum :—

"It was with the most painful feelings that he (Lord Eldon) contemplated those disturbances, and a letter which he had received a few days ago from Ireland, written by a young lady, a relation of his, the daughter of a clergyman residing there, had convinced him that the country could scarcely be in a more deplorable state than it was in at present. * * After mentioning that the part of the country whence she wrote was in a peaceful state, and that a thought of danger scarcely ever entered their heads, she continued:—'Not so our neighbours. Some of them have fortified their houses, expecting nightly massacres.' Her father said that he constantly received blessings from the poor people as he passed along the road. They said, 'God Almighty bless your reverence, and shield you from every danger,' or words to that effect; and they were people whose faces he was unacquainted with, but who seemed as if they knew that some danger was impending, and wished to warn him. *Thus, in a parish where there were not at present disturbances, the clergyman cannot receive the blessings of his parishioners without their exciting in him feelings of apprehension and alarm.*"

Now I have a dray horse, meself, bred by the cellibratted Joe Miller, as draws Innfurrences. But he never drew sich a heavy Innfurinse as that, nor couldn't. No, not if you give him a Bushell of Beens soaked in Beer. And if so be he could, he'd scorn to do it, for tho he 's strong he 's marciful And never kicks at Human Natur.

For my own part I don't mind saying I offen lays out a triffle with a Begger for the sake of his good wurd for me with Heven, witch most of us and even the best of us wants God knows. And not a bad bargin nayther considdrin a man can git blest as cheap as he can git shaved. Namely a penny a time. Besides witch sum of the werry grateful ones will chuck you in a kind look gratis as does yure Hart good to see. And so there's nuthin lost on ayther side. But wat's to becum of Charrity and mutual feelings, not only between Man and Man, But man womman and Child in different spears of life, if so be the more Heven is axed to purtect me the more I shout out for the Pollice And the faster and warmer I'm prayed for, the sooner thinks I, there 'll be need of the Crowner!

If I was Lord Elldon witch I needn't say I ham not, sooner than have red that Letter in Publick I'd have chawed it up into pappier mashy for a tobacker stopper or towards a tebord for the tetotlers.

Cos why? Whatsumever a timorsum Female mite take into her Head and sum of the narvus ones will shy at a straw it warn't for *him* to addopt her fanciful Fears by way of aggrewatin wat's bad enuff, And throwin a slur on poor pepel that along with Hot Heads maybe have warm hearts, and as famous for verbal Blessins and kind Langwidge in general as our own low horders is remarkable for Blastfemy and wishin you I won't say ware. Howsumever all that it seems is to go for nuthin. But if so be they call you Honey or darlin you may make your will at once, and wen a Hirishman wishes the top of the mornin to you it means yure never to see anuther. Witch sartinly is a shockin picter not only of Ireland but the Wurld in 'genneral, and as sich wouldn't exhibit it, especially in sich a Nashunal Gallery as the House o' Lords without bein cockshure it warn't a Diabollical carricature of the species.

To my Mind there's much more Danger to be looked for in Ireland as everry where else, wen you've been persecuted at law or well thretten'd agin it. I dont think Swing used to Bless his poor Wictims afore he cut their Throtes or burnt thim in their Beds—But sent them a Deths Head and Marrer Bones—and a warnin for the uther Wurld. And even the Turney Genneral in the State Trials in Dublin, wen he pulld out a mettaforical Horse Pistle, or Blunder Buss in Court to shoot Mr. Fits Gibbins, and O'Connel it warn't after blessin em or wishing Good Luck to em. By no means but a werry different sort of speech, sich as I should call hard langwidge. No—not a wesper on it cum thro the Groves o' Blarney.

For my own share I say with all my Hart God bless the poor Irish, and the more they bless me, the more I'll think I am in the way of it. Altho I ham

A Saxon.

PHYSIOLOGY OF AN "OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT."

The readers of morning newspapers must often have been struck by the "Letters to the Editor," which generally answer the double purpose of showing the great industry and the small wisdom of the writers. We mean, not the able political letters which appear in every journal of eminence, but the details of petty grievances that are subscribed "Father of a Family," "Constant Reader," "Anti-Humbug," &c. The gentry who write these letters have fancied themselves safe from all publicity, and that their privilege of inflicting any twaddle they please upon any unfortunate editor they select as a victim is absolutely unlimited. We are going to prove the contrary, and therefore determine to show up

THE "FATHER OF A FAMILY,"

Selecting him because he is the very prince of "bores." So many are the grievances which he would make public, that he is alike the terror of editors and the delight of the small stationer in his neighbourhood. His consumption of paper is tremendous.

To reach his dwelling from the city, you must pass Shoreditch Church, though we shall not tell you whether you are to go down the Hackney or the Kingsland Road. The residence is neat-looking enough, being well whitewashed in front, while a kind of archway of green lath stands before the door. It has, moreover, the great convenience of affording a view of every passing omnibus. The "Paterfamilias" himself is on the shady side of fifty, and is dressed with a regard rather to respectability than to elegance. He usually bends in his back, and holds his head remarkably high, particularly when he indulges in conversation with a small party before dinner. His wisdom is of the same class as that possessed by ancient nurses and washerwomen; but, nevertheless, he is able to give his aphorisms a certain weight by the deep voice in which he pronounces them, and by the loud clearing of the throat by which they are prefaced. Consequently, he passes among his fellow-travellers in the omnibus for a decidedly sound-thinking man.

The family, of which he is constantly telling the public that he is the father, consists of two very tall thin girls, whose noses grow excessively red in cold weather, and a boy in the teens, who continues to wear a stiff frill at a period when most lads have assumed a collar, or even a tail-coat. The young ladies pass their time inanely enough. They draw a little, and they oriental-tint a little, and they occasionally inflict on the neighbours who drop in to tea a very long duet on the piano. The songs they sing are invariably those which have attained the very slightest popularity; and they are always executed in a voice so small as to be nearly inaudible. The young gentleman looks in the presence of his father, as if "butter would not melt in his mouth." To his moral education the greatest attention has been paid. Particular inquiries were made as to the gentility and perfect propriety of the seminary to which he was sent; and the son of Mr. Wingo next door, having been heard to wish that his buttons were "dashed," and to utter the horrid exclamation "By Jingo," all communication with Wingo junior is expressly interdicted. Nevertheless, if the legendary records of the neighbourhood are to be believed, the son of the "Father of a Family," was once detected in the ghastly act of ringing a bell and running away.

To theatres the "father" does not often go, as he says, in rather a boastful tone, that his time for that sort of thing is past. Nevertheless, he sometimes makes an effort to afford his family a dramatic treat at Christmas, particularly if he has a friend who gives away an order or two. These treats are especially unlucky. Certain is it, that when the "Father of a Family" visits a theatre, something verging on impropriety takes place. If there be a petticoat shorter than the rest in the wardrobe, that is sure to be worn by one of the *danseuses* on that particular occasion; if there is one old comedy more replete than another with jokes of an equivocal nature, that is played as if for the very purpose of making the two tall young ladies blush, while it has the additional bad effect of making the stiff-frilled son laugh uproariously, until checked by an unmistakeable glance from his sire, shocked that his offspring has not inherited his own stern abhorrence of the improper. Entering the hackney-coach that is to take him back to his suburban retreat, he observes that "theatres, after all, are bad places for young folks"—to which the tall young ladies blandly assent, while the less virtuous lad says nothing.

These annoyances have made our friend particularly watchful about theatres, and he is always afraid that the editors of newspapers are not sufficiently vigilant in scenting out an impropriety. Accordingly it is in the family records that he never went to the theatre without writing five letters to the *Times*, three to the *Chronicle* and *Herald*, and one to the

Post. It is not so much against immorality in the abstract, that he is a champion, as he is indignant that the particular minds of his own spotless Rosa Matilda and Anna Maria have been shocked, and he is always at great pains to inform the editor of the journal he addresses, that he writes his letter, because he feels it is his "duty as a father" so to do. The profane introduction of the "Angel Inn, Islington," in the presence of his three children, caused a tremendous order on the stationer. The whole country was, in the opinion of the "Father," likely to be swallowed up by an earthquake, with Rosa Matilda and Anna Maria in it, unless he, the father, stepped forward to stop the abomination. Alas! the daily papers took no notice of his communication, and a Sunday paper, to which he at last had refuge, merely told him "A Father of a Family is an Ass." This, by the way, greatly disgusted him with the Sunday press, and his heart beat highly, when the saints of Islington interfered with the vendors of the weekly newspapers.

Generally, his communications, which are always of a moral tendency, are unlucky; and out of a hundred letters which he writes, not above one finds its way into type. Nevertheless, he is not discouraged; and at this very moment he is working away at the impropriety of the piece called "Blue Devils."

A Sequitur.

We understand that during the burning of King William's College, the Irish housekeeper, who was in attendance, ran off immediately for a sheriff's-officer to arrest the flames. The porter went off in another direction, to get somebody to come and bail the water out.

Bill to be introduced this Session.

A Bill to grant compensation to the frozen-out gardeners, on account of the mildness of the winter.

PERSUASION BETTER THAN FORCE.

ZONGS O' THE ZOUTH-WEST.

I.

Oh! Tummus,[1] young Tummus, what bist thee about
Wee that bit o' rooap,[2] all zo dthick[4] and zo ztout?
Dost mean un around yander pooast[5] vor to goo,
Vor to vasten and hitch up the red cow thereto?

II.

Naw,[6] Dannul,[7] naw, Dannul, the red cow may rooam[8]
Vrom here to Zouthampton, or vurther, vrom whooam;[9]
Accardun as her inclinàitions med be,
She med[10] bide or med waander; 'tis all one to me.

III.

Then, Tummus, young Tummus, I warrand me, now,
Thee'st gwaiun[11] to markut wee veather's[12] old zow,
And thee'st meakun[13] a string round her hind leg to tie,
To hender[14] the old gal vrom runnun' awai.[15]

IV.

Naw, Dannul, naw, Dannul, zhe beant to be zold
Vor bank-noate peehaper,[16] nor zilver, nor gold;
The old zow shall zleep wee the little pigs still,
Vor to keep her is veather's intention and will.

V.

Now, Tummus, young Tummus, that rooap, I ool zwear,
Thee mean'st vor a halter to hold the gray mare,
When down to the hoss-pond thee teak'st her to drink,
Where the green water-creeses grows vine[17] on the brink.

VI.

Naw, Dannul, naw Dannul, thee tellest a lie,[18]
I doant teake the mare to the hoss-pond, not I;
'Tis my brother Willum[19] as looks arter she,
'Tis Willum as minds the gray mare, and not me.

VII.

Then Tummus, young Tummus, come tell me, I prai,[20]
About that 'ere rooap boath[21] the wherefore and why;
Zay, what bist a gwaiun' wee he vor to do?
Spake[22] Tummus, young Tummus, spake out, and spake true.

VIII.

Oh! Dannul, oh! Dannul, the truth I ool spake;
I 'm zick o' my liefe vor a young 'ooman's zake:

'Tis along o' Zuzanner;[23] I axed her to wed,
And "I wunt,[24] then, thee vool!" wur the words as she zed.

IX.

I zought vor to meak her my bride and my dear,
But she was boath cruel and likewise severe,
And I 'm meakun' a zlipknot[25] to hang myself wee,
Vrom the dead branch as grows on the old waarnut-tree.[26]

Glossary.

1 Tummus, *Thomas.*
2 Wee, *with.*
3 Rooap, *rope.*
4 Dthick, *thick.*
5 Pooast, *post.*
6 Naw, *no.*
7 Dannul, *Daniel.*
8 Rooam, *roam.*
9 Whooam, *home.*
10 Med, *may.*
11 Gwaiun', *going.*
12 Veather, *father.*
13 Meakun', *making.*
14 Hender, *hinder.*
15 Awai, *away.*
16 Peehaper, *paper.*
17 Vine, *fine.*
18 Thee tellest a lie, *Hampshire for "you are mistaken."*
19 Willum, *William.*
20 Prai, *pray.*
21 Boath, *both.*
22 Spake, *speak.*
23 Zuzanner, *Susannah.*
24 Wunt, *won't.*
25 Zlipknot, *slipknot, noose.*
26 Waarnut, *walnut.*

THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."

THE Commissioners of the Fine Arts have been for some time deliberating how to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square. The extreme difficulty of supplying the Dolphin's tail with a pure and healthful stream of the limpid element, has been a theme of the most painful discussion. The question has, however, been at length set finally at rest, by the determination of the Commissioners to adopt the method of Artesian Wells, which has led to the following

SONG OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

How shall we bid the fountains flow,
In streamlets bright and fair,
To give a genial warmth and glow
To gay Trafalgar Square?

Oh, shall we seek it from the main
Of the New River Head;
That river circling through the plain,
Like some small silver thread?

Or shall we, from the plug that lurks
Beneath the pavement stone;
That plug the Junction Water Works
Are proud to call their own?

Or shall we, from the gushing Thames,
Conduct the fluid mild,
That fluid whose opaqueness shames
Far India's sun-black'd child?

No, rather let us make a push
For Art—the way 's an easy 'un;
Yes, with Science let us rush,
And sink the Well Artesian.

Synonym.

THE people of Pennsylvania have lately shown themselves such "smart men" as to obtain universally the appellation of the "*swell mob.*"

PROFESSIONAL INJUSTICE.

Feb. 1, 1844, *Regent Street, Bagnigge Vells.*

Mr. Punch,

Hon[d] Sir,—Knowing that the medium of your colums is always open to advocate truth an gustice i beg to send you a cartoon, done by my frend Mr. Adam Bell, (the artist wot done the figur of George 4th at kings cross) wich will prove that the above gent wos the original dezigner of the equervestrian statu now exhibiting in Trafalgar Square. The meaness of certain people, in certain quarters, in not giving the credit for a work of heart where the credit is doo requires no komment. Trusting to your knone impartiality to insert this,

I am, Hon[d]. Sir,
Your Obed[t]. Ser[t].
H. W.

P.S. I only put my inichalls to this letter but enclose my card for your private satisfaction.

H. WALKER,
Plummer, House-Painter, & Glazier,
&c. &c.

N. B. If you should want any think in my line, I should be very happy to do it for you. I could knock you up now a luminated shop front in no time, and very reasonable.

ETIQUETTE FOR PRISONS.

In consequence of complaints that have been made by persons committed to prison before trial, who object to their not being allowed to mix with other prisoners, it has been thought necessary to frame a Book of Etiquette for prison purposes. Of course a superior delinquent, like a forger, could not be on visiting terms with a mere pickpocket, nor could a man charged with stealing a hundred pounds, feel at his ease in the society of one whose alleged theft might be mean and insignificant.

It is, we believe, intended to introduce the prisoners to each other formally, not by name, but by the offence with which they are charged. Thus, the Governor of Newgate would say to a Felony—"Allow me to introduce you to this Aggravated Larceny. You ought to know each other—indeed you ought. Aggravated Larceny—Felony—Felony—Aggravated Larceny." By a nice adjustment and proper application of the rules of etiquette, a very admirable system of social intercourse might be established in all our prisons, and the present complaint of a want of "good society," which falls so severely on superior scoundrels, would at once be got rid of.

THE DUEL THAT DID NOT COME OFF.

The attempt to turn the Irish Court of Queen's Bench into a Court of Honour is no doubt highly creditable to Attorney-General Smith, whose chivalrous feeling is worthy the days of the old Templars, when every utter barrister was a crested knight, and every clerk was a coated and mailed esquire. We confess we see nothing extraordinary in the conduct of the Irish Attorney-General, and are ready to sing,

"Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see,
The charge of the legal chivalry!"

We can fully appreciate the knightly emotions of Smith on being fretted, worried, teased, and tormented, by Fitzgibbon, and the following

LAY OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

might have been written by one of the old chroniclers, and sung by one of the young troubadours, as the

LEGAL WAR-WHOOP.

To battle is my constant cry,
Then follow up your chief,
I 'll like a lawyer do or die,
My weapon is my brief.

I wear no plume upon my crest,
Except an office pen,
Dragged from the lacerated breast
Of some old artful hen.

My gauntlet is the iron hand
That grasps the golden fee;
I lead a small but daring band,
Then follow—follow me!

Nooks and Corners of Old England.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

Among the Nooks and Corners of "Merrie Englande," there is no Corner so full of historical associations as Hyde Park Corner. There is no doubt that when John found himself driven up into a corner by the Barons, Hyde Park Corner was the very corner that the Barons drove him up into, for "we all know," says Jones, "that Hyde Park Corner is on the way to Runnymede." It is to be regretted that all our old associations are being swept away by Time, that most inveterate of sweepers, whose besom has a year concealed in every twig and a whole era in the handle. Hyde Park is still there, but the Corner is a corner no longer, having been cruelly rounded off, by the too active hand of Innovation. Still we may cling to the palings with affectionate enthusiasm, as marking where the corner either was, or might have been.

Hyde Park Corner was once remarkable for a custom of levying tribute on horsemen and carriages, and the first nobles in the land would be seen to stop and accede to the demand that was made upon them. Hyde Park Corner is now unknown even to the natives, who are so steeped in ignorance that they allude to the Chinese Exhibition as being at Hyde Park Corner, though the Corner of Hyde Park is not within several hundred yards of it. With this very important remark we close for the present our sketches of the Nooks and Corners of Old England.

Literary Intelligence.

We understand that the Keeper of the Burlington Arcade is preparing his biography for the press, under the title of the "Burlington Papers." The book will include some curious particulars of the Patten Rebellion in 1825, when several ladies insisted on walking through without taking off their pattens. Collision was happily avoided by the introduction of French clogs, but the matter is sufficiently interesting in itself to make it a fine subject for the historian.

"A Month at Brixton; or, Life on the Tread-Mill," is the title of a new work which is shortly forthcoming. The motto chosen by the author is,

"Yes, it can turn,
"And turn, and turn again, and still go on."

Singular Coincidence.

Lord Brougham is reported to have visited Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday evening, after attending the House of Lords. This seems to be an absurd repetition of the same thing, for the principal scene of the Pantomime represents the "Abode of Idleness."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, February 10, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.—OF THE MILITARY AND MARITIME STATES.

THE Military State includes the whole of the soldiery from the Commander-in-Chief down to the raw recruit, or the private who has the honour of being stationed at the post of Storey's-gate, who is alluded to by the poet, in the fine line—

"The post of honour is a private station."

In a free country, it is said that the soldier is an object of jealousy, chiefly we suppose, on account of the impression made by a red coat upon the fair sex. As to any other kind of jealousy the soldier creates, we are certainly not aware of it, unless it be the natural jealousy felt by a policeman at the superiority of the steel bayonet over the wooden staff, and the cartridge box over the lanthorn. A soldier does not put off the citizen when he becomes a soldier; and consequently many of our gallant army whose wives are washerwomen, carry out the clothes in time of peace, and others lend a hand in the mangling—which, according to the old jurists, is not out of character with their slaughtering propensities. The laws of this country do not recognise a standing army; so that even when on service, the soldiers are said to go to the *seat* of war—thus showing that a *standing* army is never contemplated.

All historians agree in declaring that Alfred invented the Militia, when every man in the kingdom was a soldier; and, considering what sort of soldiers the militia usually are, we should say that every man, woman, or child might have been. In those days, the Dukes led the soldiers, and had such power, that Duke Harold, although the wrongful heir, was strong enough to push from off the throne one Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir—an event, which if the Saxons had had a taste for melodrama, would have made a fine subject for a piece, introducing "a grand combat of two"—including all the popular business of Harold cutting at Edgar Atheling's toes, while Edgar Atheling jumped up exclaiming, "No, you don't!" with a wink at the prime minister. Then, of course, would have come the grand last movement of clashing of swords together across the stage, till both disappear at the wing, when Harold would have returned alone, with both swords, in token of victory, and taken his seat on the throne—in which position he might have been "closed in" by the scene-shifters.

We have already, in a former chapter, spoken of the necessity a Knight was under to go for a soldier in case of war, but in peace the country was protected by a statute of Henry the Second, making it obligatory on every man to keep a certain quantity of arms; but it does not appear there was any law insisting on his knowing the use of them. These persons were, however, now and then called out, arms and all; and it is presumed this was done, as Camden hints, "to ennjoye a joyke at ye expennsse of ye people."

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the whole of the dreadful row between Charles the First and the people, arose out of a dispute about the militia—the King pulling at them one way and the Parliament the other. The militia all the while was in those days just what it is in these—very indifferent.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, the King's right to do what he liked with the militia was recognised; and there is still a remnant of them who rent a coal-shed at Lancaster, which is called the *dépôt*, and from which three corpulent sergeants—for they are all officers and no men—would emerge in case of an invasion. During the election riots, the Lancaster militia put itself under the protection of the two policemen in the town; but, in the glorious language of the Constitution, "the militia are, after all, our great defence against foreign aggression." "After all" means of course, when everything else had been tried; and then, we say, Let England throw herself into the arms of the three sergeants at the coal-shed at Lancaster.

Besides the Militia, there is also the Yeomanry, who are more often called into service, and have several times distinguished themselves by keeping back the boys at processions and on other public occasions. We had almost forgotten to mention the Volunteers, who formerly had the command of all the parochial engines, pumps, and fire-ladders. That these troops would have stood fire manfully there can be no doubt, for their valour under an incessant pelting of water, was frequently put to the test during showers to which they were so often exposed, that it was once in contemplation to add an umbrella to the regulation bayonet. The Lumber Troop must not be forgotten, whose last recorded exploit was an encounter with the landlord of the public-house where the troop has its quarters.

Martial Law is a sort of law in which the military authorities do as they like with their own, and hang soldiers wholesale for the sake of preserving discipline. This can only be done in time of war; and it is now quite settled, that if a lieutenant hang a private for the mere fun of the thing in time of peace, it would be murder, for it is against *Magna Charta*; so that it is fortunate for the heads of her Majesty's Foot that *Magna Charta* was hit upon.

There is an annual Mutiny Act which provides for the government of the army; and, according to this, any soldier shamefully deserting a post—such as walking away from the lamp-post at Storey's gate—or sleeping on the said post (he must be a deuced clever fellow to manage that)—or giving advice to a rebel (unless perhaps he advised a rebel to be off about his business)—or making signs to the enemy (though surely he might shake his fist at the foe)—would be liable to any punishment, from death downwards to a drill, or from the strong-room upwards to the scaffold.

There are, however, privileges belonging to the soldiery, such as the right of making a will when on actual service, by merely saying how he wishes to dispose of his property; so that, in the field of battle, if a soldier sees a cannon ball coming towards his head, he has only to say, "I give and bequeath all I have to so and so;" and if any of his comrades should have heard what he said, and live to repeat it and remember exactly what it was, there is no doubt that the will would be a very good will in its way, and certainly quite strong enough to convey as much property as would probably be left by

The soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

The Maritime State is the next topic we have to touch upon; and when

we think of the glory of the Navy, the valour of the British tar, the hearts of oak, and all the rest of it, our timbers naturally begin to shiver, and we involuntarily go through a sort of mental Naval hornpipe as a tribute to the maritime prowess of Britannia, who has ruled the waves, the whole waves, and nothing but the waves, from time immemorial.

The mode of manning the Navy is, in time of war, to resort to the liberty of the press, or, in other words, to seize hold of any one who comes in the way, and make "a heart of oak" of him, whether his heart may be disposed to sympathise with wainscoating or not, and to turn him at once into a British tar, by pitching him on board a vessel. Some doubt has been thrown on the legality of impressment, but Sir Michael Forster, who is a regular special pleader, makes out that it must be a law, because it is mentioned in other laws, though there is no law in existence to which the other laws refer; and consequently, as A is to B, so is B to C, which makes it as clear as A B C that A may B(e) pressed to go to C whenever there is any occasion for his services. Thus the power of impressment resides somewhere; but where that somewhere is, nobody knows; and, as we are fortunately at peace, nobody thinks it worth while to inquire. It has recently been enacted that no seaman shall serve more than three years against his will, unless he is made to serve longer, and then he must; so this boon to impressed seamen helps them out of their difficulty much in the same way as the Irishman lengthened his ladder, by cutting a bit from the top and joining it on at the bottom.

The privileges of soldiers and seamen are great; for, if the soldier loses his arms in battle, there is Chelsea Hospital to lend him a hand; and a sailor who is deprived of both his legs by a cannon-ball, has nothing to do but quietly to walk into Greenwich.

THE WRONGS OF "OGLE-SQUARE."

Possibly the respectable reader is aware that a few eccentric nobles and gentlemen, with time heavy upon their hands, have employed themselves in establishing an institution—a very pest-place in a genteel neighbourhood—called the "Western Refuge for the Houseless Poor!" Yes, there is absolutely such an institution deforming and offending the beauty and delicacy of Ogle-square, Marylebone! Creatures, crawling before heaven with tatters upon their backs, and famine in their faces, have been lured westward, as obscene birds are lured by a carcase, by food and shelter offered at the Asylum! If this be not a nuisance—a social, legal nuisance,—will Lord Brougham, or any other lawyer of his inches, define the thing? Ogle-square very properly shrieks at the contamination. Lifting her voice to heaven and the Marylebone vestry, she complains in the shrill accents of a respectable woman who has been elbowed by a dustman, or hustled by a sweep. Ogle-square against the Refuge—the well-housed and well-fed *versus* the unsheltered and famishing. Such is the cause set down for trial:—

"A deputation of rate-payers from Ogle-square attended to present a memorial to the vestry, praying them to use their influence in *putting down the establishment*, on account of the vast injury *and nuisance* to the immediate neighbourhood, occasioned by the assemblage of *large bodies of destitute and houseless poor waiting to be relieved by the institution*."

We have heard that many nervous people, believing destitution and houselessness to be, like measles and scarlet fever, catching, walk about the neighbourhood with camphor-bags as big as Dutch cheeses. Respectable children, compelled, on their way to and from school, to pass the aforesaid pestiferous "large bodies," are bathed by their anxious parents in hot vinegar on their return home. However, let the ratepayers relate their miseries themselves:—

"*The poor congregated around their houses from all parts of the metropolis*; and *the nuisance was so great*, they were obliged to shut up their shops, and the majority of their lodgers had given them notice to quit."

Mr. Kirby, one of the vestry, touched by the sorrows of Ogle-square, moved "that the Duke of Portland" be solicited to "put down the Establishment!" Whereupon the vestry broke up.

The case of Ogle-square must find its way to the hearts of all men; especially to those whose hearts are wise enough to contract themselves, that they may reside in their breeches pockets. Shakspere's historical lord complains of the "slovenly, unhandsome corse" brought "between the wind and his nobility." Now surely a living poor man—a breathing thing festooned with rags, and livid with hunger—must be a fouler object than the dead semblance of a man. The corse is to be got rid of—crammed in a hole, in good season, to manure the soil, and there an end. Now, feed the poor man, give him for one night a shelter from the elements, and, so troublesome is the wretchedness, it must be fed and housed again. He is a continual fetor, a blotch in the nostrils and eyes of the well-to-do; respectability holds the nose at him, and to escape the hideous spectacle, "shuts the shop." Here is Ogle-square serenely complacent in a sense of worldly comforts; a rate-paying, church-going Square; a Square, for form sake at least, owning herself "a miserable sinner," suddenly flustered, outraged, contaminated, by a foul Lazaretto of a wretch, a—Refuge for the Destitute! What has Ogle-square to do with destitution? She wants nothing. Look in her face; she is well fed, sleek and flourishing. Butcher and baker make their daily calls upon her—the milkman's voice is melodious in her areas, and the pot-boy salutes her thrice a-day. And her comforts are to be reflected upon, insulted by making her see the wretchedness of others! She cannot even enjoy a furtive sop in the pan without beholding, what she rightly considers to be, the impudence of hungry looks, staring down at her. Even her handsome gown, tippet and shawl, are sneered at—oh, there is no mistaking the gesture—by that grim, gaunt woman, with little more than half a petticoat.

There are many reasons why Ogle-square should clamour for a redress of this wrong. Nay, the very noses of Ogle-square demand it. We will explain ourselves.

Rabelais has shown that a pug or a straight nose depends upon the nurse who suckles the future man or woman. In one case it will be turned-up by opposing hardness; in the other, meeting no resisting bosom, it will grow at its own sweet will. Now, if anything can spoil the nose of the adult animal, it is a compelled contemplation of want and destitution. Very respectable reader, is it not truly so? A pauper, foul and in rags, crawls towards you. Do you not immediately feel your nose curl up like the tail of a flounder? The fact is, your blood is startled by the wretchedness, and gives a quick action to certain nerves in your heart (we have found them out, though Sir Charles Bell missed them,) which communicate with your nose. Hence, the man who most turns up his nose at his fellow's misery, may be said most to feel it.

Well, we put it to common justice, whether the noses of any neighbourhood are to be doomed to constant deformity—to an enduring turn-up—by having a Refuge for the Houseless thrust under them? Let the Institution complained of remain where it is, and the noses of Ogle-square will curl over the foreheads of its men and women. We submit, that no class of our fellow-subjects should be submitted to the infliction of this evil. Hence, Duke of Portland, the Refuge must be put down—the poor must be got rid of. But how? Remove the nuisance, and you only remove the place of complaint. Nevertheless, the poor—the living, whining, starving nuisance, must be got rid of; and, without fee or reward, we will tell how.

The poor are the nuisance of the earth; there is no nation in which they do not abound; there are no respectable people whatever—from the respectable Hottentot, who can afford to girdle himself with sheep's intestines, to the pauper Hottentot ungirdled—who would not rid themselves of the foul blot. In this way it may be done. It is in vain to change the locality of wretchedness—the iniquity remains. Hence, let all potentates and princes combine, and, if necessary, by force of arms, drive their herds of poor together. Then, when all the poor and wretched of the earth are in one crowd, let them be relentlessly driven and driven until they are driven to the world's end. When there, let them be—*pitched over*.

A Literary Discovery.

For a long time people have ceased to ask who wrote *Junius*, stirred by the more momentous question of—Who writes George Robins's advertisements? Many names have been adduced, and plausibly supported. Mr. Robert Montgomery was, for some time, believed by many to be the man; and, we confess, we thought we recognised the style of *Luther* dignifying invitations to purchase house and land. Next, Mr. Grant, the author of the *Great Metropolis*, was named; and we are pretty sure that we once detected him in a sale at Horsleydown. However, there can be now no doubt that Lord Brougham at present holds the auctioneer's quill; a pleasing fact (as further illustrative of his wondrous versatility), manifested in the subjoined. Mr. Robins wishes to sell a lump of agricultural property, and thus the ex-Chancellor writes of that "settled question" the Corn Laws:—

"The adjustment of the great point at issue has arrived at a great triumphant result. It is at length discovered that, in the exceedingly intricate task which required *all the mind, the perspicacity, and depth of intellect possessed by our first Minister* in organising his salutary alteration in the Corn Laws, he has dealt out a measure of strict and impartial justice, no less to the manufacturing than the agricultural interest."

The style alone would betray Lord Brougham; but when his present praise of Sir Robert Peel is taken in connection with his many years' abuse, no doubt whatever can exist of the authorship.

"GENTLEMEN JEWS."

It is a cry, common as the cry of mackarel, that we are fast approaching social destruction. All things, great and small, show it. The globe that we inhabit suffered a slight crack on Catholic Emancipation—another crack on the passing of the Reform Bill; and if it do not go clean in half on the abolition of the Corn Laws, why Colonel Sibthorp is no conjuror. What, however, are we to expect, when we find all our pet prejudices taken from us? The truth is, we then cease to be a people worth saving. Good, strong, stringent prejudices are intended to hold society together, even as iron hoops bind the staves of a cask. The world was much wiser and better when King John drew bills upon the teeth of a Jew, and throughout the land the Israelite was a thing of abomination. We have long since ceased to look for gold in the jaws of the Hebrew; and, in the weakness of our benevolence, have given the creature liberties and privileges innumerable. Nevertheless, we put it to *The Morning Post*, whether, with all our liberality, it is not a gross affront to every respectable person of the Christian persuasion to call a Jew —"a gentleman!" Yet do we find it reported of Mr. Thomas, barrister, that a few days since he averred, that "gentlemen Jews were now sworn in Westminster Hall like other persons," that is, with their hats off!

At one time there was a very wholesome belief that the Jewish anatomy betrayed itself by an unpleasant odour inherent in it. This belief is still strong in the *Morning Post;* for, in one of its late leaders, dictated at the Russian Embassy, it spoke in its own peculiar vein of satire, of "those odoriferous people, the Jews." Sir Thomas Browne, among his other vagaries, touches upon the prejudice. "For," he says, "unto converted Jews, who are of the same seed, no man imputeth this unsavoury odour; as though, *aromatised by their conversion*, they lost their scent with their religion, and smelt no longer than they savoured of the Jew!"

We have long been silent—indignantly silent—hearing the verbal changes rung upon, whilom, the abominable name of Jew. From "accursed dogs," they have risen to "individuals of the Jewish persuasion," "persons of the Hebrew faith," and so on. But to call a Jew a "gentleman," oh, Mr. Ralph Thomas! we hand you over to the virtuously orthodox indignation of the *Morning Post*. May you for ever be cheated by the Hebrew in oranges, and buy for ever of the tribe "black-lead pencils," innocent of lead!

WRITING MADE EASY.

Punch, having noticed the growing practice in Parliament of quoting from private letters, undertakes to supply members with letters upon any subject whatever at the following low rates:—

	s.	d.
A Letter from a young Lady, speaking highly of the peaceful state of Ireland, and eulogising its peasantry—or *vice versâ* . .	5	0
A Letter from a liberal Scotch nobleman, animadverting on the iniquitous operation of the Income Tax	1	0
Ditto, from Ditto, in favour of Ditto . .	15	0
Letters from Farmers, describing the beneficial tendency of the Corn Laws, and exposing the infamous practices of the League, per dozen	1	6
Letters on the Toll system of Wales, (an additional charge if written in Welsh) . .	2	0
Letters from Magistrates, or the Masters of Workhouses, expatiating on the admirable working of the New Poor Law, per hundred	2	6

Letters procured from Canada, India, or any of the Colonies, at an hour's notice.

*** *A Complete Letter Writer always on the premises.*

A sure Indication of a Wet Summer.—Vauxhall Gardens are announced to be opened by Jullien.

ΑΝΑΞ ΤΩΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΦΑΓΩΝ ΝΗΣΩΝ.

Ηκουσατ' ουν Φιλοι φημην,
Ηγημονος περι πρωην,
Λέγω μεγαν τον δεσποτην
Των Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων;
'Εξαποδης τω ὕψει ην,
Διαβολω ικελος και κεφαλην,
Το βασιλειον μεγ' ου θην
Τετυκτο πηλω, ναι μα Ζην,—
Ην ονομα Ποονοὐινικηωανγ,
Φλιββεδη Φλοββεδη Βοσκη Βανγ,
Λαοι δε κτεινειν ωρκισαν
Ανακτ' Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Ωκη πωκη 'οὐαγγη φυμ,
Πυττη πω πη καιβυλα κυμ,
Τογγαρη, οὐαγγαρη, χιγγρη, γυμ,
Αναξ Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων!

'Ο βασιλευς ειχε γυναικας
'Εβδομηκοντα μελαινας,
Και τριακοντα σφοδρα ξανθας,
Νυμφ' Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.
Κορων ὁμιλια πασα
Τοιγαρουν ἑκατον ην ἅμα,
Καθημεραν και ἡγημονα
Ποιησαν κλυτον πατερα.
"Υγγη-Μυγγη, και Χηχως,
Καλλιστη και Τυζζημυζζηως,
Ὡρκισαν αυτοις εχειν ὁλως
Ανακτ' Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.

Καθαπαξ επι ὰιτ' αναξ
Αρχους κεκληκ', ὁ γαρ δοναξ
Θανατου κορας εταραξ'
Εν δομοις Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.
Γυναικων οχλος μεγας ην
Τεθνεως και παρ Αἰδην—
Το λοιπον αρκεσει εμην
" Χρεαν—νεκρους φαγειν δε χρην—"
"Ωs ειπ' οτρυνων ἡγημονας
Οπτειν και φαγειν γυναικας,
Θελησε δ' εχειν αρχος πας
Ανακτ' Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.

'Οτ' ετραγον τα οστεα,
Ηρξαντο του χορου ταχα,
Γυναικες εχαδον ἰδια
Τῳ των Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.
Περιστρεφων, και ὁμιλους
Ου λευσσων, ὡs λυσσωδης βους
Εμυκησε, και δια τοιχους,
Πηλινους αυτις' ενορους'—
Es αλσεα τρεχει τοτ' ευθυ,
'Ευρισκει και κορας—φευ! φευ!
Αρχους φιλουντας μαλα ευ
Αναξ Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.

Εκαλης' αιψα φυλακας
Κολαζειν των ἁμαρτιας,
Αρχους εναιρειν και κορας
Των Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.
Τραχηλοκοπειν οἱ αγριοι
Ηρξαν μεν Ανθρωποφαγοι,
Αναξ βοαει, "Ω ποποι
" Κωμωδια αυτη εστ' εμοι."
Εξ ου χρονου παννυχιφ,
Νερτεροι τουτων εν πληθῳ
Διαπεδουσι εν λεχῳ
Ανακτ' Ανθρωποφαγων Νησων.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty King so great?—
If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
He was so tall, near six feet six,
He had a head like Mister Nick's,
His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
'Twas built of mud for want of bricks,
And his name was Poonoowingkeewang,
Flibeedee flobeedee, buskeebang,
And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

CHORUS.

Hookee pokee wongkee fum,
Puttee po pee kaibula cum,
Tongaree, wongaree, ching ree wum,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty King had in one hut
Seventy wives as black as scot,
And thirty of a double smut,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.—
So just one hundred wives he had,
Upon my word it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him mad:
There was Hungkee Mungkee short and tall,
With Tuzzee Muzzee and Keeko Poll,
And some of them swore they would have all
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

One day this King invited most
Of all his subjects to a roast,
For half his wives gave up the ghost,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.
Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left,
He said with them he would make shift,
So for a gorge all set off swift;
The fifty dead ones were roasted soon,
And all demolish'd before the noon,
And a lot of chiefs vowed to have soon
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

When they had done, and bones pick'd clean,
They all began to dance I ween,
The fifty wives slipp'd out unseen
From the King of the Cannibal Islands.
He turning round, soon miss'd them all,
So for his wives began to bawl,
But not one answered to his call,
He sprung out through the muddy wall;
Then into the woods he went with grief,
And found each queen along with a chief,
He swore he'd Macadamize every thief,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

He sent for all his guards with knives,
To put an end to all their lives,
The fifty chiefs and fifty wives
Of the King of the Cannibal Islands.
These cannibal slaves at once begun,
Carving their heads off one by one,
And the King he laugh'd to see the fun,
Then jump'd into bed when all was done;
And every night when he's asleep,
His headless wives and chiefs all creep,
And roll upon him in a heap,—
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

MOVEMENTS OF THE OJIBBEWAYS.

These interesting individuals visited the brewhouse of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton, upon which occasion they drank off the contents of the largest vat, and then—to be thoroughly convinced there was no more—got into it, and had a dance at the bottom of it. The rapid disappearance of the beer caused the oldest of Messrs. Truman's draymen to observe that he had never before seen "porter's work done" with such extraordinary expedition. The Ojibbeways, not content with a few pots, actually cut their initials into the vat itself, and the dance at the bottom was, we believe, an Ojibbeway reel of a very extraordinary character.

These very remarkable persons have received various presents, among which are a number of Tweedish wrappers, and a few blankets; but they walk about in the blankets, and keep the Tweedish wrappers as curiosities. A quantity of tartan plaid, presented by Her Majesty, has been made into pinafores for the elder warriors, and instead of the buffalo skins, which are kept for every-day wear, they each of them sport on Sundays a rope door-mat.

PUNCH'S REVIEW OF BOOKS.

MR. ROEBUCK'S SPEECHES AT THE BAR, BEFORE AND SINCE HIS ELEVATION TO THE RANK OF QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

THE Bar of England has long been distinguished for its eloquence, and the custom of publishing a collection of speeches is a common one with popular advocates. Mr. Roebuck's elevation to a silk gown has caused considerable curiosity to be felt as to what he has done in his profession, and has led to the publication of his speeches at the Bar in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, two of which are occupied by the title, two more by the fly-leaf, four by an introduction, six by a preface, and the speeches themselves occupy the remainder of the space which is devoted to them. It is not for us to criticise these splendid specimens of ratiocination mingled with law,—in which the broth of research is seasoned with the pepper of eloquence. We therefore give one of the speeches entire—the collection consists of no less than two—in order that the reader may himself judge of the merit of the production.

The speech we are about to quote was made in the presence of the writer of this notice, who never can forget the impression which it created on a mind then fresh in all the buoyancy of hope, and redolent with that respect for genius, which time, alas! mows down like a scythe among the buttercups. But we are forgetting the speech, which we print, word for word, as it was delivered :—

"May it please your Lordships,—

"In a case of DOE *on the demise of* ROE *against* SMITH, I am instructed to move for a rule, which I think your Lordships, when you have heard all I have to say, will not refuse to me.

[*Denman, C. J.*—"That depends upon circumstances, Mr. Roebuck."]

My Lord, we are all of us, I know, the creatures of circumstances; and, as the poet,—

[*Williams, J.*—"Pray, sir, don't tell us anything about the poet, unless he is a party to the rule."]

Your Lordship is right. You have brought me back from those realms, where fancy, like the Lybian bird—

[*Patteson, J.*—"We can't notice the Lybian bird, unless he has been served with a copy of the pleadings. Pray, sir, let us know what you are going to move for!"]

My Lords, I wish for nothing but a rule to compute; and in asking for that rule—

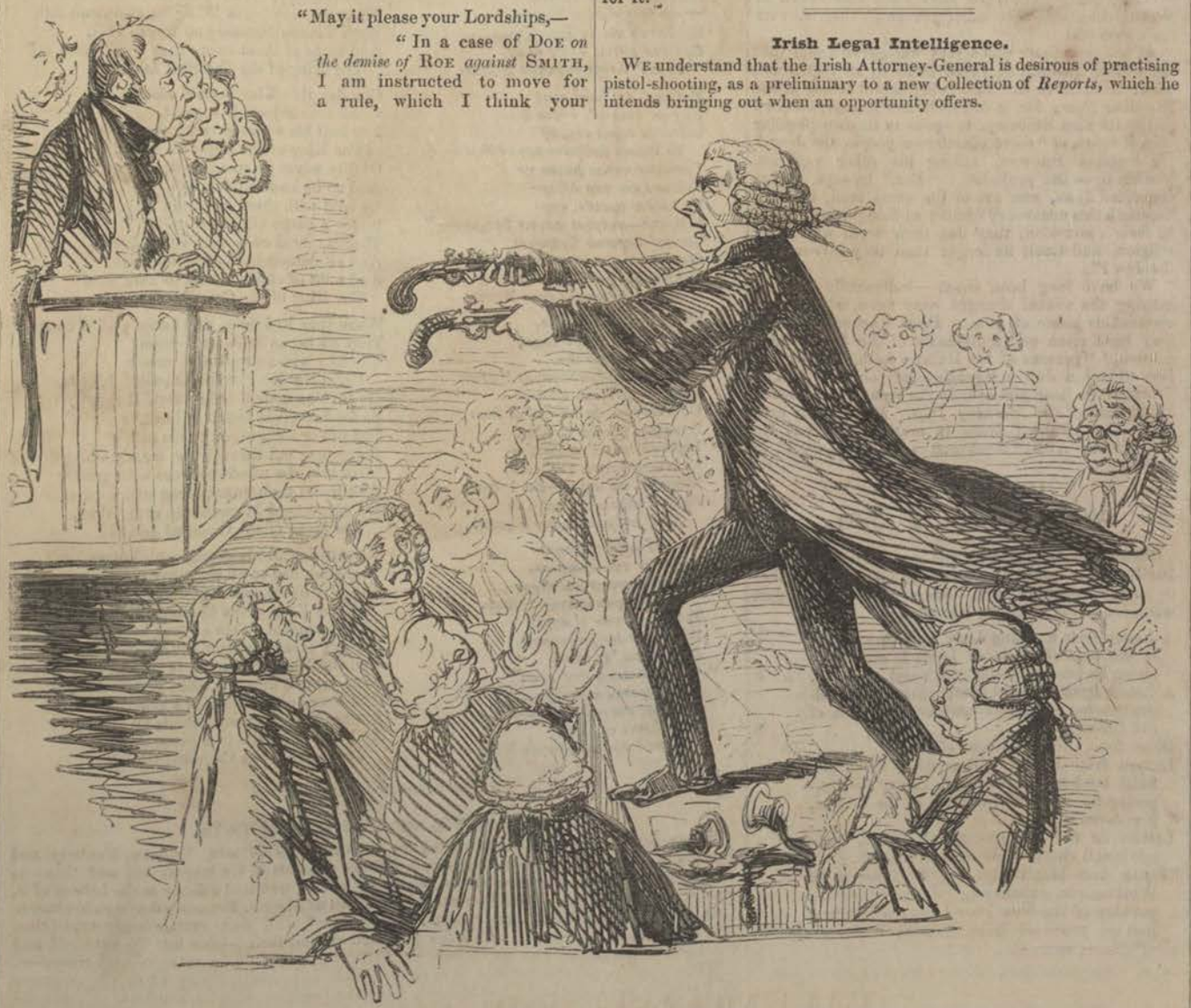
[*Denman, C. J.*—"You can have it, sir; and, indeed, you might have handed that motion in."]

Indeed, my Lord! Then I shall know what to do another time."

Such was the peroration of the speech of Mr. Roebuck; and as he gave out the words, "I shall know what to do another time," he looked like a lion whose mane had been ignobly pulled, and who was smarting under it. The "other time" has not yet come; but when it does, we have no doubt Mr. Roebuck will be amply prepared for it.

Irish Legal Intelligence.

WE understand that the Irish Attorney-General is desirous of practising pistol-shooting, as a preliminary to a new Collection of *Reports*, which he intends bringing out when an opportunity offers.



AN IRISH MODE OF "CHALLENGING A JURY."—*Vide* "STATE TRIALS."

VALENTINES FOR 1844.

POVERTY AND SIBTHORP ON RAILWAYS.

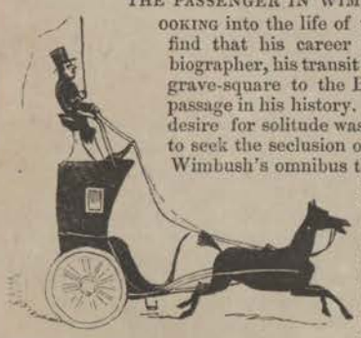
Mr. Roebuck has called the attention of Parliament to the conduct of the Lords of the Great Western Railway, complaining that the poor who travel by the third-class trains are exposed to the inclemency of the weather; and that, moreover, they are made to pass twenty-four hours on the rail in a journey performed by first-class trains in six. Mr. Roebuck very absurdly called this a hardship. What would the man have? Make poverty at all comfortable, and you divest it of its ignominy. And as for the twenty-four hours—why, considering that so many thousand of the poor have no use whatever for time, is it not especially kind in the Great Western people so to occupy them. Mr. Roebuck thought that the House should interfere to obtain some decent accommodation for third-class penury, whereupon Sir Robert Peel, with a chivalrous sense of the sacred rights of property, begged to state that he thought the railway directors should be allowed to drive what bargain they chose with the poor and helpless.

Colonel Sibthorp rose—(when Parliament is without its Sibthorp, may Pantomime lose its *Clown!*)—and, for the twentieth time, avowed that he abominated all railroads soever. They had ruined innkeepers and posting-masters. Nevertheless, Sibthorp showed himself a man of imperfect sympathies, for he had no word for chambermaids and boots. The sincere hatred of Sibthorp for the rail we respect, and doubt not that he would at any time, to vindicate his disgust of such rapid transit, consent to travel from London to York by the slowest waggon.

The original Quixotte attacked only windmills—our *own* Colonel makes a terrible onslaught upon railway steam-engines.

LIVES OF REMARKABLE MEN.

THE PASSENGER IN WIMBUSH'S OMNIBUS.



Looking into the life of this extraordinary individual, we find that his career presents but few points for the biographer, his transit in Wimbush's omnibus from Belgrave-square to the Bank being the most remarkable passage in his history. There is no doubt that a strong desire for solitude was the motive which induced him to seek the seclusion of this sombre vehicle; for it is in Wimbush's omnibus that the hermit might feel secure from the chance of being disturbed by the presence of another human being. It is in the wild recesses of the unfrequented cushions of this gloomy abode—this dreary waste of velveteen and plate glass, that the dreamer may throw himself back with a consciousness—

"That oh! if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is lonely might seek for it"

in the omnibus of Wimbush. Here he may sing with confidence the following ballad:—

Meet me with Wimbush alone,
I 'm sure there 'll be no one but us,
For I found myself always alone
When I 've got into Wimbush's bus.
Remember, be sure and be there,
For though dearly my money I prize,
I care not at all for the fare,
If with you it a *tête-à-tête* buys.

Shillibeer may do for the gay,
The heartless, the thoughtless, the free;
But there 's something in Wimbush's way,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Then meet me by daylight alone.
Yes, in Wimbush's bus all alone.
Me-e-e-t me alone!
In Wi-i-i-imbush's omni-i-i-bus,
All a-a-a-a-a-a-lo-o-o-o-ne!!

To return, however, to the very remarkable character whose biography is the subject of this article. His reasons for entering the omnibus of Wimbush may be guessed at, but never can be ascertained; for the aim or purpose of such a rare and almost unprecedented act must always remain "a deep and solemn mystery." It may have been a love of seclusion; it may have been a desire to be thought eccentric, and to be able to say what hardly a man living can say, "I have been a passenger by Wimbush's omnibus." Such is the vile desolation of the vehicle, that the conductor never thinks of inviting any one to enter by any of those vigorous exclamations of "C'ty, B'nk," which distinguish the less retiring cads of the more social vehicles. Such is the sauntering pace of the "splendid cattle" employed in dragging the genteel, but desolate bus, that it is in contemplation to write over the door the words of the Italian poet

"Voi che intrate,
Ogni speranza lasciate;"

which may be freely rendered thus:—

All ye who enter, may at once despair,
(If, for the Bank)—of ever getting there.

We now close our biography of this remarkable character. We cannot give any description of his appearance; but we should say that some idea might be formed of him, from the figure of Patience on the monument, smiling at the blocking up of London Bridge.

THE FORCE OF TWO-PENCE.

Of the thousands of unreflecting folk who daily pass Saint Paul's Church, we doubt if there be a single individual who attributes the decent conservation of that sacred edifice to the proper cause. No man suspects that it is kept hallowed and respectable by—Two-pence! Yet so it is: the fact is written in the golden letters of a Parliamentary return, and who, save the illiterate and stone-blind, shall dare to doubt it? We quote the document, called for by the motion of Mr. HUME, "to inquire into the state of the national edifices," &c:—

"Objections have at various times been made to the payment of the fee of 2*d.* for admission into St. Paul's; but whenever the subject *has been considered* the continuance *of this small payment* has been determined to be *indispensably necessary for preventing the serious evils which would assuredly attend the free and unrestrained admission of a London population into a sacred edifice situated in the heart of the city*, and passed every day by many thousands of people, for which salutary purpose [WHAT PURPOSE? TO BE PASSED?] it was established."

Great is the force of Two-pence! When Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN accomplished his mighty work, he little thought that the whole beauty and utility of his labour depended upon—Two-pence! When the ball and the cross were elevated to their places, the Cathedral was still unfinished. It was the admission fee to the fabric that consummated the work. All would have been naught but for—Two-pence!

To those not penniless it may be known that WREN has the words, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!* We submit that the heathen Latin be removed, and in its place be written the short Saxon significance—

TWO-PENCE!

"Serious evils," are warded from St. Paul's by Two-pence! We bow to the truth, and in our imagination see a luring figure of Britannia from the obverse of a penny-piece, seated at each side of the Cathedral doors. She not only rules the waves, but, by the force of copper, keeps mannerly a "London population." The church is a "sacred edifice," but, implies the report, its sacredness depends upon the halfpence taken at its vomitoria. Abolish the Two-pence, and its holiness departs. It has been rightly said that *pecunia non olet*—money has no smell. This was a say of the heathen age. Now Christian orthodoxy in the case of St. Paul's proves that the odour of sanctity especially resides in Two-pence!

It is very well for Mr. HUME and such revolutionists to question the doings of St. Paul's folk; but, sure we are, not without painful consideration of its social benefit do they stickle for their two-pence. Deep and divers are its advantages. Let us, in justice to the reverend body, consider them:—

In the first place, men have another lesson added to the twenty thousand daily taught them of the use of two-pence—of the peculiar privileges it confers upon the holder. He, who wants the two-pence, is not a proper person to enter St. Paul's Church. His mental perceptions, not quickened by copper, can in no way be elevated by the contemplation of a Cathedral. What is the harmony of architecture to him who cannot chink his penny-pieces? What the solemn appeal to the fulness of imagination when the pocket is empty? Can there be any doubt of the profane conduct of the penniless visitor? Would he not, with stick of charcoal, write irreverent words upon the monuments; and may be, to show his contempt of learning in a high churchman, decorate the statue of Doctor Johnson with a black moustache? And now, too, would he jump, and dance, and shout, even as one of the profane crowd, who, when "two-pence more" is given, clamour at an uplifted donkey! This, and worse, would come of the "unrestrained admission of a London population into a sacred edifice." Whereas, the two-pence, like a refining spirit cast into a boiling vat, precipitates the dregs. And then two-pence, as the reverend gentlemen truly observe, is such a "small payment!" He or she must, indeed, be a forlorn wretch, who lacks the sum. When shirts are made at three-halfpence each, who, but the most idle and irreligious, can want two-pence?

We have painted, feebly enough, the spiritual destitution of the copperless intruder in the sanctuary of the Church. Turn we to that refreshing sight, the excellent person who, like a Christian and a peaceable citizen, pays, even as at the sixpenny gallery of a playhouse, his two-pence at the door.

How different the spectacle! The man, to our imagination, is externally writ all over with the word Two-pence. It gives him a property air; a seemliness of carriage; a decorousness of manner that shows the person of coppers. Reflecting that he is only admitted into the church through the fee he has paid, it is difficult—most difficult for him—to divorce his thoughts from two-pence. It is not his fault if the whole fabric appear to him studded with penny-pieces. Nay, to his confused vision the very pulpit-cloth may glitter with them. He learns that he is only where he is by the virtue of his pence, and the sense of his whereabout is elevated accordingly. Wrapt, uplifted by the sublimity of the place, what a very wholesome contempt has he of the outside wretch who has not two-pence!

It is, indeed, a "small payment." Why, a travelling show-van in the church-yard may at that moment—if, by the way, such sights are permissible in the city—offer only two or three albinos, a giantess, and a spotted boy for a penny; whereas the reverend show-folks of St. Paul's offer the body of the Cathedral, with Nelson's tomb and fifty other monuments, for only double the sum. Those who would ascend to the whispering-gallery must of course pay more. This is but just. Even at Madame Tussaud's, the Chamber of Horrors is an additional sixpence.

Who can doubt but, that were the two-pence removed, the Church would become a place of rendezvous for the lowest of a London population? And, again, when we reflect upon the existing difficulty of engaging some additional dozen vergers to keep an eye upon the profane people admitted gratis, the wisdom associated with the demand of two-pence is most triumphant.

Besides, we have only to pause and think of the spoliation committed in the British Museum, and all from the "unrestrained admission of a London population." At this moment stands not one of the giraffes stript of a yard of his skin, furtively cut off by an old woman for a tippet? Was not the torso of Theseus clandestinely removed to an out-house at Hackney? Have not all the mummies, one by one, been carried off the premises?

What, then, with no money-taker at the door, could happen to St. Paul's? Therefore we say to the reverend gentlemen, "Read your Bibles, and, as long as you can, take your two-pence!"

"TO THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE."

IN the *Times* of the 7th instant there was the subjoined Advertisement:—

TO the BROTHERS CHEERYBLE, or any who have Hearts *like theirs.*—A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the CASE of a GENTLEMAN, *equal at least to Nickleby* in birth, worthy, *like him*, for refinement of character, even of the best descent, *like him* of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer *like Nickleby* sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honourable business, and has now for 18 months been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this attempt to serve him.

Thus it is, ink-drops beget flesh and blood: Men, women, and children, as vital as the offspring of Adam, trickle down the goose-quill of genius, and become living, breathing presences in the world. Their goodness, like Heaven's air, is a thing for ever; we hug them to our hearts, creatures of thew and muscle. In the dreariest as in the pleasantest seasons, by the sweet conjuration of our thoughts they are with us—they are our friends inalienable by disappointment or wrong; our fast co-mates to the grave. Wondrous, enviable privilege of genius, that out of so many ink-drops can create immortal beings, ministrant of pleasure and goodness—can people the roughest, darkest bye-ways of the world with cheerful, hopeful things of life, and quicken and ennoble the spent, desponding spirit of man with the true and beautiful!

Here is an invocation to charity made in the name of the Brothers Cheeryble—mere shadows; spectres of the press; things begotten of an ink-bottle. Such, indeed, may the foolish think them; yet has the "Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge," truer, wiser knowledge of the brethren. He knows them to be vitally endowed by the power of genius—as such, he knows them to be still moving about the world, shaking ten thousand hands that welcome them; and so, conjuring by the benignity of their fine natures, he asks relief for *his* Nickleby. May his warm, ingenuous spirit find it!

A POLISHED POEM.

THE intrinsic excellence of the Old English Ballads, in spite of the ruggedness of their language and their metrical irregularities, has long been acknowledged and appreciated. Replete with pathos, with sentiment, and with the other elements of poetic beauty, shrouded in uncouth phraseology, they may be said to be comparable to loveliness in the garb of rusticity, or to the gem of Golconda in the rough. The Modern English Ballads have been less fortunate. Couched in terms of a vernacular and idiomatic, not to say vulgar character, they have been excluded from the category of literature, and have remained in the predicament of rubbish. Many of them yet contain thoughts that breathe, which require only to be clothed in words that burn, to vindicate their claims to the title of Poetry. Let us hope that some competent artist will, ere long, be found to invest such conceptions in their proper habiliments. We are not that artist, we know; but still we will venture an attempt in the line which we have chalked out for him. To the *boudoirs* whereunto *Punch* has the privilege of the *entrée*, he begs to introduce one of those Ballads, in a dress which, he hopes, will render it presentable. Its simplicity, its truthfulness, and, above all, its high moral, have recommended it to him for selection. It is well-known to the million; of whose singing, indeed, it forms a part. Perhaps it will be recognised; perhaps not.

SONG.

AIR.—"*If I had a donkey vot wouldn't go,*
Do you think I'd wallop," &c.

Had I an ass averse to speed,
Deem, st thou I 'd strike him? No, indeed!

BACKING HIS FRIEND.

Mark me, I 'd try persuasion's art,
For cruelty offends my heart:
Had all resembled me, I ween,
Martin, thy law had needless been
Of speechless brutes from blows to screen
The poor head;
For had I an ass averse to speed
I ne'er would strike him; no indeed!
I'd give him hay, and cry, "Proceed,"
And "Go on, Edward!"

Why speak I thus? This very morn,
I saw that cruel William Burn,
Whilst crying "Greens!" upon his course,
Assail his ass with all his force;
He smote him o'er the head and thighs,
Till tears bedimm'd the creature's eyes!
Oh! 'twas too much. My blood 'gan rise,
And I exclaim'd,
"Had I an" &c.

Burn turn'd and cried, with scornful eye,
"Perchance thou'rt one of Martin's fry,
And seek'st occasion base to take,
The vile informer's gain to make."
Word of denial though I spoke,
Full on my brow his fury broke,
And thus, while I return'd the stroke,
I exclaim'd,
"Had I an" &c.

To us, infringing thus the peace,
Approach'd its guardians—the police;
And, like inevitable Fate,
Bore us to where stern Justice sate:
Her minister the tale I told;
And to support my word, made bold
To crave he would the ass behold:
"For," I declared,
"Had I an" &c.

They call'd the creature into court,
Where, sooth to say, he made some sport,
With ears erect, and parted jaws,
As though he strove to plead his cause:
I gain'd the palm of feelings kind;
The ass was righted; William fined.
For Justice, one with me in mind,
Exclaim'd, by her Minister,
"Had I an" &c.

Cried William to his Judge, "'Tis hard
(Think not the fine that I regard),
But things have reach'd a goodly pass—
One may not beat a stubborn ass!"
Nought spoke the Judge, but closed his book;
So William thence the creature took,
Eyeing me—ah! with what a look,
As gently whispering in his ear, I said,
"William, had I an," &c.

From the above humble attempt a useful hint will be derivable by a noble Lord who shines so peculiarly in paraphrase.

PANIC IN THE ARMY.

"WINCHESTER.—The Fusilier Guards, stationed in this city, on Sunday last were attending divine service in the lobby of the county hall, when a door leading from the vaults under the Crown Court suddenly opened with a violence that prostrated a tall sergeant near it, and a form covered with dust and soot, stood before them bellowing, as well as fright and ashes would allow him, 'Cut for your lives!' 'Cut for your lives!' At these appalling words, *Sauve qui peut* became the order of the day, and a most tremendous rush was made to the only outlet to the place. All distinctions of rank and subordination were for the time lost. Fortunately, all gained the outside of the building without loss of life or limb, the only damage sustained being some few bruises and torn regimentals. It appeared the hubbub was caused by some trifling derangement of the hot-water apparatus that warms the building."—*Hampshire Independent.*

WE have heard of the battle of Hastings, and the retreat from Moscow, but nothing in history ever equalled the recent flight of the Fusiliers at Winchester. The men, under the command of their captain, were attending divine service, and were, of course, wholly unarmed. In this utterly defenceless and truly perilous position, they were suddenly "surprised" by the opening of a door, and an individual in the garb of a chimney-sweep rushed amongst them, exclaiming, "Cut for your lives!" a command they instantly obeyed—for the gallant fellows felt, no doubt, how valuable, in case of war, their lives might become to their countrymen. If England should ever be engaged in hostilities, and it should be important to effect a retreat, it is to be hoped that the Fusiliers will be selected to lead the way, if not to glory and renown, at least to security. If other regiments have added to the lustre of British arms, the reputation of British legs must rest on the gallant fellows who led the movement the other day at Winchester. We hear that a new stand of colours has been ordered for the valiant Fusiliers; the device upon which will be *a sweep couchant*, with the motto—"Cut it."

JUVENILE COURT CIRCULAR.

WE have always regarded it as a singular omission on the part of the Court newsman, that he makes a point of saying nothing whatever of the movements of the junior branches of the Royal Family. By a judicious system of bribery, added to an adroitness only to be equalled by the Boy Jones, "the Maniac," and other uninvited guests at Buckingham Palace, we have succeeded in introducing a reporter of our own, who will put us in possession of the news, the doings, and the small-talk, of the Royal Nursery; which we proceed to lay before our readers, under the head of

NURSERY COURT CIRCULAR.

The Princess Royal took a short skip with the rope, and subsequently swung for half an hour, attended—or held on to the swing—by the Dowager Lady Littleton.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales played for some minutes a number of variations on the glass harmonicon. His Royal Highness was subsequently taken, for change of scene—and change of pinafore—to the Nursery dressing-room.

The Princess Royal honoured a hoop with a short trundle during the afternoon.

The Royal Infants yawned for a few minutes in the evening; and a representation having been made as to the approach of the Dustmen, the Princess Royal left for Beds by the Marrowbone stage, and was soon followed by her brother and sister.

Improvement in Lithography.

A COPPER-PLATE engraver, at Rome, has discovered a method of fixing on stone the images obtained by the Daguerreotype. If this can be done upon *stone*, it will really be possible to make an impression upon the heart of a Poor-law Commissioner.

LORD LYNDHURST'S CHARGE TO THE PYX JURY.

[*From our own Reporter.*]

A COMMITTEE of the Goldsmiths' Company, appointed to try the coinage, assembled at the Privy Council Chamber, when the Lord Chancellor addressed them nearly as follows :—

"Gentlemen,—You are assembled here to-day to try the value of the coinage; and, as the coal merchant is said to have remarked that 'Coals is coals,' it will be for you to say if money is really money.

"Gentlemen, there is no pleasure in life without some alloy, and money, which is one of the greatest of earthly delights, has also its alloy; but you will have to take care there is not too much of it. Formerly, every gold watch weighed so many carats, from which it became usual to call a silver watch a turnip; but this will not, at present, form a branch of your inquiry. Troy weight, gentlemen, is derived from the heavy responsibility the Trojans were under to their creditors. The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their coins in the presence of the legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the tip of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be above the standard. You, gentlemen, will not be required to do this. It will be sufficient if you ring the money on the mahogany dining-table that you will find prepared for you.

"The early Italians used cattle instead of coin, and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand pound bullock, when he would receive twenty fifty-pound sheep, or perhaps, if he wanted very small change, there would be a few lambs amongst them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's banker's, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of bullion.

"To return, however, gentlemen, to the duty that will devolve upon yourselves. You will be called upon to examine into the unhealthy custom of sweating sovereigns; and, with regard to this point, will do well to recollect that Charles the First was, perhaps, the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent that his immediate successor, Charles the Second, became one of the lightest sovereigns ever known in this country.

"With these remarks, gentlemen, I leave you to the discharge of your important duties. There are weights and scales in the next room; and while British honesty holds the beam, I am sure that British wealth can never suffer; for it is the boast of our blessed nation, that the merchant may hold his head as high as the noble—(*aside*) if his washerwoman has put sufficient starch in his shirt-collar." The learned lord's speech was so much applauded when he arrived at the beautiful little figure of the merchant and the noble, that the concluding words, spoken aside, were not audible.

The foreman of the Pyx jury, in the enthusiasm of the moment, asked the whole of the Privy Council to a banquet, to be given the same evening in the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company.

The Lord Chancellor, in the name of the Privy Council, observed, that they were all indisposed, and all their medical attendants had said, that by all means they must all keep quiet, and therefore could not accept the Pyx jury's polite invitation. The jury then amused themselves by tossing up, weighing, breathing upon, biting, and otherwise experimentalising with the coin of the realm, which they declared to be honest and satisfactory.

PUNCH'S PATENT MEDICINES.

PUNCH respectfully begs to offer the following Patent Medicines for the patronage of the British Public :—

Punch's KALOPOIETIC STERNUTATORY, or BEAUTIFYING SNUFF.—There is, perhaps, no feature of the "human face divine" of more importance as an element in personal beauty than the Nose. It has long been observed that the Snuffs in common use exert a most prejudicial influence on this organ; producing an unseemly dilatation of the nostrils, and not unfrequently an alteration of hue. The KALOPOIETIC STERNUTATORY, so far from being chargeable with these disadvantages, possesses the remarkable property of changing the Shape and Colour of the Nose for the better, converting, after a few weeks' employment, the most decided Snub into the most perfect Aquiline; and effectually removing all Warts, Pimples, Tuberosities, and Bristles from its extremity.

To those suffering from the effects of ardent spirits on this feature, the BEAUTIFYING SNUFF is confidently recommended: one Box will remove the most inveterate alcoholic efflorescences. This COSMETIC MIXTURE will prove a real blessing to the fair sex in dispelling that nasal erubescence which is one of the greatest miseries of winter, and which One Pinch will infallibly transfer to the cheek in ten minutes. It may be taken to excess without the slightest injury to the voice. In colour it is of a beautiful French White, and exhales a most delicious Fragrance. Its effects on the Nervous System are most beneficial; it producing a gentle but permanent Exhilaration of Spirits, and a lively and facetious Flow of Ideas. To such of the Nobility as may wish to possess a Nose worthy of their Birth and Station; and to those of the Public in general, who are anxious for an Aristocratic Profile, this snuff will be found inestimable. In tin packages, at 5*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Punch's METAMAPHOSEON, or TRANSFORMATORY EYE WATER.—This WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, for CHANGING EYES of an indifferent COLOUR to BLUE, HAZEL, or BLACK, is the result of a long series of Experiments and Researches in Ophthalmology. It is a fluid of limpid appearance, and not distinguishable by the senses from PUMP WATER; but, by the aid of Homœopathic Chemistry, it has been infinitesimally imbued with a peculiar substance, endowed with the astonishing power of so acting on the Iris as entirely to change its colour. According to the number and mode of the applications, it converts the natural tint of the EYE to BLUE, HAZEL, or JET BLACK; and is warranted to extirpate the smallest conceivable portion of GREEN IN THE EYE. It likewise imparts to the Apparatus of Vision a peculiar BRILLIANCY and LUSTRE, on which account it will be of the greatest service to the Lover; and no one about to enter on a career of courtship ought to be without a bottle of it. It so far improves the dullest sight as entirely to SUPERSEDE SPECTACLES, and corrects the most confirmed squint, thus rendering the painful operation for Strabismus unnecessary. In bottles at 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* each; or 2*l.* 2*s.* for a case containing five bottles.

Punch's FIGURE PILLS.—These extraordinary Pills, by an occult operation on the formative principle of the Human Body, effect an amelioration of the figure, remedying emaciation, reducing corpulence, and exalting DEFORMITY itself into the PERFECTION of the IDEAL MARBLE, whereby all Stays, Bandages, Screws, and other Mechanical Contrivances, so prejudicial to Health and Longevity, may be dispensed with. They effectually REMOVE all kinds of SPINAL CURVATURES, BOW LEGS, and other DISTORTIONS OF THE FRAME, and enable the unhappy possessor of unshapely extremities to realise a delicately-formed hand, taper fingers, and small feet. They likewise eradicate all Warts, Corns, Bunions, Wens, and other excrescences; and one month's persevering recourse to them will clothe the most haggard pauper with the proportions of an Antinous, or transform the most unwieldy Alderman into a Belvidere Apollo. A single trial will prove the fact. Their ingredients being entirely vegetable, their composition is perfectly innoxious. In Boxes at 3*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* per Box.

Punch's MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL ELIXIR.—The influence of the Body (through the Medium of the Nervous System) on the Mind, is well known. *Punch's* MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL ELIXIR is an unfailing remedy for all MENTAL MALADIES from INSANITY and FATUITY to MANIA; also for all obliquities and vitiations of the Feelings, and faults and defects of the Understanding. It is a certain cure for Ignorance and Stupidity, and completely controls and subdues all tendency to Theft, Larceny, Swindling, Murder, and Suicide; as well as all Pride, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Gloom, and Discontent; producing an amiable disposition to look at the bright side of everything. Whims, Crotchets, and Prejudices, including the various Idols enumerated by LORD BACON, are extirpated by a few doses. To Attorneys, Bill Discounters, and others, desirous of living honestly, it may be safely recommended; also to Metaphysicians, Philosophers, and all Persons engaged in the investigation of Truth. Statesmen wishing to become true Patriots, will find their account in taking the Medicine. Sold in Pint Bottles, at 12*s.* the bottle. Will keep in any climate, and may be safely exported to America.

The above Medicine to be had only at the Office (194, Strand), of Mr. PUNCH, (Publisher of the Almanack.) All are contained in envelopes, signed, PUNCH, and countersigned, BOY DICK. None others are genuine.

Shocking Loss of Property.

THE *Pennsylvanian Inquirer* of the 15th ult. gives a terrible account of the wreck of the *Shepherdess* steamer. It pathetically says, "One man lost 3,000 dollars in money, and another *thirty negroes!*" We trust that the latter calamity will touch the benevolent bosoms of the Americans, and that no time will be lost in subscribing for the poor man at least thirty blacks. It is bad enough to lose mere dollars, but to see one's black human flesh go to the bottom of a river, would wring tears from a heart of rock.

Heraldry.

A GENERAL error seems to prevail, that the Dukedom of Jenkins is entirely a modern creation. This we have authority from the College of Arms to contradict; the illustrious individual who now enjoys the title having incontestably established his right to a *dormant* peerage. For those curious in heraldry we may add, that his genealogical tree is discovered by the Kings of Arms to have been the "Boot-tree."

The Aloe of the Morning Press.

THE *Morning Advertiser*, in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary, gave a *double* sheet on Friday last.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 33, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.—OF MASTER AND SERVANT.

HAVING commented on the people in their public relations, we now come to private relations, including Master and Servant, Husband and Wife,—which, by the bye, is a relation something like that of master and servant, for the wife is often a slave to the husband,—Parent and Child, and Guardian and Ward—the latter being a sort of relationship which is seen upon the stage, where a choleric old man with a stick is always thwarting the affections of a young lady in white muslin.

We shall begin with Master and Servant—showing how such relationship is created and destroyed. There is now no such thing as pure and proper slavery in England; so that a servant of all-work who says, "Hang that door-bell,—I am a perfect slave to it," has recourse to a fiction.

England is so repugnant to slavery, that directly a negro sets his foot on English ground he is free; but if he has lost both his legs, he cannot of course put his foot on British soil, and would remain a slave to circumstances. A menial servant is so called from the word *mœnia*, which signifies walls, and arises probably from the practice of brushing down cobwebs from the *mœnia*, or walls, with a Turk's-head, or hair-broom. The old doctrine of a month's wages or a month's warning is always acted on in London, except when a servant refuses to obey his master's orders, when it seems the master may give the servant kicks—and kick him out—instead of halfpence.

Another species of servants are called Apprentices, from the word *apprendre*, to learn; and thus a barber's apprentice learns to shave on the faces of poor people, who, in consideration of their paying nothing, allow themselves to be practised on by beginners who have never handled the razor.

Next come the Labourers, whose wages were formerly settled by justices of the peace at session, or the sheriff; but now the master settles the wages, or, if he does not settle, he is a very shabby fellow for failing in doing so.

Stewards, Porters, and Bailiffs come next; but no one would think of having a bailiff as his servant, unless there were an execution in the house, and the bailiff were thrust into livery to save appearances.

A master may correct his apprentice for negligence; and if a grocer's apprentice neglects to sand the sugar, the master may give him the cane, for neglecting his business.

A master may maintain or assist his servant in an action at law; and if one's footman happens to be a rightful heir in disguise, the master may lend him the money to go to law against the wrongful heir, for the purpose of recovering the property.

A master may assault a man for assaulting his servant, on the principle, probably, that in a row, as in everything else, the more the merrier.

"If any person do hire my servant," says F. N. B. 167, 168—but whether F. N. B. is a policeman or what, it is impossible to say, for we only find him alluded to in the books as F. N. B. 167, 168—"if any person do hire my servant," says he, "I may have an action for damages against both the new master and the servant, or either of them." This glorious old privilege is rather obsolete, for we do not find the courts much occupied in trying actions between ladies and gentlemen and their late menials.

The master is amenable, to a certain extent, for the act of his servant; and, therefore, if a servant commit a trespass by order of his master—such as if a gentleman riding by a field were to order his groom to jump over into it and pull up a turnip—the master, though he did not eat the whole of the turnip, or any of it, would be liable for the trespass. If an innkeeper's servant rob a guest, the innkeeper is liable, on the principle of like master like man; for the law very reasonably thinks that, if the servant is a thief, the master very likely may be.

If I usually pay my tradesman ready money, I am not liable if he trusts my servant; but if I do not usually pay him any money at all, then I am liable to pay the money—when he can get it out of me. This is on the authority of Noy's Maxims—and a maxim is always supposed to contain the maximum of wisdom.

By an old statute, called "An Act for the better and more careful use of the Frying-pan," it is provided that any servant who sets the house on fire by carelessness shall forfeit 100*l.*, or go to the workhouse, where they would forfeit so many pounds of flesh by the spareness of the diet; and this act, savouring too much of the spirit of Shylock, is now seldom acted on. A master is liable if anything is thrown from the window of a house; but it has been decided that if a house should be on fire, and a servant should throw himself on the indulgence of the public by jumping amongst the crowd, and should hurt any one, the master would not be liable, for this would not be wilful damage.

If a pea-shooter be discharged from the garret, and the pea enter the eye of a passenger, the *pater-familias*, or master of the house, is, in the eye of the law, answerable for the pea in the eye of the stranger; for it is a common law right, inherent in every one, to protect his own pupil.

Such are the leading features of the law of master and servant. The modern tiger has not been regarded by the ancient Constitution; but we find in Petersdorff's Abridgment a quaint allusion to the legs of footmen, some of whom, he says, appear to be regularly calved out for the prominent situations they occupy.

The Money Market.

THE Government broker has been again busy, but with what view we are unable to say, for we do not pretend to be in the secrets of the Bank parlour, though we made a violent effort to peep over the blind to see what was going forward. The Governor seemed to be in the chair (which was an easy one), and appeared to be occupied in adding to the rest, for he had a pocket-handkerchief thrown over his face, and with a foot on each hob he was taking it very easily. That the coffers of the Bank are fuller than ever of bullion, is the general belief; and indeed they must be overstocked, for we observed half a sovereign—to say nothing of some loose silver—lying carelessly on the chimney-piece. Capitalists are of course anxious to lodge as much as possible with the Bank; but unless the Directors are inclined to throw open the Bank parlour, we do not see how the lodging can be effected.

USELESS LEARNING.

SOME of our contemporaries have expressed much useless indignation that the Poor-Law Officers of Norwood do not teach the pauper children the principles of Christianity. Why not as well require them to be taught the *belles lettres* and painting on velvet? Why should Poor-Law authorities teach paupers the theory of Christianity, when, indeed, they are to see nothing of its practice?

BROUGHAM'S TROUSERS AND THE WOOLSACK.

THE Tweed trousers of Lord BROUGHAM are now matter of history. Curious folks have seen in their approximation to black and white an outward type and shadowing of the inward man: the regularity of the pattern is, we think, fatal to this belief—his Lordship, in his politics, avoiding everything *on the square*. Leaving, however, the fancy of those discoverers who would seek the colour of a great man's mind in a man's trousers, we have to inform the reader of a curious circumstance, than which, perhaps, there is nothing more curious in all Sir KENNETH DIGBY'S writings on physical sympathy. It is well known that though Lord BROUGHAM has no business whatever on the Woolsack, it is impossible for him to keep off it. Lord LYNDHURST is, to be sure, its nominal possessor; but unless he be secured to his seat by cords or straps, he will inevitably some day be edged and edged by Lord BROUGHAM on to the floor. Do we blame or sneer at the ex-Chancellor for this? We hope not: we trust we have more philosophy; and consequently do not visit upon the man what, in truth, belongs only to the man's trousers.

There is no man upon earth less ambitious than Lord BROUGHAM. For this fact we have the very best authority—his own. Did he not make up his mind to refuse, a second time, the Chancellorship, and that, too, when his former colleagues had predetermined not to offer it him? Is there, then, any man who less covets the distinction of place than the philosophic HENRY BROUGHAM? "Why, then," asks the reader, "is he continually jumping on the Woolsack?" *Que le diable fait-il dans ce galère?* "Why, then, does he feel such an evident itching for his former seat?" Alas! sir, the fault is not in the spirit of Lord BROUGHAM, but in his trousers. Strip him of his Tweeds, and he is the quietest of ex-Chancellors. What, then, it will still be asked, makes him hop on and off the Woolsack like a blackbird on a twig? The cause has been narrated to us; and in justice to Lord BROUGHAM, suffering as he is from the ignorance of the malignant and superficial, we do not hesitate to publish it.

It is well known that the fleece of a sheep has in it two or three sorts of wool; one sort may be set apart for the manufacture of fine cloth, another for a coarser texture. Now, it is an indisputable fact, as proved to us by the best authority, that the self-same fleece which was made to contribute to Lord BROUGHAM'S Tweed trousers, also gave its finer portion to the cloth which covers the Woolsack! And thus it is the separated parts of the fleece—according to DIGBY'S laws of sympathy—are always yearning and striving *to get together*. Thus it is that poor Lord BROUGHAM, unconscious of the powerful agency that moves him, is continually getting cheek by jowl with Lord LYNDHURST—and, as it were, grinding his nether man into the Woolsack—whilst its lawful possessor is pushed and pushed by the innocent, yet possessed intruder, to the very edge of his seat.

We trust that we have satisfactorily explained what we own may have appeared rude and unseemly conduct on the part of the ex-Chancellor. And when, in future, his Lordship shall be jumping on and off the Woolsack, to the wonder and amusement of the House, let it not be thought that he is incited to possess himself of that station by an ambitious brain—by any prompting of the *head*; certainly not, but by—quite the reverse.

SUGGESTED PROSECUTION OF PUNCH FOR CONSPIRACY!

IT will be seen, from the Parliamentary Report of Friday, that, on Thursday evening, Mr. Serjeant Murphy, in the course of a very clever speech, pointed out *Punch* as a proper subject for prosecution. We can only say we shall be very happy to meet the Government* in any way, or upon any ground, from the Bar of the House of Lords down to the court of *pie poudre*—so called from the necessity of coming down with the dust—which has been urged by all our oldest lawyers from More down to something infinitely less—we mean Roebuck. We are not aware what charge is to be brought against us, but, with our usual amiability, we will ourselves furnish the peg upon which to hang the prosecution first, and ourselves afterwards, unless, as Serjeant Murphy suggests, the Ministers know better than to grapple with us. We cannot be arraigned for attempting to repeal the Union between England and Ireland, but we have occasionally been charged with conspiracy to split the sides of the United Kingdom, which would enable the Government to get up a tolerable case against us. If Sir Robert Peel will only retain us, we will be so accommodating as to draw our own Indictment; and we subjoin a specimen of a count, which, in consequence of the immense competition in the legal profession, and the alarming sacrifices now being made by many learned gentlemen—of the interests of their clients—we shall be happy to put in at a remarkably low figure.

"AND Whereas the said *Punch*, heretofore, to wit, that is to say, by wit, on the day and year aforesaid, did with force of jokes, *bon mots*, jests, *jeux d'esprit*, satires, squibs, *facetiæ*, fun, humour, wit, wisdom, puns, philosophy, poetry, plates, cuts, and other missiles, make a tremendous hit, rap, blow, sensation, or other extraordinary effect, which did dreadfully shake, or set shaking, agitate, or set in agitation, convulse, or throw into convulsions, the sides, ribs, flanks, or other lateral extremities of the said United Kingdom; to the great and imminent danger of the said sides, ribs, flanks, or other lateral extremities, and with the intention of cracking, splitting, or otherwise repealing the Union between the said sides, &c., as heretofore, &c.; to the damage, &c. of &c., to the intent &c. and &c.—Whereof," &c.

The above is a sample of the counts, for which the charge will be considerably reduced in the event of the Government taking a quantity. The only difficulty about the matter will be the jury to convict us, for we shall certainly claim to be tried by our peers, and shall challenge every juryman who cannot make a joke, or undergo a searching examination in that great text book of the humorous constitution—the work of the immortal Miller. Feeling thoroughly convinced, that to prosecute us would only add, if possible, to our popularity, we shall be very glad to pay for the indictment as an advertisement, and will go to the expense of turning the writ into a posting-bill for the walls of the Metropolis.

[* We have written to Sir R. Peel on the subject—our letter will be found at p. 96.]

Punch's Mirror of Parliament.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

KNOWING the public anxiety on this question, the Duke of RICHMOND said, that having been proceeded against for certain penalties incurred by betting on horse-racing, he should instantly move for leave to introduce a Bill to put an end to the actions that had been brought against him. He (the Duke of RICHMOND) had no selfish motive in the course he had adopted. (*Hear, Hear.*) Horse-racing was a noble sport, and he wished to see the manly pastimes of the people more generally encouraged. He should conclude by moving that the Bill for relieving himself and others from certain penalties be read a first time.

Lord BROUGHAM begged to express his concurrence in the noble sentiments that he had heard fall from the lips of his noble friend. These *qui tam* actions were brought against most noble and most honourable individuals, some of them friends of his own, and he therefore should cordially support the Bill for putting an end to those actions immediately. (*Hear.*) He (Lord BROUGHAM) thought he might be permitted to say, without fear of contradiction either from his most noble and scientific friend on his right, or his less scientific but equally noble friend on his left, that the greatness of an empire consists in the strength of her people, and that no people can be truly strong, if the manly sports to which they are attached are denied to them. (*Cheers.*) He should certainly record his vote in favour of the Bill for suspending the *qui tam* actions to which his noble and honourable friend had been subjected.

The Bill was then read a first time, and the House adjourned.

HORSE-RACING BILL.

Lord BROUGHAM rose to move the second reading of this Bill. He (Lord BROUGHAM), considering the effect of these manly sports on the British character,—considering that the actions were now going on, and every day might add to the expense,—considering the great advantage of encouraging the breed of horses, and the very heavy penalties to which some most honourable friends of his own were exposed,—considering also the great interest felt by all classes in those beautiful displays of equestrian emulation which rendered the race-course of Epsom the pride of the world,—considering that the Sovereigns of this country had often given plates to be run for,—and considering, lastly, that if the law took its course, some very estimable members of their Lordships' House would most likely be called upon to pay very heavy sums, he (Lord BROUGHAM) would propose that the standing orders be suspended, to enable the Bill to be read a second time, to be committed, and to be read a third time without delay. This course having been agreed to, the House adjourned.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE,

A Tragic Ballad.

I SING not now in joyous strain,
To suit these mirthful pages ;
Mine is a tale of love and pain,
Black blood and by-gone ages.

Some people's wit is small indeed—
But smaller still must his be,
Who 's never had the luck to read
Of Pyramus and Thisbe.

I do not write for such a dunce,
My task would be in vain ;
Let those who 've blubbered at it once,
Now read, and weep again.

Of all the beauties of the East,
Fair Thisbe was the star,
And Nature gave her—last not least—
A very cross mamma.

Next door there lived a "nice young man,"
One Pyramus by name ;
And laughing Cupid soon began
To kindle up the flame.

Then came soft words and softer sighs,
And "hearts for ever true,"
And radiant eyes, like summer skies,
And little *billets-doux*.

Next Thisbe 'd ask to go and walk,
Upon some sly pretence,
And then they 'd meet alone, and talk
Across the garden-fence.

At last her mother caught her out—
And scarlet grew her forehead.
"My stars ! miss, what are you about ?
Good gracious me, how horrid ! "

She locked her up—our hero, too,
Was lectured by his father :
"Do that again, sir ! just you do !
And won't I whop you—rather ! "

He begged and prayed : the governor
Still gave that answer gruff—
"Lord ; what 's the good of lovin' her ?
A boy like you, sir ! stuff !

"Come, get along ! what 's all this fuss ?
Let 's have no more, sir, pray ! "
With broken heart poor Pyramus
Turn'd in despair away.

He moped all day, and talked to none,
Through dim and lone woods wending ;
Men cried, "If this be lover's fun,
Our hearts are worth defending ! "

When day was done, the night again
Brought visions of his fairy :
Alas ! how vain the tender pain,
"*In statu pupillari*."

He cried, "O this is hard, indeed—
I mayn't caress my love, nor
With blameless word win blameless meed—
O cruel, cruel guv'nor ! "

I said, you know, some time ago,
Their houses stood contiguous ;
Not *dos-à-dos*, but in a row—
I hate to be ambiguous.

Well, little Love, who 's up to snuff,
In pitying mood, one day,
Proposed a plan ; and sure enough
They tried, and found it pay.

He whispered in the ear of each,
"Seek out some little hole in
Your wall, through which your lover's
speech
May echo most consoling."

They searched above, they searched below,
To find affection's keyhole ;
Till—just when all appear'd "no go,"
They found a little wee hole.

A rotten brick had come in two—
They saw the cranny—nay, more,
They saw their love by peeping through,
Ah ! "*Quid non sentit amor ?*"

They poked the useless brick away
By digging out the mortar ;
And there they passed the livelong day
In whispers and "soft sawder."

Then, Thisbe 'd cry, "Oh dear, oh dear,
My eyes are full of dust, love ;
You must come round and kiss me here,
Indeed, indeed, you must, love."

And then, poor Pyramus would say,
"God bless me, how can this be !
I've kissed a dirty lump of clay,
And not my pretty Thisbe !

"Bad wall, bad wall ! thy chink is small,
Thy big stones almost hide her :
Why leave the little hole at all
Unless a little wider ?

"O will you meet me quite alone
To-morrow night, my dear,
Beyond brass-gated Babylon
Where walls can't interfere.

"Let 's meet by nine, at Ninus' tomb,
Under the mulberry-tree,
The moon that lights the sunless gloom
Shall light my love to me."

'Tis night—the moon has flung her beam
Far down the glowing wave,
Where rolls Euphrates' silent stream
Fast by the monarch's grave :—

The night-wind bids the forest groan
And leafy branches reel ;—
But, Lord ! Who 's this—and all alone—
In such a *déshabille*.

'Tis Thisbe ! hear it, wise mammas,
The lesson 's told concisely,—
Don't bother Love by bolts and bars,
Or you 'll be diddled nicely !

For though her mother—cross old cat—
Had safely locked her in,
She knew a trick worth two of that,
And did n't care a pin.

She soon escaped—no matter how—
And ere the bell tolled nine,
Sat trembling where the forest bough
Danced in the pale moonshine.

She sat and watched the waters roll,
And more impatient grew :—
At last she heard a horrid growl,—
"Oh dear, what shall I do ?"

"Speak, Pyramus ! Where are you ! Oh,
I hear that growl again !
How can you leave your Thisbe so ?
You must—you must be slain ! "

She 'd hardly done, when, trotting by,
A lion fresh from slaughter,
With black blood drenched, and savage eye,
Came from the woods to water.

Poor Thisbe shuddered at the sight,
Not relishing his "ivory ;"
"Besides,—especially to-night—
It 's very hard to die—very !

"I 'll run and hide behind an oak,
My stars ! just hear him swallow ;
I 'd better first throw off my cloak,
I wonder if he 'll follow ? "

The lion on a hawthorn spray
Descried the mantle dangling,
She 'd washed it out that very day,
He stopped—and did the mangling.

But ah ! the brute was hardly gone
When Pyramus drew near—
"My Thisbe ! Where 's my love—my own—
Good gracious me ! what 's here ?

"Oh, Thisbe, dearest, are you dead ;
Can this torn robe say true !
All pawed and clawed and bloody red,—
My love, I 'll follow you ! "

Then out he drew his shining blade,
"Grim Death—a friend art thou—
My folly 's slain earth's fairest maid !
I 'll not survive———so now ! "

With that, he gave a deadly dig,
Another, and one more,
Then kicked and hollo'd like a pig—
And his short life was o'er.

Poor Thisbe ! fancy how she cried
To find her lover stuck ;—
"Great Gods ! I 'll slumber by his side,
The darling, darling duck ? "

She snatched the weapon from the wound,
And bared her snowy breast ;

Once gazed in maddening grief around,
And then—we know the rest !

Trin. Coll., Cam.

Appropriate Present.

THE Duke of Richmond has endeared himself to all lovers of manly sports, by his Bill to legalise Gambling. Yesterday, several individuals, distinguished at Epsom and Goodwood, in token of their acknowledgment of the noble Duke's efforts, forwarded to him three Brass Thimbles and a pint of Peas !

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION!

[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAPTER I.

IT is seldom that the historian has to record events more singular than those which occurred during this year, when the Crown of France was battled for by no less than four pretenders, with equal claims, merits, bravery, and popularity. First in the list we place—

His Royal Highness, Louis Antony Frederic Samuel Anna-Maria, Duke of Brittany, and son of Louis XVI. The unhappy Prince, when a prisoner with his unfortunate parents in the Temple, was enabled to escape from that place of confinement, hidden (for the treatment of the ruffians who guarded him had caused the young Prince to dwindle down astonishingly) in the cocked hat of the representative Rœderer. It is well known that, in the troublous, revolutionary times, cocked hats were worn of a considerable size.

He passed a considerable part of his life in Germany; was confined there for thirty years in the dungeon of Spielberg; and, escaping thence to England, was, under pretence of debt, but in reality from political hatred, imprisoned there also in the Tower of London. He must not be confounded with any other of the persons who laid claim to be children of the unfortunate victim of the first revolution.

The next claimant, Henri of Bordeaux, is better known. In the year 1843, he held his little fugitive Court in furnished lodgings, in a forgotten district of London, called Belgrave Square. Many of the nobles of France flocked thither to him, despising the persecutions of the occupant of the throne; and some of the chiefs of the British nobility, among whom may be reckoned the celebrated and chivalrous Duke of Jenkins, aided the adventurous young Prince with their counsels, their wealth, and their valour.

The third candidate was his Imperial Highness Prince John Thomas Napoleon—a fourteenth cousin of the late emperor; and said by some to be a Prince of the House of Gomersal. He argued justly, that, as the immediate relatives of the celebrated Corsican had declined to compete for the Crown which was their right, he, Prince John Thomas, being next in succession, was, undoubtedly, heir to the vacant Imperial throne. And in support of his claim, he appealed to the fidelity of Frenchmen and the strength of his good sword.

His Majesty Louis Philippe was, it need not be said, the illustrious wielder of the sceptre which the three above-named princes desired to wrest from him. It does not appear that the sagacious monarch was esteemed by his subjects, as such a prince should have been esteemed. The light-minded people, on the contrary, were rather weary than otherwise of his sway. They were not in the least attached to his amiable family, for whom his Majesty with characteristic thrift had endeavoured to procure satisfactory allowances. And the leading statesmen of the country, whom his Majesty had disgusted, were suspected of entertaining any but feelings of loyalty towards his house and person.

It was against the three above-named pretenders that Louis Philippe (now nearly a hundred years old), a prince amongst sovereigns, was called upon to defend his crown.

The city of Paris was guarded, as we all know, by a hundred and twenty-four forts, of a thousand guns each; provisioned for a considerable time, and all so constructed as to fire, if need were, upon the Palace of the Tuileries. Thus, should the mob attack it, as in August 1792, and July 1830, the building could be rased to the ground in an hour: thus, too, the capital was quite secure from foreign invasion. Another defence against the foreigners was the state of the roads; since the English companies had retired, half a mile only of railroad had been completed in France, and thus any army accustomed, as those of Europe now are, to move at sixty miles an hour, would have been *ennuyéed* to death before they could have marched from the Rhenish, the Maritime, the Alpine, or the Pyrenean frontier upon the capital of France. The French people, however, were indignant at this defect of communication in their territory, and said, without the least show of reason, that they would have preferred that the five hundred and seventy-five thousand billions of francs which had been expended upon the fortifications should have been laid out in a more peaceful manner. However, behind his forts, the king lay secure.

As it is our aim to depict in as vivid a manner as possible the strange events of the period, the actions, the passions of individuals and parties engaged, we cannot better describe them than by referring to contemporary documents, of which there is no lack. It is amusing at the present day to read in the pages of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats* the accounts of the strange scenes which took place.

The year 1834 had opened very tranquilly. The Court of the Tuileries had been extremely gay. The three and twenty youngest Princes of England, sons of her Majesty Victoria, had enlivened the balls by their presence. The Emperor of Russia and family had paid their accustomed visit; and the King of the Belgians had, as usual, made his visit to his royal father-in-law, under pretence of duty and pleasure, but really to demand payment of the Queen of the Belgians' dowry, which Louis Philippe of Orleans still resolutely declined to pay. Who would have thought that in the midst of such festivity danger was lurking rife; in the midst of such quiet rebellion!

Charenton was the great lunatic asylum of Paris, and it was to this repository that the scornful journalist consigned the pretender to the throne of Louis XVI.

But on the next day, viz. Saturday, the 29th Feb., the same journal contained a paragraph of a much more startling and serious import; in which, although under a mask of carelessness, it was easy to see the Government alarm.

On Friday, the 28th Feb., the *Journal des Débats* contained a paragraph, which did not occasion much sensation at the Bourse, so absurd did its contents seem. It ran as follows:—

"Encore un Louis XVII.! A letter from Calais tells us that a strange personage, lately landed from England, (from Bedlam we believe,) has been giving himself out to be the son of the unfortunate

THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE AND THE ANTI-LEAGUE.

A NEW VERSION OF

THE BULL AND THE FROG.

Louis XVI. This is the twenty-fourth pretender of the species who has asserted that his father was the august victim of the Temple. Beyond his pretensions, the poor creature is said to be pretty harmless; he is accompanied by one or two old women, who declare they recognise in him the Dauphin; he does not make any attempt to seize upon his throne by force of arms, but waits until Heaven shall conduct him to it.

"If his Majesty comes to Paris, we presume he will *take up* his quarters in the palace of *Charenton*.

"We have not before alluded to certain rumours which have been afloat (among the lowest *canaille*, and the vilest *estaminets*, of the Metropolis), that a notorious personage—why should we hesitate to mention the name of the Prince JOHN THOMAS NAPOLEON?—has entered France with culpable intentions, and revolutionary views. The *Moniteur* of this morning, however, confirms the disgraceful fact. A pretender is on our shores; an armed assassin is threatening our peaceful liberties; a wandering, homeless cut-throat, is robbing on our highways; and the punishment of his crime awaits him. Let no considerations of the past deter that just punishment: it is the duty of the legislator to provide for *the future*. Let the full powers of the law be brought against him, aided by the stern justice of the public force. Let him be tracked, like a wild beast, to his lair, and meet the fate of one. But the sentence has, ere this, been certainly executed. The brigand, we hear, has been distributing (without any effect) pamphlets among the low ale-houses and peasantry of the department of the Upper Rhine (in which he lurks); and the police have an easy means of tracking his footsteps.

"Corporal Crâne, of the Gendarmerie, is on the track of the unfortunate young man. His attempt will only serve to show the folly of Pretenders, and the love, respect, regard, fidelity, admiration, reverence, and passionate personal attachment in which we hold our beloved Sovereign."

Second Edition!—Capture of the Prince!

"A courier has just arrived at the Tuileries with a report, that after a scuffle between Corporal Crâne and the 'Imperial Army,' in a water-barrel, whither the latter had retreated, victory has remained with the former. A desperate combat ensued in the first place in a hay-loft, whence the Pretender was ejected with immense loss. He is now a prisoner—and we dread to think what his fate may be! It will warn future aspirants, and give Europe a lesson which it is not likely to forget. Above all, it will set beyond a doubt the regard, respect, admiration, reverence, and adoration which we all feel for our Sovereign."

Third Edition!

"A second courier has arrived—the infatuated Crâne has made common cause with the Prince, and for ever forfeited the respect of Frenchmen. A detachment of the 520th Léger has marched in pursuit of the Pretender and his dupes. Go, Frenchmen, go and conquer! Remember that it is our rights you guard, our homes which you march to defend; our laws which are confided to the points of your unsullied bayonets;—above all, our dear, dear Sovereign, around whose throne you rally!

"Our feelings overpower us. Men of the 520th remember your watchword is GEMAPPES,—your countersign, VALMY."

"The Emperor of Russia and his distinguished family quitted the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty embraced his Majesty the King of the French with tears in his eyes, and conferred upon their RR.HH., the Princes of Nemours and Joinville, the grand cross of the Order of the Blue Eagle."

"His Majesty passed a review of the Police force—the venerable monarch was received with deafening cheers by this admirable and disinterested body of men. Those cheers were echoed in all French hearts: long, long may our beloved Prince be among us to receive them!"

Foreign Intelligence.

WE understand that the celebrated case of the two Kilkenny cats—who, shut together in a garret, fought each other until nothing of them remained but their tails,—has been under the serious consideration of the Five Powers, with a view to its application to the present state of Spain. It has, consequently, been resolved upon that no foreign intercourse whatever shall be permitted with that country for the next five years. That time elapsed, it will be curious to know how much will remain of all parties of the Spanish. Bets run that nothing will be found but their moustaches!

THE NUN OF BERMONDSEY.

TAKING THE *Veil.*—(*Sibthorpe fecit.*)

In the Morning Papers we find this advertisement:—

CONVENT of MERCY, Bermondsey.—On Thursday, Feb. 15, a LADY will receive from Bishop Griffiths the RELIGIOUS VEIL and the HOLY HABIT of our BLESSED LADY of MERCY, in the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, Bermondsey. The ceremony will commence at 12 o'clock precisely. Tickets may be PURCHASED at the following Catholic Booksellers, &c., &c.

We really think the show—considering it is made a purchasable recreation—a very shameful interference with the privileges of that admirable actress, Miss Kelly. It will of course be in the vivid recollection of at least half-a-dozen enthusiasts who visited that lady's jewel-case of a theatre, (No. 42½ Dean-street, Soho,) that the actress has the sole acting right of *The Sister of Charity*. She has played it at least a hundred times for "hire and reward" as the statute runs; she was, moreover, the original *Sister*, and has, inalienably, a copyright in the sympathies and tears of a British public for that character. What, then, is to be said of the Manageress (whoever she may be) of the theatrical Convent of Mercy, Bermondsey? Is it fair, we ask, to pirate the white veil of a sister actress? Of course, had not the exhibition been advertised as one of the amusements of the day, we should have passed it in silence: but we cannot suffer such unfair opposition without a word of protest. And why, we ask, *sell* tickets for the exhibition? Surely, Bishop Griffiths, like Mr. Macready or any other theatrical star, does not require enormous terms for his acting on the occasion? Why should the Abbess of the Convent set herself up against Miss Kelly, the rightful Abbess of Dean-street? We ask of the Lord Chamberlain, is the Convent licensed for theatrical representations? If not, we trust Miss Kelly will take her legal remedy.

We had written thus far, when a letter was brought us. Recognising a female hand, we, of course, dropt our pen, and broke the seal.

"Mr. PUNCH,—I am just come back, with my two grand-daughters, Heloise and Susannah, trolloping all the way from Bermondsey. They told me as how they had *bought* tickets for *The Sister of Mercy*, and as I always loved a play dearly, and they told me it would no doubt be very cutting, I drest myself for the theatre. Well, sir, knowing nothing of Bermondsey, or indeed anything of the play-houses on that side of the water, I didn't know where I was taken till I found myself near the stage, as I thought, and the show about to begin. I then wanted to buy a bill of the play and some oranges, but, look where I would, couldn't see any woman. Well, sir, the music began, and a young lady—a very pretty creature, I must say—drest in white muslin and crowned with white roses, came on. There was a deal of ceremony gone through, and Heloise sobbed, and Susannah blubbered; but I told them to be quiet for a couple of noodles, for they were only looking at a show. How, sir, could I think otherwise, when we had paid our money for tickets (according to an advertisement) to see the whole affair? Well, *Mr. Punch*, judge my astonishment when I found out that there was no sham in the matter—that the real nun had been advertised just like the last mermaid, or the Jibbeway Indians!

"Well, sir, my object in writing to you is to ask if these things are licensed by Act of Parliament, and, if not, by what means can I get my money back again? I should, of course, expect to pay to see Miss Vincent, or any other person 'of domestic tragedy' as a nun, because she's one of the stage people, and gets her bread by it; but Miss Crudden (for that, I find by the papers, is the nun of Bermondsey's name), or any other real nun, ought not to meddle with the living of the poor players.

"Your's, *Mr. Punch*,
"HANNAH STIFFBACK."

"P.S. I'd forgot to say that since the show Susannah does nothing but sigh 'to take vows' of some sort, and Heloise has dropt more than one hint of retiring from the world for ever. Now, sir, what these sights may work in the brains of foolish girls nobody can tell. Nuns may become so common, that honest men may soon want wives."

THE ESCAPE FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

(From our own Reporter.)

NOTHING since the escape of Buonaparte from Elba has created such a sensation in the neighbourhood of Milbank as the flight of the seven prisoners from the Penitentiary. The first alarm was given by policeman B, (probably B flat), who, on seeing several men crawling out of the moat, rushed round to the door of the Penitentiary, and kicked at it for a quarter of an hour without effect, after which he gallantly drew his truncheon, and poked at the grating, giving an occasional whistle through the bars; but until he rammed a bit of stick through the key-hole, and shrieked between the crevices of the door, he gained no attention. In the mean time, the seven prisoners had skirted the outer row of cabbages which form the natural defence of the embankment, and having kept close under the trenches—of celery—had succeeded in getting beyond the lines of rhubarb, almost as far as the breastwork of privet, before the policeman had fairly given the alarm; which was no sooner

(THE ALARM!!)

spread than the whole of the Penitentiary authorities were called out of bed, and a consultation was at once held, when the Governor was unanimously elected into the counterpane. The head turnkey, who occupied a Witney blanket, proposed the first resolution, which was to order a fly for the purpose of pursuit; and the question having been decided by a show of nightcaps, thanks were voted to the Governor for his impartial conduct in the quilt, and the meeting separated in order to pursue the runaways. The ordering of the fly—which has been facetiously termed by the press, "taking prompt measures,"—was of course calculated to give time to the fugitives; and the fly, with four wardens inside, three turnkeys on the box, and a policeman on the footboard behind, started off with all the velocity that circumstances would permit, in the direction of nowhere in particular. A brief consultation with the turnpike-man in the Vauxhall-bridge-road decided them to turn towards the north, when a further consultation among themselves induced them to go eastward; but a hint from the driver subsequently determined them to pursue a westerly direction. From inquiries on the road, it was found that all the policemen had seen all the fugitives, and all thought them sweeps, so that after wishing them all good morning, they had all taken no further notice of any of them. Subsequently, by the purest accident, four of the prisoners were overtaken at Chiswick, and having been surrounded by a sudden jerk given to the horse, so as to get the fly and the animal into a semicircle, the fugitives at once surrendered, throwing themselves on the generosity of their pursuers, who repaid this confidence by handcuffing the whole four, thrusting them neck and crop into the fly, and driving them into a corner, where the authorities indulged in beer, and the horse had his nostrils freshened with a moist hayband. The captives were ultimately lodged in the Penitentiary, with strict injunctions from the Governor not to attempt to get out again.

THE LORDS AT LOGGERHEADS.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY was proceeding to reply on the question of Ireland, when

The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on the woolsack, and complained that he wanted to speak; when

The MARQUIS OF NORMANBY said it was extremely unfair, and that the Lord Chancellor had no right to speak now; upon which

SEVERAL LORDS cried out, "Yes he has."

LORD BROUGHAM. This is all irregular. You are all out of order. My learned friend, Lord Campbell, moved the adjournment of the debate, and did not speak, which I am very glad of.

LORD CAMPBELL. As to you, you speak six or seven times on every subject. You are always irregular.

LORD BROUGHAM. I irregular! I will not submit to be told by a novice—a person who knows not even the A B C of parliamentary etiquette; a grossly ignorant and most singularly empty individual. I say, I will not allow such a person to tell me I am irregular; and, as to my being inconsistent, I say once for all that I have always been consistent in thinking him the most grossly ignorant, the most eminently, preposterously, and undeviatingly self-sufficient individual I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with.

RUDELY DONE.

LORD CAMPBELL said, that whenever it suited his noble and learned friend, he would prove his noble and learned friend to be the most unprincipled and most vacillating individual that ever deserted a cause to which he had solemnly pledged himself.

LORD BROUGHAM. I defy my noble and learned friend to the proof of what he asserts. He is a ——!

The House then adjourned, and the debate was continued in the lobby; for as we passed through it we found

LORD CAMPBELL (*on his legs*) exclaiming vehemently, "You're another!" and we left

LORD BROUGHAM gesticulating with awful violence.

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

WE are extremely sorry to announce the fact, that the Clock of St. Clement's experienced, in the course of last week, a relapse of a very alarming character. The violence of the alterative to which it had been subjected by the action of the nerves of the pendulum, and the exercise of the internal organs, together with the fatigue attendant on the use of the hands, no doubt contributed to cause the return of the late tedious malady under which it had been so long suffering. The unhappy sufferer was seized with a stoppage of the same afflicting nature as that which rendered the Clock, during the whole of the last summer, a subject of the most painful interest. The following bulletins were issued in the course of the week:—

Tuesday Morning.—The Clock of St. Clement's was seized in the middle of the night with a total paralysis of the pendulum.

Tuesday Evening.—The Clock has passed a quiet day, but is not better.

Wednesday Morning.—The Clock has been subjected to an active stimulant, and pulsation appears to be partially restored.

Wednesday Noon.—The nerves of the pendulum have resumed their action; the hands are beginning to come round; and it only wants time to set it to rights completely.

Wednesday Afternoon.—The Clock is going on as well as can be expected.

No further bulletin has been issued; and it is confidently hoped that the Clock of St. Clement's has not yet arrived at its last moments.

Problem for the Ingenious.

GIVEN Alderman Gibbs' accounts, and Lord Brougham and Sir John Campbell's conduct in the House of Lords, to find the amount of their respective "differences."

A WORD OR TWO ON THE PLAYHOUSES.

Punch does not now often visit the playhouses; though, by the way, he very shortly intends to do so. For no self-recreation, let it be understood, does he again propose to show himself in the theatre, but solely for the sake of the world at large, sorely abused as it is by bad actors, and often by worse critics. The wisdom of Parliament having all but destroyed the drama, has declared it free! This is the humanity of a barbarian, who, having well-nigh starved his victim to death, gives him, whilst in *articulo mortis*, his unconditional liberty. The wisdom of Parliament! A gaggling goose will ofttimes bring the said wisdom to our recollection—an ass, braying to the winds, will now and then awaken the same thoughts.

In the mean time, Covent-Garden is now made a sort of House of Commons, and a house of call for fiddlers. Drury-Lane is

"Most musical, most melancholy;"

that is, we have opera there one night, and CHARLES KEAN's tragedy another.

CIBBER AND SHAKSPEARE.

The Lyceum has recently been opened as a sort of dramatic rat-trap. There was a flourish of trumpets, and a most hospitable invitation to gentlemen of dramatic genius to bring their plays. "Gentlemen authors," thus spoke the courteous management, "please to walk in, and be murdered." It was moreover announced, in terms of the most cold-blooded satisfaction, that "two comedies and a farce" had been already "accepted." The blood of three writers was not enough: no, the management called for more. The treasurer, however—(what a perplexing person, by the way, is the playhouse treasurer!)—made a simple remonstrance of empty pockets, and the playhouse closed. And now, as we have been privately informed, do the Lyceum cats meet at midnight on the stage, and vainly ask of one another when Mr. MACREADY may be expected back from America to take the concern. Now and then, too, a ghastly advertisement appears in the *Times*, and, looking almost ashamed to tell its story, informs the world that "The Lyceum is to be let!"

The Haymarket is flourishing on SHAKSPEARE duly rosined, and French dishes. Mr. WEBSTER has shown that the country abounds with writers of comedies. Rattling a purse of five hundred sovereigns, he has caused the investment of many shillings in pens, ink, and paper, and the result is—*one hundred and fourteen five-act comedies*, all written to illustrate modern life and manners! We fear, however, that many of the writers will have been cruelly misled by newspaper paragraphs. It was stated that Mr. FARREN was to be upon the committee of judgment: whereupon, of course, a very fine old man, a sort of prize *Sir Anthony Absolute* (having fed upon the rest of the characters), is, we doubt not, in at least a hundred and seven of the plays. Again, Madame VESTRIS and Mrs. GLOVER were to have voices in the selection of the one comedy. With this belief strong in the bosom of the writer, can we doubt that he had a natural eye to another *Little Devil*, another *Mrs. Subtle?* Any way, however, we rejoice at the offer made by Mr. WEBSTER. The Haymarket is stocked with original stuff for years to come. For though many of the offered dramas may not do as whole five-act comedies, they may, with judicious cutting and twisting, serve as farces and interludes. We doubt not that some dramatic tinker may be found, who, at a mere red-herring and potato salary, will be able to make the required metamorphosis. For ourselves, though *Punch* has sent in no comedy, we wait with almost delirious expectation for the verdict of the committee. It cannot, however, be known for some weeks. The reason is plain. One hundred and fourteen comedies! The committee cannot, with justice to themselves and the writers, go through more than two comedies at a sitting: this, then, will take fifty-seven days. Now, deducting Sundays, and allowing, say twenty days for sickness—inevitable nausea on the part of the readers—we know not how we can expect the verdict much before May. Yes, the prize comedy will come out with the hawthorns. In the meantime, we think Mr. WEBSTER would only show a proper feeling for the anxiety of the town, were he to inform it, from time to time, of the health and spirits of the reading committee. Indeed, why not publish a bulletin in the daily play-bills?

The Princess's Theatre is made a sort of theatre of ease to the Italian Opera-House, where *prime donne*, *tenori*, and others, are translated for the million. What, however, it professes to do it does well, and flourishes on its good intentions.

The Adelphi is still in the Strand, but it is *not* the Adelphi of bygone years. For, though neither its literature nor its actors were likely to lift its audiences into the sixth heaven of gentility, there was purpose in its dramas, and robust drollery in the acting. Now, if the pieces are not jewels of the first water, they are assuredly things of the readiest *paste*. As for acting, there is certainly one low comedian, who, with the aid of the gallery, does all he can to spoil a humourist. The worst of it is, he generally succeeds.

The Olympic is to the Adelphi what the tap is to a tavern. The pieces smack of the spittoon; but they are often things of real life: the more especially when a live horse and real cab from St. Clement's stand are introduced upon the scene.

And such are London play-houses in the year 1844! One of them, however, is about to disappear: for it is confidently reported that the Duke of BEDFORD intends to pull down Covent Garden, and to enlarge the market on the site of the playhouse. However, with the liberality that distinguishes the house of Russell, his Grace, it is said, intends to offer to several of the late performers, at that establishment, stands in the enlarged market, rent-free. Hence, if she will, Mrs. NISBETT may sell peaches ripe as her comedy—luscious as her laugh. JOHN COOPER (by virtue of his tragedy old men) has already claimed a stand for Spanish onions. Two or three dramatists—their names, by the way, have not transpired—are spoken of as the future vendors of cabbage.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE the commencement of the Mayoralty of Magnay, the Mansion House has been one continued round of splendid hospitality. A joint on one day, cold the two next, and assisted with boiled rice or pancakes on the fourth, has been the basis of the festive arrangements for the last two months. It is true that the Lord Mayor, being fond of seclusion, only extends his hospitality to a small circle, which may be described as a circle is generally described in all the arithmetical treatises, O.

Some curiosity was excited by a turkey being seen to arrive by a carrier's cart at the Mansion House, and it was expected that the unusual event would have been celebrated by the temporary enlargement of the Mansion House dinner parties to the extent of two or three of the citizens. His Lordship, however, did not depart from his usual domestic habits; and, on the second day, he presided at a family hash, after which he liberally settled the contingent remainder on the household servants, and intends, we believe, presenting the drum-sticks to the band of the Ancient Lumber Troop.

Charity on the "Rail."

MR. C. RUSSELL stated in the House (February 5), that "several of the Railway Companies were carrying passengers, in the third-class trains, at a *decided loss*." Who would have believed there was such sympathy for the poor? But the public should know its benefactors! If Mr. Russell will publish the Companies' names, and prove the fact of the "decided loss," *Punch* will confess that "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

"PUNCH A CONSPIRATOR."

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR,—Sergeant Murphy having, on Friday last, in the House of Commons suggested that "the Attorney-General should prosecute *Punch* as a conspirator," because Mr. COBDEN, in the spirit of Mr. O'CONNELL quoted a portion of my writings,—I hereby beg leave to state, in order to save the Government any needless trouble, that I will wait to be duly served with notice of action, from one till two on Monday next, at my office, 194, Strand. After that hour, my boy Dick must be inquired of as to my whereabout.

Now, Sir Robert, quite in the spirit of old acquaintanceship, I wish to have some amicable talk with you. In the first place, as to the jury-list. I must have no "accident" occur in the striking of the names; I can't consent to have a string of honest garret-holders shuffled away—lost—a cigar lighted with the paper—or, Heaven knows what! No, Sir Robert, that juggle won't do *twice*.

Secondly, I have a vehement objection to any prosecution by your Attorney-General; for it can be proved that Sir Frederick Pollock, when counsel in a certain criminal case at York, did aver that no man who had a faith in *Punch*, "was to be believed upon his oath!" What fairness am I to expect at the hands of such a prosecutor? In the next place, Sir Frederick, although up to the present time he has disguised his real character, is at heart a most intemperate, pugnacious man. What guarantee, then, have I that he will not pistol my counsel even in his exordium? *My* counsel has no wish to show his brains, by having them blown about the court. Certainly, if I chose to avail myself of his service, I have still an advocate whose brains are by this time proof against any accident. I mean Lord Brougham; who in the most cordial manner has offered to conduct my defence. His cordiality, however, determined me to reject the offer. I had seen the boa-constrictor fed at the Zoological Gardens, and I well remember how he *slavered* the victim lamb before he bolted it. Having refused his Lordship, I of course shall have him against me as a Government witness.

I also protest against any tampering with the London press. I will have no chaffering to buy a cheap pennyworth of *The Morning Herald*,—no summoning of its servants on their own "spiced" reports of *Punch* for "the London market." No, Sir Robert; don't turn justice into a beldam, going about to debauch the little remaining honesty of her neighbours.

And now, Sir Robert, where will you get your jury? Your Attorney-General says, he "will have no man with a faith in *Punch*." No: "such a man is not to be believed upon his oath." Where, then—I repeat the question—will you get your jury? I see them at once, and will anticipate your list:

Sheriff MOON (foreman).	JENKINS (*Morning Post*).
Lord WM. LENNOX.	W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.
Mr. GRANT (of the *Great Metropolis*).	D. W. OSBALDISTON (Victoria Theatre).
CHARLES KEAN.	Sir PETER LAURIE.
Baron NATHAN.	Colonel SIBTHORP.
Alderman GIBBS.	MOSES (the tailor).

And now, sir, can any man doubt the verdict of *such* a jury? *Punch* can't.

Well, Sir Robert, you may imprison me; but I ask you this—Can you destroy my influence? Can you shut up my shop? Can you close 194, Strand? No, sir; when I think of the impotence of your malice, my heart beats—for you quicken my circulation.

I may be wearing out my eyebrows against my prison bars—but what of that? Is not boy Dick still at 194? Will not *Punch* still be fed by the vital threepence? Though you may give me state lodgings, will not admiring millions still pay my rent?

And now, Sir Robert, to conclude. That you will find means to convict me, I have no doubt. That you will have the courage to call me up for judgment, is problematical. If, however, you should determine to lock me up all the balmy summer and the golden autumn, you will, I trust, consider what is due to yourself and *Punch*, and not send me either to Newgate, Horsemonger-lane or the Bench. No, Sir Robert, I can think of nothing less than the Tower. "Ay," as *Richard* says, "the Tower."

Your obedient servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. As a gentleman, I must stipulate for Burgundy and wax-lights.

Real Philanthropy.

THE Lawyer, whose name was struck off the rolls the other day, to enable him to follow "Philanthropical pursuits," has already commenced in earnest his new career of charity. His first act, we understand, was a week's subscription to the *Morning Post*. Such genuine benevolence needs no comment. The complete sacrifice of self ennobles the action.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING."

SONGS OF THE BRUMAL QUARTER.

AIR.—"*What is life but a slide.*"

WHAT is life but a slide, what is fortune but skates?
And what is the world but a large sheet of ice?
Where coldness with heartless indifference waits,
The true ones that trust to trip up in a trice.

And what are philosophy's radiant lights
But snow on the surface, which chokes up the way?
That fancy would choose for her upwardly flights,
When freshsomely winging—like Zephyr-borne spray!

Ah! what is the world but a lake frozen o'er,
Where all the best springs of the feelings congeal
And e'en if it thaws, it but chills us the more,
For then 'tis the damp in the sole that we feel.

No, no, I had rather, the victim of fate,
Away from the world in obscurity glide,
With a conscience all tranquil to act as my skate,
While calm retrospection should serve for my slide.

LORD CARDIGAN AND LORD WILLIAM PAGET.

LORD WILLIAM PAGET has addressed a letter to Lord Cardigan, in which the former declares either himself or the latter to be unworthy to hold her Majesty's commission. We should be sorry to reject the evidence of his Lordship on this point; and, whether it is to be viewed as a confession as to one of the noble lords, or a piece of testimony as to the other, we are quite disposed to allow due weight to it. Lord William Paget's high appreciation of the morality of the middle classes, must be exceedingly gratifying to the simple-minded individuals who are the subject of his judicious eulogy. The delight his Lordship expresses at the notion, that he has the sympathy of "every honest man, and every virtuous woman," is exceedingly touching. We know that human sympathies are very large; but their comprehensiveness must be extreme, and their elasticity utterly caoutchoucian, if they stretch so far as Lord William Paget fancies they do.

☞ "THE SONG OF THE SHIRT," written by THOMAS HOOD, and set to Music by J. H. TULLY, will be published in the course of a few days. *Price Half-a-crown.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.—OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

E now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required:—first, that the parties *will* marry; secondly, that they *can*; and thirdly, that they *do*; though to us it seems that if they *do*, it matters little whether they *will*, and that if they *will*, it is of little consequence whether they *can*; for if they *do*, they *do*; and if they *will*, they *must*; because where there is a *will* there is a *way*, and therefore they *can* if they *choose*; and if they *don't*, it is because they *won't*, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they *do*, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they *will* or *can* marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamised by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been smashed by the 6 and 7th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22,—for one act is always unintelligible until another act is passed to say what it means. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendant registrar, instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Romeo could have availed himself of the wholesome section in the act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the New Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called ali-money—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often enter into disagreements which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law; and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is, perhaps, the reason why Shakspeare, who was a first-rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed, which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better, had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal effects of marriage, from which it is evident, says Brown, that the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favour; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law is like amiability from a hyæna.

Lifts for Lazy Lawyers.

Chancery Practice.

Q. What is an Original Bill?

A. Don't know, but should think that Shakspeare is the most "*Original Bill*" on record.

Q. Is a next friend moveable, and how?

A. Yes, by asking him to accept a Bill for you.

Q. What are the privileges of the peerage?

A. Stealing knockers and fighting duels with impunity.

Q. When are receivers' accounts to be taken?

A. Whenever you can get 'em, as in the case of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Wimbushiana.

We understand that a Society of Anti-Owenites will purchase Wimbush's omnibus, as a vehicle for striking at the very root of the Social System.

It is said that there will shortly be a new edition of "Zimmerman on Solitude," embellished with a portrait of the passenger in Wimbush's omnibus.

A Report in Sport made a Truth in Ernest.

The papers are renewing the rumour of the King of Hanover visiting England again in the spring. Our contemporaries should be careful how they circulate such reports. They should bear in mind the fate of the shepherd who amused himself by crying out "Wolf."

University Intelligence.

PROFESSOR GREASEWHEEL is lecturing before the Assmulean Society on Æsthetics; the learned gentleman proposes that a new professorship should be founded, to instruct the undergraduates in art, under the name of the Artful Dodger, and he has no doubt that Sir Robert Peel will see the propriety of furnishing the requisite endowment from the public purse. If it could be effected, he should be happy to see three of these Dodgers appointed; one in Oxford, another in Cambridge, and a third in the University of London. He purposes further, that they should lecture in each University successively, as he thinks Oxford dodges would be of much use in Cambridge, London dodges in Oxford, and so on: in fact, that a communication of '*wrinkles*' would be established, which could not but prove a very great advantage to the rising generation. He noticed particularly the connexion between art and theology, and it is expected that, should his proposal be carried into effect, the Oxford Dodger will commence his duties with a course of lectures on Tract No. 90.

The Architectural Society have kindly offered to furnish designs for an Anglo-Saxon primitive pepper-box for the Bishop of Gehenna, and a semi-Norman sermon-case for the Archdeacon of Van Demon's Land; the whole of the latter to be the work of young ladies of high Catholic principles. Several contracts have been already tendered by parties of the highest respectability, for the execution of both these important works of art, and the designs are said to be of the most elaborate description.

THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAP. II.—HENRY V. AND NAPOLEON III.

Sunday, February 30th.

WE resume our quotations from the *Débats*, which thus introduces a third Pretender to the throne.

"Is this distracted country never to have peace? While on Friday we recorded the pretensions of a maniac to the great throne of France; while on Saturday we were compelled to register the culpable attempts of one whom we regard as a ruffian, murderer, swindler, forger, burglar, and common pick-pocket, to gain over the allegiance of Frenchmen—it is to-day our painful duty to announce a *third* invasion—yes, a third invasion. The wretched, superstitious, fanatic, Duke of Bordeaux, has landed at Nantz, and has summoned the Vendéans and the Bretons to mount the white cockade.

"Grand Dieu! are we not happy under the tri-color? Do we not repose under the majestic shadow of the best of kings? Is there any name prouder than that of Frenchman; any subject more happy than that of our sovereign? Does not the whole French family adore their father? Yes. Our lives, our hearts, our blood, our fortune, are at his disposal: it was not in vain that we raised, it is not the first time we have rallied round, the august throne of July. The unhappy duke is most likely a prisoner by this time; and the martial court which shall be called upon to judge one infamous traitor and Pretender, may at the same moment judge another. Away with both! let the ditch of Vincennes (which has been already fatal to his race) receive his body too, and with it the corpse of the other Pretender. Thus will a great crime be wiped out of history, and the manes of a slaughtered martyr avenged!

"One word more. We hear that the Duke of JENKINS accompanies the descendant of Caroline of Naples—an *English Duke, entendez-vous!* an English Duke, great Heaven! and the princes of England still dancing in our royal halls! Where, where will the perfidy of Albion end?"

"The King reviewed the third and fourth battalions of police. The usual heart-rending cheers accompanied the monarch, who looked younger than ever we saw him—ay, as young as when he faced the Austrian cannon at Valmy, and scattered their squadrons at Gemmapes.

"Rations of liquor, and crosses of the Legion of Honour, were distributed to all the men."

"The English princes quitted the Tuileries in twenty-three coaches and four. They were not rewarded with crosses of the Legion of Honour. This is significant."

"The Dukes of Joinville and Nemours left the palace for the departments of the Loire and Upper Rhine, where they will take the command of the troops. The Joinville regiment, *cavalerie de la marine*, is one of the finest in the service."

"Orders have been given to arrest the fanatic who calls himself Duke of Brittany, and who has been making some disturbances in the *Pas de Calais*."

"ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.—At the review of troops (police) yesterday, His Majesty going up to one old *grognard*, and pulling him by the ear, said, 'Wilt thou have a cross or another ration of wine?' The old hero, smiling archly, answered, 'Sire, a brave man

can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.' We need not say that he had his drink, and the generous Sovereign sent him the cross and ribbon too."

On the next day, the government journals begin to write in rather a despondent tone regarding the progress of the Pretenders to the throne. In spite of their big talking, anxiety is clearly manifested, as appears from the following remarks of the *Débats*:—

"The courier from the Rhine departments," says the *Débats*, "brings us the following astounding proclamation:—

"'Strasburg, xxii Nivose. Decadi. 92nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible, We, John Thomas NAPOLEON, by the Constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French Republic, to our marshals, generals, officers, and soldiers, greeting:

"'Soldiers!

"'From the summit of the Pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you. The sun of Austerlitz has risen once more. The guard dies, but never surrenders. My eagles, flying from steeple to steeple, never shall droop till they perch on the towers of Notre Dame.

"'Soldiers! the child of *your Father* has remained long in exile. I have seen the fields of Europe where your laurels are now withering, and I have communed with the dead who repose beneath them.

They ask where are our children? Where is France? Europe no longer glitters with the shine of its triumphant bayonets—echoes no more with the shouts of its victorious cannon. Who could reply to such a question, save with a blush?—And does a blush become the cheeks of Frenchmen?

"'No. Let us wipe from our faces that degrading mark of shame. Come, as of old, and rally round my eagles! You have been subject to fiddling prudence long enough. Come, worship now at the shrine of Glory! You have been promised liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free? Yes: free to conquer. Let us imitate the example of those indomitable myriads; and, flinging a defiance to Europe, once more trample over her; march in triumph into her prostrate capitals, and bring her kings with her treasures at our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

"'Frenchmen! I promise you that the Rhine shall be restored to you; and that England shall rank no more among the nations. I will have a marine that shall drive her ships from the seas; a few of my brave regiments will do the rest. Henceforth, the traveller in that desert island shall ask, 'Was it this wretched corner of the world that for a thousand years defied Frenchmen?'

"'Frenchmen, up and rally!—I have flung my banner to the breezes; 'tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave:—up, and let our motto be, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD!

'NAPOLEON III.'

"'*The Marshal of the Empire*, HARICOT.'"

"Such is the Proclamation! such the hopes that a brutal-minded and bloody adventurer holds out to our country. 'War all over the world,' is the cry of the savage demon; and the fiends who have rallied round him, echo it in concert. We were not, it appears, correct in stating that a corporal's guard had been sufficient to seize upon the marauder, when the first fire would have served to conclude his miserable life. But, like a hideous disease, the contagion has spread; the remedy must be dreadful. Wo to those on whom it will fall!

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, Admiral of France, has hastened, as we before stated, to the disturbed districts, and takes with him his *cavalerie de la marine*. It is hard to think that the blades of those chivalrous heroes must be buried in the bosoms of Frenchmen: but so be it: it is those monsters who have asked for blood: not we. It is those ruffians who have begun to quarrel: not we. *We* remain calm and hopeful, reposing under the protection of the dearest and best of sovereigns.

"The wretched Pretender, who called himself Duke of Brittany, has been seized, according to our prophecy: he was brought before the Prefect of Police yesterday, and his insanity being proved beyond a doubt, he has been consigned to a strait-waistcoat at Charenton. So may all incendiary enemies of our Government be overcome!

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours is gone into the department of the Loire, where he will speedily put an end to the troubles in the disturbed districts of the Bocage and La Vendée. The foolish young Prince, who has there raised his standard, is followed, we hear, by a small number of wretched persons, of whose massacre we expect every moment to receive the news. He too has issued his proclamation, and our readers will smile at its contents:

"'WE, HENRY, Fifth of the Name, King of France and Navarre, to all whom it may concern, greeting:

"'After years of exile we have once more unfurled in France the banner of the lilies. Once more the white plume of Henri IV. floats in the crest of his little son! (*petit fils*). Gallant nobles! worthy burgesses! honest commons of my realm, I call upon you to rally round the oriflamme of France, and summon the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of my kingdoms. To my faithful Bretons I need no appeal. The country of Dugueselin has loyalty for an heir-loom! To the rest of my subjects, my atheist misguided subjects, their father makes one last appeal. Come to me, my children! your errors shall be forgiven. Our holy Father, the Pope, shall intercede for you. He promised it when, before my departure on this expedition, I kissed his inviolable toe!

"'Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. All the venerable institutions of our country shall be restored as they existed before 1788. Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country,—the calm nurseries of saints and holy women! Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity, and our country shall be free once more.

"'His Majesty the King of Ireland, my august ally, has sent, under the command of His Royal Highness Prince Daniel, his Majesty's youngest son, an irresistible IRISH BRIGADE, to co-operate in the good work. His Grace the Lion of Judah, the canonised patriarch of Tuam, blessed their green banner before they set forth. Henceforth may the lilies and the harp be ever twined together. Together we will make a crusade against the infidels of Albion, and raze their heretic domes to the ground. Let our cry be *Vive France!* down with England! Montjoie St. Denis!

"'BY THE KING.

"'The Secretary of State and Grand Inquisitor . . LA ROUE.
The Marshal of France . POMPADOUR DE L'AILE DE PIGEON.
The General Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Brigade in the service of his Most Christian Majesty . . DANIEL, PRINCE OF BALLYBUNION.

'HENRI.'

"His Majesty reviewed the admirable police force, and held a council of ministers in the afternoon. Measures were concerted for the instant putting down of the disturbances in the departments of the Rhine and Loire, and it is arranged that on the capture of the Pretenders, they shall be lodged in separate cells in the prison of the Luxembourg: the apartments are already prepared, and the officers at their post.

"The grand banquet that was to be given at the palace to-day to the diplomatic body, has been put off; all the ambassadors being attacked with illness, which compels them to stay at home."

"The ambassadors despatched couriers to their various governments."

"His Majesty, the King of Belgium, left the Palace of the Tuileries."

Foreign Intelligence.

THE French have been planting their standards at Tahiti, but whether the standards which they have planted are apples, pears, cherries, or plums, we have not as yet been advised of.

The despatches from America bring us shrimps from Boston, but, like everything else from the same quarter, they shell out very indifferently.

Spain, notwithstanding its numerous revolutions, is not able to turn itself round; but our correspondent has put us in possession of Spanish onions to the latest moment. Christina would, if possible, send a rope to Espartero.

From Naples we have received soap in the shape of a very complimentary letter. The Pope was preventing the exportation of sheep, and it is said he has his eye on every leg of mutton.

GEMS OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE empty Omnibuses crawl
As slowly as they can,
In hopes the sixpence to enthral
Of some belated man.

But when they 're full, "Thirteen and Four,"
They cut along like fun,
Because they can't get any more
Until their trip is done.

Then be not, O my son! misled
By vain ideas of ease,
Of having corners for your head,
And room to stretch your knees;

But hail the fullest in the rank;
Wedge in as best you may;
And you (*perhaps*) may reach the Bank
Before the close of day.

MESMERISM; ITS DANGERS AND CURIOSITIES.

MOST surely it is high time that the state should turn its attention to Mesmerism. Of what avail the thousands and hundreds of pounds subscribed by nobles and bishops for the goodly purposes of Christian education, when professors of mesmerism are suffered to sap the very foundations of civil society (as Colonel SIBTHORP would say), by making the innocent unintentional felons? Within these few days, one WILLIAM BOWEN has been charged at Worship-Street with stealing a linen sheet; when his brother (a professor of mesmerism) defended the prisoner, alleging that he committed the felony when in a state of "mesmeric coma." The professor further alleged, that "the mesmeric influence operated in different ways upon the accused; for, on a former occasion, he manifested a disposition to destroy everything that came in his way." It appeared that his last attack had been produced by a visit to the Surrey Theatre. We know not what is at present acted at that favoured resort; but if it be *Jack Sheppard*, or any of its class of drama, we need not call in mesmerism to account for the stolen property. The magistrate, however, was deaf to the appeal of science, and the mesmeric felon was sent to gaol for one-and-twenty days. This was the more unfortunate for the Professor, as he had determined upon a forthcoming lecture, in which his brother, though blindfolded, was to have read any book—thus displaying his powers of *clairvoyance*. Pity it is, that WILLIAM BOWEN had not, by such means, made himself master of the Act of Parliament which punishes sheet-stealing with lodgings in gaol.

We, however, return to our first opinion. Parliament ought to appoint a committee to inquire into the philosophy of "mesmeric coma;" otherwise, the judges, in their ignorance, may continue to imprison and transport the unfortunate as voluntary felons, when, in fact, they may have merely committed forgery, burglary (bigamy, by the way, we think a very likely offence, under the circumstances), highway robbery, and coining, when in a state of mesmeric oblivion. If mesmerism be a true thing, and capable of turning the moral self of man thus inside out, ought not its practice to be put down by statutes? In the good old times, our careful fathers burnt and drowned witches; astrology was condemned; nay, even in our day, the fortune-teller taken in the fact, is sentenced, by the unrelenting magistrate, to the revolution of the tread-mill. Hawk-eyed propriety forbids the intrusion of gypsies into Greenwich Park, lest Easter maids and apprentices be thrown into delirious coma by the golden promises of the scarlet-vested sybils. Why, then, should the man of mesmerism be suffered to tamper with that very delicate clockwork, the moral principle, keeping time for better or worse, in all men? Heaven knows, that, like the clock of St. Clement's Church, it is of itself too apt to vary; now going fast, now slow, and now entirely standing still. We need no Mesmeric professor to set the whole mechanism in disorder. We again ask, why is a Doctor ELLIOTSON permitted to mesmerize, when some venerable JOHN HOCUSPOCUS is dragged from Field-lane or Breakneck-steps, for simply divining to MOLLY the maid the complexion and handicraft of her future husband, and the number and sex of the children whereof he is to be the happy and honoured father? The Doctor, operating upon some WILLIAM BOWEN, transforms him into an unconscious robber. The vulgar conjuror sends MOLLY home six inches higher with the thoughts of speedy marriage; whereupon, she tells her mistress to "answer the bell herself;" and, for such impertinence, MOLLY is straightway told, to "pack up her alls," and trudge. The conjuror is punished for the mischief he may do—the mesmerist escapes scot-free: and wherefore? Oh, he is a professor!

Be it understood, we venture no irreverent fling at Mesmerism. No; we confess our ignorance. We will not swear that it may not rank with the noblest truths as yet vouchsafed to man: we will not swear that it is one iota beyond the manly and athletic science of pea-and-thimble. Still, wishing, as zealous watchers of public morals, to be upon the safe side, we will allow, with its advocates, that Mesmerism, like poetry, is "a true thing;" that it is mysteriously subtle in its operation, "deep almost as life;" that it sets at nought all individual character, all human responsibility, making those who suffer it unconscious apostates—monstrous libels upon themselves—fools, zanies, mountebanks! We will allow this, and so allowing, ask with deeper earnestness for heavy penalties upon those who practise this newest Black Art. No man, woman, or child may be safe from it; therefore, we hazard no extravagance in assuming a few cases, and, upon their social importance, asking for new and stringent laws to reach them.

Mesmerism—so treasonous is the heart of man—might be practised upon the "highest personage in the land." Who shall say what its effects might be?—who shall answer for their strange development? Whilst suffering the "coma," that high personage might command to Windsor table a very rabble of English philosophers, poets, sculptors, artists. Up to the present time not one of them has a chance of seeing even the "unused cut pieces" of royal bread—unless, indeed, as a future pauper; but by the aid of Mesmerism, science and literature, like the boy JONES, might slip in.

Another personage, second to the "highest," might, if mesmerised, cast into oblivion the military cap, and do nothing but invent new spatterdashes for her Majesty's army.

Can we hide from ourselves the danger of the mesmeric coma on a temperament like that of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE? In a state of total unconsciousness, might he not, to his own ruin, insist upon paying his brother YORK's debts, and sending bank cheques to all the charities of London?

Consider, too, the probable effects of Mesmerism on the House of Lords. Let us suppose Lord BROUGHAM in a state of coma. Might he not, in this condition, behave like a gentleman for at least a whole sitting?

But we have said enough, we trust, to awaken the Government to a sense of the social danger involved in Mesmerism, unless duly guarded by enactments. Having shown its perils, it is now our pleasing task to lay before the reader many of its advantages.

On the 23rd ult. Messrs. HUGHES and HAGLEY illuminated the dim region of Hammersmith with a mesmeric lecture, in which the wonders of *clairvoyance* were surprisingly exhibited by a young gentleman, who, on being blindfolded by a member of Parliament, told all his votes for the next two sessions. We were not present ourselves at the lecture, but are indebted to "our reporter" for a faithful account of the proceedings. The following conversation took place between Mr. HUGHES and the "young gentleman" mesmerised for the occasion:—

Mr. Hughes. Can you see Sir Robert Peel?

Young Gentleman. I can.

Mr. Hughes. What is he doing?

THE "TERRIFIC COMBAT" AT ST. STEPHEN'S,

BETWEEN THE GREAT SCOTCH MISUNDERSTANDABLES.

126509

Young Gentleman. He's looking at a map of Ireland, and scratching his head.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Alderman Gibbs—and what is he about?

Young Gentleman. He's in his study, with *Cocker* before him, making two and two five.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Lord Stanley?

Young Gentleman. In the sulks.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Lord Brougham—and what is he doing?

Young Gentleman. He's in the House of Lords; now he's on the woolsack—and now he's in Lord Lyndhurst's lap.

Fifty other questions were put to the young gentleman, all of them involving much political and social importance, yet all answered with equal fidelity, and all giving equal pleasure to a numerous and respectable audience.

Thus, it will be seen that if Mesmerism have its perils, it also has its profits. It may, to be sure, send one person to prison, but it may make another a faithful narrator to the people of all the otherwise hidden doings of their magistrates and rulers.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CHINA.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT PEKIN. We have received advice, through the medium of our Flying Post, of a public meeting which was last week held in that city, for the purpose of promoting the abolition of British slavery.

The meeting took place in the factory of an eminent philanthropist and merchant, named Twan-Kay, who was voted unanimously into the chair.

The proceedings were opened by the Chairman; who, after a brief summary of the events of the late war with England, and the loss and bloodshed which it had entailed upon China, proceeded to observe, that his countrymen had a fine opportunity of returning good for evil, which he hoped they would take. The Celestial Court was now on amicable terms with that of Great Britain; with which international treaties would now, from time to time, be contracted. In the next treaty, he trusted, a clause would be introduced, which would have the effect of putting down British slavery. He then proceeded to give a graphic and vivid description of the sufferings of British slaves in mines and factories, and the agricultural districts; and dwelt at great length on the horrors of the workhouse. During this part of his speech, many of the ladies (who formed a large portion of the audience) fainted. He concluded by an assertion of the principle, that all mankind were members of one family; and said that the eyes of the world were upon China, who expected that every Chinaman would do his duty; and that one duty of the Chinaman was the protection of the slave whether in England or elsewhere. He then sat down amid much applause.

The attention of the assembly was next claimed by Chou-Shong, an influential mandarin, who had lately arrived from a visit to England, which he had spent principally in the metropolis. After stating that he fully concurred in all that had fallen from the worthy chairman, he begged leave to direct the attention of his auditors to a subject, which he (the chairman) had omitted to mention. He alluded to the condition of a peculiar description of British slaves, termed linendrapers' assistants. Immeasurably inferior as were the barbarian English in point of intellect and civilisation to his countrymen, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire; still they were men, and, as such, entitled to sympathy. The linendrapers' assistant, though an Englishman, was still a man. The sufferings of this description of British slaves would melt the heart of a stone, and make the pig-tail of an executioner stand on end.

The linen-draper's assistant or slave, was a young man from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. His occupation consisted in serving in the draper's shop; and his daily labour lasted about fifteen hours; with an interval of about half-an-hour for meals. During the whole of this time he was obliged to remain standing; which was a punishment equivalent to that of the pillory. Indeed, the only difference between his case and that of a convicted rogue in China, consisted in the latter having to wear a wooden collar; whereas, the former wore a white neckcloth. The atmosphere of the shop in which he worked was so vitiated by the respiration of the number of his fellow-slaves crowded into it, and in consequence of being ill ventilated, as to be intolerable for any length of time; and at night, the quantity of gas consumed in it rendered it almost pestiferous. To these sufferings he was exposed six days in every week, from six or seven in the morning to eleven, or twelve, or later at night. So short a time was he allowed for meals, that he was obliged to swallow his food like a Vulture or a Cormorant. Linendraper's slaves generally slept, to the number of twenty or thirty, in one room; where, in consequence, the air was positively poisoned. During their six days of work they were never permitted to take a walk; and on the seventh, on which they were allowed a day's liberty by law, they never thought of attending the temples or churches; on the contrary, they usually spent that day in idle and dissolute company, not knowing, from the uncultivated state of their intellects, what better to do. The combined effect of their compulsory mode of life and their personal habits, was such as to plunge them in a very low state of mind and physical degradation. The English, although barbarians, were naturally a fine race of men. He would exhibit to them a picture (*holding it up*) of an Englishman. That was the average standard of the English form and proportions. Such was the picture of John Bull—the individual representative of the national character. They would mark the strength and muscularity of the limbs, the breadth of the shoulders, the depth of the chest; and the fresh, ruddy colour of the cheeks. (*Sensation amongst the ladies.*) He would now show them the portrait of a linendraper's slave (*producing it*). They would observe the wasted limbs; the inward bend of the knees; the attenuated frame; and the sallow, emaciated cheeks. (*Exclamations.*) Such were the effects produced by slavery. Its consequences often proved fatal in two or three months; and, even if they did not, reduced a brawny Englishman to the state which they beheld. Consumption, fever, liver complaints, and a thousand other maladies, resulted from this horrible system. He called on all present to do their utmost, little though that might be, to put a stop to it; and diffuse the blessings of Chinese liberty over the unhappy land of Albion. (*Vociferous cheering.*) He should say no more; and begged pardon for having detained the meeting so long. He then resumed his seat, amid protracted cheering.

An individual, whose name did not transpire, inquired whether it was not true, that it was a common saying in England, that Britons never would be slaves?

Chou-shong replied that that was quite true; but, like many other sayings, it was all nonsense. The linendraper's slave, unless he did all that was required of him, and that without a murmur, was discharged from his employment. He had then the option of starving or going into the workhouse; and if that was not slavery, he should like to know what was? (Applause.)

The Chairman then proposed a resolution, to the effect that his Celestial Majesty the Emperor be forthwith humbly solicited to command the British Legislature to abolish all slavery within the English dominions; or, at least, to compel masters, and especially linendrapers, to treat their slaves with humanity.

The resolution having been carried by acclamation, the meeting separated.

JEMIMA SPRIGGS AT ——!!!

DOUBTLESS our readers are familiar with the celebrated *danseuse*, Jemima Spriggs, whose Highland Fling and Rowing Hornpipe have been the admiration of every saloon in the suburbs. The following letter, which we have obtained at an enormous outlay, shows that the fair writer is as remarkable for intelligence and truly feminine vivacity, as she is for the brilliancy of her Terpsichorean achievements. We have suppressed the name of the locality to which she alludes, and leave our readers to pick about Pentonville, Islington, and Hoxton.

"DEAR LETTY,

"Here I am at last, and the awful period of probation is passed. *Veni, vidi, vici.* My 'Fling' has been seen at the ——— Saloon; admired, applauded—drawn money! Having just got over the fluster of success, I sit down to give you a plain narrative of my progress.

"Our parting as I entered the Paddington omnibus you, of course, recollect. Never shall I forget the kindness with which you ran back to our lodging for my gingham umbrella, and the pertinacity with which you required the driver to stop till you returned with it. Well; what with nibbling my Abernethys, and munching the nice large apple you gave me, my journey in the omnibus proceeded pleasantly enough. It is a curious reflection when in one of these vehicles, that one sits so quiet one's self, and yet the wheels are twirling round beneath one. We thus see, that in this great world two things may be going on at the same time. But a truce to philosophy!

"At the corner of —— Street I alighted, and asked of an old apple-woman my road to the —— Saloon. The dear old soul informed me, and out of gratitude I purchased two apples, which I pleasantly told her ought to be called a *pear* (pair). She did not laugh, and I at once perceived that a constant adherence to commercial pursuits deadens the fine perception of wit.

"Following my nose—as our dear Herbert used to say—I soon came to the —— Saloon. I sent in my card, and asked to see the manager. He was a stout corpulent man, dressed in a suit of rusty black. Time had been unable to quench that cunning which sparkled in his eye. But I was as cunning as he. I was resolved to have fifteen shillings per week, not a farthing less; and all remonstrance on his part would be absolutely useless. I mentioned these terms in a firm voice. The manager

drew a *papier maché* box from his pocket, tapped it, took a pencil, and said nothing. I again stated my terms, but he thrust his hands to the bottom of his trousers pocket, and gave a long whistle. Nothing daunted, I again demanded the fifteen shillings; upon which my antagonist drew his right hand from his pocket, and fixing the thumb firmly on his nose, moved the fingers with amazing celerity. I perfectly understood the sign, as I remembered Herbert making use of it, when a brutal cabman asked two-pence more than his fare.

"I retreated, but it was like a Parthian, with the resolution of conquest. To a tavern opposite I went, where the flat roof of the ground floor is elegantly fitted out with benches and tables, all in the open air, at once allowing one to inhale the fresh breeze of Heaven, and to take a commanding view of the street. I could keep my eyes on the Saloon, and—what was of more importance—the manager could see me. I called for a glass of rum and water, my favourite beverage you know, and watched the proceedings of the enemy. Presently he emerged from his domicile, and gave me a full stare; but I affected not to see him. He crossed the road. My heart palpitated at the thought of victory. I heard a few heavy steps—and lo! the terrible manager was at my elbow. I did not raise my eyes, but appeared marvellously intent on the little piece of lemon which floated on the surface of the liquor, and which I every now and then plunged down with my spoon. "I have come to offer twelve shillings a week!" said the well-known voice.—"Walker!" I ejaculated playfully, committing a plagiarism, which you will pardon, on dear Herbert's vocabulary. "Well, then," said the manager, "take the whole fifteen shillings, and ——." The coarse expression, which my pen refuses to write, did not annoy me. I felt that I had gained my point, and to the female heart what so delightful as conquest!

"That very evening I made my *début*. I was not a little nervous as to the result. I had, to be sure, my best Tartan dress; but how was I to know whether the people in this part of the world could appreciate the "Fling." Through a hole in the curtain I surveyed my audience. There were several honest-looking men dressed with regard rather to substantiality than fashion. When the curtain rose I shook off my nervousness, and dashed on the stage with my well-known buoyancy. For a few moments there was a silence: my heart sunk, but my courage was quickly restored. The cries of "She'll do!"—"Bravo!"—"Well, I'm blowed," burst from every corner, and your beloved Jemima, after curtseying to her audience, deeply suffused with blushes, was compelled to repeat her characteristic *pas*. With this record of my triumph I close my letter.

"Adieu, dearest Letitia,

"JEMIMA."

Heyday, here's a pretty business! A letter from Miss Jemima Spriggs herself, declaring that the above was not written by her at all. What are we to do? We have it! We will put in Miss Jemima's private letter; so that the public may have the poison and the antidote together.

"MISTER PUNCH,

"i ave eard that a letter as been sent to you, sed to be ritt by me to wun Miss Letishur, of whum on my hoth, I no nothin, wich is ily improper, has the letter his calculated to plai hold gusberry with my purfeshun, you will have the civilty to leave it hout, and no mistake.

"Yours faithfuly,

"JEMIMA SPRIGS."

TO THE NOBILITY & GENTRY—A BABY WANTED!

IN the *Times* of the 22nd ult., was the following touching advertisement:—

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.—As Wet-Nurse.—*A lady*, who has two children, intending *to give her baby, a month old*, to her *mother*, who lives at a distance, and *wishes to adopt it*, would be happy to take a CHILD to WET-NURSE. Any parents or guardians placing their child with her may rely on its receiving the greatest possible kindness and care; a nursemaid is kept, and the child would have the benefit of going to the sea in the season; the lady is young, and has plenty of milk. (Here follows the address.)

Beautiful is liberality—more beautiful are the instincts of maternal tenderness! Here is a woman (a real "lady,") in the handsomest way "*gives* her baby, a month old, to her mother:" relatives interchange presents of sucking-pigs and geese with equal cordiality. The mother wishes "to adopt" her *own* grandchild; to turn it, as it were, into her own baby, sinking the grandmother in the mamma herself. Whereupon the bereaved mother ("with plenty of milk," doubtless that of human kindness included) looks towards the nobility and gentry for consolation, and will take a "child to wet-nurse," (if with a title, doubtless the better,) treating it with the "greatest possible kindness and care," the suckling defrauded of its rightful breast having been adopted by grandmamma! We really trust that some newly-made mother of the nobility or gentry will respond to "C. E. B." (for such are her initials.) Should she, however, be disappointed in obtaining so sweet and endearing a recommendation to the notice of any of the nobility or gentry,—we have not the slightest doubt that "C. E. B." can be accommodated with a baby to suckle on a proper application at any of the Unions.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

THE Council of the Anti Corn-Law League having taken this

SPLENDID NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT,

it will henceforth be devoted to the production of a

Rapid Succession of Novelties,

which will be supported by all the usual talent of the League, in addition to

THE CELEBRATED IRISH ACTOR,

MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL,

who has been engaged at an enormous sacrifice, and who will go through his

ASTONISHING ROUND OF CHARACTERS.

Among the earliest productions will be a new version of the

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

And it is probable that

A New Farce, by Sir Robert Peel,

under the very peculiar title of

TOTAL REPEAL,

will be among the accepted novelties.

In answer to numerous inquiries it is respectfully announced that Lord John Russell's favourite Interlude, called

FIXED DUTY,

will not at present be brought forward.

The whole of the arrangements not being yet completed, the Council can only furnish the following partial

List of the Company:—

Heavy Old Man . . .	MR. HUME.
Eccentric Comedy . . .	SIR CHAS. NAPIER.
Juvenile Tragedian . . .	MR. COBDEN.
Walking Gentleman . . .	MR. JAMES WILSON.

In order to render the Buffo Department as complete as possible,

An Engagement will be offered to Lord Brougham.

*** *Further particulars will be announced in future Bills.*

"GENTLEMEN JEWS" AND PUNCH.

MAN certainly looks awkward, even when called upon by dulness itself, to explain his joke. *Punch* is at this moment in such predicament. In the Number before last, *Punch* wrote what indeed he thought a small, yet very pretty piece of satire, on those times when our ancestors conceived that they best aired their Christianity by persecuting the Jews. We therein observed that the world still held together, albeit compelled to forego those prejudices which, in the opinions of some, hooped society about, and made it whole. We made, as we thought, a good fling at the brutality and ignorance of *The Morning Post* for its many sins against the tribe of Israel, (though we did not particularize its infamous support of that brutal madman of Russia in his conduct towards the suffering Hebrew). Well, for this, our misunderstood satire, a "Jew" complains to the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and lastly to ourselves; and that in serious condemnation of "the grossness of language" and "malice" of what, in the innocency of our heart, we thought a rap on the knuckles of by-gone bigotry and present uncharitableness. We beg of a "Jew" to read us again under the direction of some quick-witted friend; then, are we certain, he will be sorry for the bitter words with which he has bespattered us. In our sufferings, however, we have illustrious company. Great men, even before *Punch*, have been misunderstood and reviled by dulness for their best intentions. One Daniel Defoe wrote *A Short Way with the Dissenters*, satirically advocating their social rights; when his leathern-eared clients read him backwards, and would have sacrificed their champion. When Gulliver's Travels were first published, did not a certain Bishop condemn the work as a book of lies, avowing that "he didn't believe a word of it?" Shall *Punch*, then, complain, even when in his "trumpery sphere," as Sidney Smith would say, he advocates the common rights and liberties of the Hebrew, and yet for such advocacy is arraigned of "malice, prejudice, and jealousy," even by "a Jew!"

THE RAIL-ROAD MANIA.

REALLY the most remarkable instance in modern times of the Mania that exists for making rail-roads, is to be met with at the two and a half mile-stone on the Hammersmith Road, where a few capitalists have been amusing themselves by the construction of a new West Suburban, Grand Paddington and Warwick-square Junction, or Earl's Court Canal Navigation and Kensington Nursery Ground Railway. The effect of which appears to be to enable persons arriving from Birmingham by the Great Western, to reach the basin of the Canal, running from Warwick Square to the pond in the middle of Earl's Court, with as little delay as possible.

We undertand that the Directors rely on the tremendous traffic likely to ensue between the two and a half mile-stone on the Hammersmith Road, and the London terminus of the Great Western Railway. It is contemplated also that the inhabitants of Warwick Square will be constantly wanting to run backwards and forwards to Paddington, which, when the houses are all built—at present there are only two—will materially assist the effects of the Company. Supposing that the Square ultimately comprises thirty houses, and supposing each family to consist of ten persons, including servants, this will give a population of three hundred, so that if only half of them wish to go to Paddingdon every morning it will be seen that the shareholders may calculate, from this source alone, on 1,800 passengers every week; that is to say, supposing the 150 persons who are supposed to want to go to Paddington, are all supposed to want to come back again, and are also supposed to choose the West Suburban Grand Paddington and Warwick-square Junction, &c. &c., Railway as the best mode of reaching their destination. Another great point, as the Directors implicitly believe, is the propinquity of the basin of the canal; for it is a well-known fact in railway statistics, that a line which is not near a canal, bears the same proportion to a line that is near a canal, as the Mth of X does to the Oth of 24, or the XX of Alpha. It is quite true that the canal goes nowhere at present; but there is no knowing where it may go to in time, if the spirit of speculation should push it to the extent of all its capabilities.

It is calculated that a goods train, in connection with this canal, would be highly remunerative, supposing that Pickford should remove his warehouses to Warwick-square, which is not at all beyond the range of a very remote possibility. At all events, come what may, that is to say, if nothing ever comes at all, the Paddington washerwomen may be induced to bring their clothes to the vacant space about Earl's-court for the purpose of drying them; and in this case it would be worth while to start a clothes-train expressly for their accommodation. They might be allowed the additional privilege of boiling the clothes in the copper of the engine, and perhaps they might, at a small extra charge, be permitted to mangle them under the wheels of the luggage trains.

CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL PROTECTION SOCIETY.

AT the late meeting of this Society, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the following, we understand, were among the resolutions agreed to; but somehow or other they did not appear in the papers:—

Resolved:—That the rook, by destroying that unprofitable consumer of grain, the grub, is, scarcely less than the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham, entitled to the appellation of the farmer's friend, and therefore ought decidedly to be encouraged.

That rook-shooting and the eating of rook-pies are altogether incompatible with the encouragement of the rook, and that accordingly the amusement ought to be discountenanced, and the dish renounced, by all members of the Society.

That rookeries are an invaluable blessing, as well to the farmer and agricultural labourer, as to the landowner, and that all existing rookeries ought to be maintained in the full enjoyment of their rights and privileges; this resolution, however, not to extend to the Rookery in St. Giles's.

That this Society views with great alarm the ravages annually committed by the sparrows in harvest time, and recommends that prompt measures be taken by all persons interested in agriculture for the suppression of sparrows. That with this view the boys in the several parishes be encouraged to take and destroy as many sparrows' nests, with their eggs and young, as possible, and that at all future dinners of the Society and of its branches, one or more large sparrow-puddings be placed upon the table.

That Natural History teaches that butterflies lay eggs, which, when hatched, become grubs. That butterfly hunting, besides being a salutary and wholesome exercise to youth, is conducive to the extirpation of grubs, and be promoted accordingly. And that, to insure its promotion, a committee with reference thereto, be forthwith appointed by the Society.

That although seven or eight shillings a week is a very liberal allowance for a labourer with a wife and family, and quite enough to enable him and them to live in clover on the same; and although a comfortable asylum in sickness, want of employment, or old age, has been provided for him in the Union workhouse, yet, as mistaken notions on these points unhappily prevail among the agricultural population; which mistaken notions, there is some reason to suspect have occasionally led to the burning of wheat-ricks: it is expedient that an advance of three farthings weekly be made on the wages of such labourer.

That landlords and farmers are ill-used and unprotected, and are the most patriotic and disinterested classes of the community.

That the manufacturing interest enjoys exclusive and unjust privileges; and that the corn-law abolitionists are narrow-minded, selfish, and designing individuals.

That these resolutions be printed in *Punch*.

GOING OUT A SHOOTING.

BLEST age when lawyers ape the deeds
Of Bayard and the Cid,
And scorn the peaceful "*Practices*,"
Of Impey and of Tidd!

When big wigs leave the courts and change
(Of arms blood-thirsty takers),
The *venue* to the Phœnix park,
Or to the "Fifteen Acres." *

When charged with dirt, Pot asks if Crock
To *him* the slur applies,
And bids him state, "if not, why not,"
Or show "how otherwise."

Then seeking "satisfaction" claims
To take up arms—*jus flendum*—
By right of martial *capias*
Ad satisfaciendum.

Whilst each his "friend" sends for a leech,
And arms, and to bespeak 'em,
At parting serves said "friend" with a
Subpœna duces tecum.

Or, p'rhaps too fierce, to wait until
Without the fane of Nemesis,
Cries, "Let us load at once and have
An 'action on the *premises*.'"

But ah! sometimes *one* big wig proves
A peaceful man—God bless us!
And 'gainst such "motions," from the court,
Implores a *stet processus*.

What then does *t'other* big wig? Pshaw!
One hardly sure need *ax* it.
He "bolts his bounce,"—in other words
He "enters a *retraxit*."

MORAL.

Henceforth let all fierce lawyers shun,
(As but their souls † to catch meant),
The "right of challenge" and be friends,
By "process of *attachment*."

THE CUT BREAD AT THE PALACE.

THE royal arrangements for distributing the bits of "Cut Bread" left at the royal dinner-table work exceedingly well, and it has now become the fashion amongst the guests of her Majesty to call continually for "Another bread," even when the piece before them is unfinished. Sir Robert Peel, by way of carrying out the benevolent views of his royal mistress, generally cuts off merely the crumby end of his bread, and leaves the crusty majority to be paid into THE BREAD-BASKET BANK, which has been expressly opened for the benefit of the Windsor paupers. It is, we believe, in contemplation to provide every poor person with a sort of check-book, enabling him to draw whenever he is hungry to the extent of one slice, or he may give a bill at a week, payable in mouthfuls. We understand that an eatinghouse-keeper has undertaken to keep the bread account of the Palace, so that if the whole of the leavings are paid in daily it may be invested at once in any of the bread-pudding or bread-sauce speculations of the concern, and thus the paupers would have the advantage of drawing out the bread in accordance with the demands of their appetites.

* Query, *Alter et idem*? All we can say is, if the topography be not correct; for the sake of the text, it *ought* to be.—*Note by the Commentator.*

† "A negro has a soul, an please your honour," said the Corporal. "I hope so, Trim," replied my Uncle Toby. We would hardly be less charitable than my Uncle Toby, even to the class of *moral* negroes.—*Ibid.*

TO THAMES MARINERS.

In consequence of there being a supposed rock off Hungerford, which the Suspension Bridge may be very likely to split upon, the elder brothers of the Trinity House have determined on fixing a light-house on the mud and broken bottle bank, lying in latitude 8½ from Greenwich, and 1¾ from Hyde Park Corner. The light-house will be in the form of a flat candlestick, the flat form being adopted as more in conformity with the scheme of the Bridge to which it will be an adjunct. A look-out will be constantly kept from the handle, and persons wrecked will be good enough to inquire for the officer in charge of the save-all. The British flag will be kept floating from the handle of the extinguisher, which will be kept on during the day, and hauled up on her beam ends at night, so as to allow the snuff to get athwart the bows of the weathercock. There will be a boy stationed aloft, whose duty it will be to keep the light constantly snuffed, which will be accomplished by lowering the arrow of the weathercock, which is made to turn on a pivot, and to open so as to embrace the main top of the candle.

(Signed) Timothy Trunion,
Agent at Lloyd's.

ON THE LITTLE MAN NOW EXHIBITING AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

He's five-and-twenty inches high—
One inch too tall; for who'll deny
That almost every one we meet
Will run about upon two feet?

PROTECTION TO AGRICULTURE.

We are happy to perceive that a League has at length been formed, in order to protect the cultivators of earth-grown water-cress against the competition of the artificial vegetable produced in ordinary slop-basins. At a numerous meeting of the suburban growers, it was moved by Mr. Jones, and seconded by Mr. Brown—

"That the cultivation of the water-cress is the birthright of every Englishman; and that Great Britain owes her reputation for domestic virtue chiefly to her temperance."

It was moved by Mr. Snooks, and seconded by Mr. Poulter—

"That if temperance is the divinity that adorns the shrine, tea is the pedestal it stands upon."

It was moved by Mr. Edwards, and seconded by Mr. Toddledown—

"That it is expedient to enhance the aroma of the tea by the fragrance of the water-cress."

It was moved by Mr. Spinks, and seconded by Mr. Tillybody—

"That the slop-basin never has been, never was, never will, and never can be, the hope of the agriculturist; and that it is against the interest of the British farmer to plant water-cress, or any other vegetable production, in a slop-basin, which is adapted more to the tea-spoon than the ploughshare."

It was moved by Mr. Whobbles, and seconded by Mr. Kilderkin—

"That the puddle is the natural home of the water-cress, while the slop-basin is its prison; the former expanding it into rooty richness, the latter forcing it into a leafy luxuriance, ending in premature ruin."

It was moved by Mr. Swiggles, and seconded by Mr. Whapentake—

"That this meeting pledges itself to stand by the plough, the whole plough, and nothing but the plough."

The following contribution to the Anti-Slop-Basin Fund was then announced:—

One who has whistled (in vain) for a dinner . . . £0 0 6

The chairman stated that the amount required would be thirty shillings, and there was every hope of obtaining it.

Several members having wished he might get it, the meeting was dissolved.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Enter Autolicus.

SINGS.

You Messrs. Vanishee, mark what I say.
Come to my *fête*, on a fine summer's day,
In the year '53,
By the green holly tree,
And surely you shall see,
When the grand piano March of Intellect,
Hath brought both beasts and buttercups to reflect,
Tinkerella and me,
Chewing antimony—steep'd in allegory—
Thro' pure philanthropy—and teaching chemistry
To a great humble bee,
And prose and poetry
To animalculæ.
"Invisible or dimly seen,"
With microscopic glass,
An ass, pondering o'er a bean,
Hoping to grow a horse, I ween;
Oh! what a learned pass.
And so push on, for all sorts of pons asinorum,
Shall soon vanish away, for ever, snip, snap, snorum.

[*Exit* Autolicus, *with his finger at his nose, and occasionally braying—he haw.*]

Going to the Greatest Lengths.

There was an account in the newspapers, a short time back, about "The Longest Rope in the World." We know of one worth two of that; for it has been exceeded over and over again by the "tremendous long *yarn*" on the State of Ireland, which the House of Commons was a whole fortnight spinning.

☞ "The Song of the Shirt," written by Thomas Hood, and set to Music by J. H. Tully, is published this day. *Price* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, March 2, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.—OF PARENT AND CHILD.

E now come to the tender subject of parent and child, which Shakspeare has so tenderly touched upon in many of his tragedies. Macduff calls his children "chickens," probably because he "broods" over the loss of them; and Werner, in Lord Byron's beautiful play of that name, exclaims to Gabor, "Are you a father?" a question which, as the Hungarian was a single man, he could not have answered in the affirmative without rendering himself amenable to the very stringent provisions of the 45th of Elizabeth.

Children are of two sorts—boys and girls: though the lawyers still further divide them into legitimate and illegitimate.

The duties of a parent are maintenance and education; or, as Coke would have expressed it, grub and grammar. That the father has a right to maintain his child is as old as Montesquieu—we mean, of course, the rule, not the child or the parent is as old as Montesquieu—whose exact age, by the bye, we have no means of knowing.

Fortunately, the law of nature chimes in with the law of the land; for, though there is a game, called "None of my child," in which it is customary to knock an infant about from one side of the room to the other, still there is that natural στοργη in the parental breast that fathers and mothers are for the most part willing to provide for their offspring.

The civil law will not allow a parent to disinherit his child without a reason; of which reasons there are fourteen, though there is one reason, namely, having nothing to leave, which causes a great many heirs to be amputated, or cut off, even without the ceremony of performing the operation, with a shilling. Our own law is more civil to parents than the civil law, for in this country children are left to Fate and the Quarter Sessions, which will compel a father, mother, grandfather, or grandmother, to provide for a child, if of sufficient ability. If a parent runs away, that is to say, doth spring off from his offspring, the churchwardens and overseers may seize his goods and chattels, and dispose of them for the maintenance of his family; so that, if a man lodging in a garret leaves nothing behind him, *that* must be seized for the benefit of the deserted children. By the late Poor Law Act, a husband is liable to maintain the children of his wife, whether legitimate or illegitimate; and we would therefore advise all "persons about to marry," that though it is imprudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, still it is desirable that chickens already hatched, and not counted on, should be rigidly guarded against.

It being the policy of our laws to promote industry, no father is bound to contribute to a child's support more than twenty shillings a month, which keeps the child continually sharp set, and is likely to promote the active growth of the infantine appetite.

Our law does not prevent a father from disinheriting his child; a circumstance which has been invaluable to our dramatists, who have been able to draw a series of delightful stage old men, who have a strong hold on the filial obedience of the walking ladies and gentlemen, who dare not rush into each other's arms, for fear of the old gentleman in a court coat and large shoe buckles being unfavourable to the youth in ducks, or the maiden in muslin. Heirs are especial favourites of our courts of justice—much as the lamb is the especial favourite of the wolf—for an heir with mint sauce, that is to say, with lots of money, is a dainty dish indeed to tempt the legal appetite.

A parent may protect his child: and thus, if one boy batters another boy, the parent of the second boy may batter the first boy, and the battery is justifiable, for such battery is in the eye of the law only the working of parental affection; though it is rather awkward for parental affection to take a pugilistic turn in its extraordinary zeal to show itself.

The last duty of a parent is to educate a child, or to initiate him into the mysteries of Mavor at an early period. Learning is said to be better than houses and land—probably because it opens a wide field for the imagination—that Cubitt of the mind—to build upon.

The old Romans, says Hale, used to be able to kill their children; but he adds that "the practysse off cuttinge offe one's own hair was thoughte barber-ous." This atrocious pun reminds us of the cruelty of a certain dramatist of modern times, who used to write pieces and take his own children to see them, thereby submitting his own offspring to the most painful ordeal, for they were compelled to sit out the whole performance, and were savagely pinched if they fell asleep, while they were, at the same time, expected to laugh and look cheerful at every attempt at a joke which their unnatural father had ventured to perpetrate. In conformity with the maxim that "*paterna potestas in pietate debet non in atrocitate consistere.*" it is believed that a child in such a dreadful position as that which we have alluded to, might claim to be released by his next friend, for the time being, the box-keeper.

A parent may correct his child with a rod or a cane—a practice originally introduced to encourage the growers of birch, and to protect the importers of bamboo, as well as to promote the healthy tingling of the juvenile veins; and a schoolmaster, who is *in loco parentis*, is also empowered to do the like by an old Act of Parliament, known as the statute of Wapping.

Children owe their parents support; but this is a mutual obligation, for they must support each other—though we sometimes hear them declaring each other wholly unsupportable.

Illegitimate children are such as are born before wedlock; being, like Richard the Third, "sent before their time into this breathing world:" and though there is a fine maxim, to the effect of its being "better late than never," it is, in some cases, better to be late than too early. They are said to be *nullius filii*, or nobody's children; but so many people are now the children of mere nobodies, that all the old prejudices on this point against innocent parties are becoming quite obsolete, as they ought to be.

There is now no distinction between the two kinds we have named except that one cannot inherit, and the other can; but some of those who can can't, and some of those who can't are enabled to do what is far better—namely, to give instead of taking.

Punch's Guide to the Insolvent Court.

THE object of a Guide to any place must surely be to tell the public which is the shortest way to it. One of the nearest cuts to the Insolvent Court is through the offices of a Loan Society, where you have only to *tender yourself* as a security, and you *will* very soon find yourself in the direct road to Portugal Street. The very shortest cut is to invest capital in, what are facetiously called, American Securities. There are many other ways by which the Insolvent Court may be reached; but, wishing to keep our Guide within reasonable limits, we have contented ourselves with pointing out the grand leading thoroughfare.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

As Lord Brougham saw the woolsack was vacant, he would take leave to ask a question.

Lord Campbell said that, if his noble and learned friend would allow him to suggest, he would recommend his noble and learned friend to wait till the woolsack was occupied.

Lord Brougham would not wait for any noble lord, but would use his privilege as a member of that House.

Lord Campbell : But don't you see that the woolsack is vacant?

Lord Brougham : What have I to do with that? I will address the House from the woolsack myself, and then it will not be vacant. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

Lord Campbell only thought——

Lord Brougham : No, you don't only think, for you speak also. I wish the noble and learned lord did only think ; for if he only thought, and never spoke, I, for one, should be much better satisfied.

Lord Campbell : If my noble and learned friend will still permit me——

Lord Brougham : My noble and learned friend says, if I will still permit him. Now, I never did willingly permit him ; and, indeed, the House would not thank me if I did.

Lord Campbell would not ask the permission of any noble lord.

Lord Brougham : But you did, for you asked mine ; at least that was the inference.

Lord Campbell : I wish the noble and learned lord would not be so fond of inferences.

Lord Brougham : I am not fond of inferences. I never attempt to draw them ; and, indeed, I cannot do so after you have spoken, for I defy any one to infer anything from what the noble and learned lord says. (*A laugh.*)

Lord Campbell : If the noble and learned lord can be merry at my expense, he is perfectly welcome.

Lord Brougham would not have anything at the expense of his noble and learned friend. His noble and learned friend was not so rich—in an intellectual point of view—as to be able to afford it.

The Lord Chancellor having now taken his place on the woolsack,

Lord Brougham begged pardon of the House : he had forgotten that he was occupying the place of his noble and learned friend who had just taken his place.

Lord Campbell remarked that his noble and learned friend (Brougham) had formerly, when on the woolsack, been apt to forget himself.

Lord Brougham admitted that his noble and learned friend never forgot himself, and seldom remembered others. If the noble and learned lord could forget himself, his reminiscences might not be so disagreeable as they must be at present.

The Lord Chancellor said he had only just entered the House, but he thought the present discussion seemed to be rather desultory.

Lord Campbell observed that the noble lord (Brougham) was quite out of order, for there was no motion before the House.

Lord Brougham : Then I will propose one. I move that my learned and noble friend (Campbell) shall be at liberty to bring forward any measure he may think proper on this day six months.

The motion having been lost without a division, the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA.

Sir Valentine Blake rose to bring forward his motion on the subject of communication with America. The Hon. Baronet proceeded to say that his plan would be a very simple one. (*Hear.*) He should propose to cut a canal for ships through the land, and then carry a railway over the sea, so that vessels might navigate the earth, and railway trains traverse the broad Atlantic. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) He might, perhaps, be taxed with being too sanguine, and he might be told that the inequality of the waves would present an obstacle to his plan, on account of the alleged difficulty of finding a level. (*Hear.*) Well, he (Sir Valentine Blake) had thought of that—(*a laugh*)—and he would meet the objection with the scientific fact, that water—and he believed he was right in applying the word water to the Atlantic Ocean, which was water in the very broadest sense of the word—he repeated, he would meet the objection with the scientific fact, that water always finds its own level. (*Cheers.*) Besides, had not England the power to reduce the foaming billow to the undulating ripple? (*Hear.*) He (Sir Valentine Blake) would call upon Britannia to fulfil her proud prerogative and rule the waves of the broad Atlantic. (*Great cheering.*)

Sir R. Peel wished to know whether Sir Valentine Blake really proposed to cut a canal through Ireland ; for this, instead of bringing us nearer to America, would be, in fact, cutting a connection with it. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

Sir Valentine Blake explained.

Colonel Sibthorpe was glad of an opportunity of expressing his concurrence in the proposed measure. He had himself once intended to move for a bill to cut a canal through Waterloo-place, and throw a railroad over the Thames, so as to form a continued line of communication between the Bull and Mouth and the Houses of Parliament. He (Colonel Sibthorpe) was averse to railroads, but if they were to be erected anywhere, he thought they were more adapted for crossing the sea ; and indeed there was a precedent (*hear*), for he had heard several naval friends of his talk of having crossed the line—which he (Colonel Sibthorpe) believed must be the South Eastern line—on their passage to India. (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*)

Sir Valentine Blake having again risen to explain, the House immediately adjourned.

MRS. FRY'S PET.

It may arise from his besetting uncharitableness of heart, but *Punch* was never in love with the King of Prussia. When his Majesty, under the auspices of good Mrs. Fry, went to Newgate, and when in the female prisoners' ward, his pious Majesty dropped upon his knees and prayed, we thought the King of Prussia, as the lawyers say, proved too much. The humility, if true, was too good to last. And so it has proved : for though his Majesty was so very good a Christian whilst in Newgate, he can, it appears, play the Nicholas in little on the Prussian throne. Sweet and touching is it to contemplate a mighty potentate of earth down upon his knees with Bet Sly, Suke Tagrag, Moll Flashly, and twenty other forlorn birds of Newgate, "in trouble," for felony and misdemeanour ; beautiful indeed, is the humility! The matron wonders, and the turnkeys cry, "Bless us! what a pious cretur." The story is read and told at melting tea-parties ; and the King of Prussia—Mrs. Fry's pet!—is received into the large and tender bosom of female philanthropy. He is a king of comfits—a king of sugar-candy!

His Majesty returns to Prussia, and with almost the gloss of his Newgate benevolence upon him, he becomes Jack-of-all-work to the Emperor of Russia. He is Nicholas's most humble servant : a tool, a scourge, a Prussian knout in the hand of the imperial executioner.

A number of Poles, dignified by misfortune—ennobled by suffering patriotism—take refuge in Prussia from the bloody fangs of the Russian bear. They are—in a holiday mood, it seems, of the Prussian monarch—permitted by him to find a home in Posen. Their country destroyed to them, their fortunes shattered by as wild and merciless a tyrant as Heaven ever permitted to scourge humanity—they are allowed to find a resting-place in Prussia. They become planted in the soil ; when, lo! Nicholas has ugly dreams about them,—they disturb his cheerful thoughts,—and, as he cannot have them back, first for the knout, and then for Siberia, why—he begs of his brother Prussia to banish them, accursed from the land. Whereupon, Mrs. Fry's pet shews himself obedient to the greater son of mischief, and, whether or no, the Poles must pack. The soil of Prussia is not favourable to virtuous misery.

Strange are the sympathies of kings! His Majesty of Prussia could feel for and pray with Illegal Pawning, with Highway Robbery, with Embezzlement, with Felony, in its many shapes : but for Defeated Valour, Heroic Suffering, Patriotism, in all its glorious and glorifying aspirations—all such are nought, and must not find harbour in Posen.

In Newgate, the King of Prussia was a Christian ; what a pity that he should have quitted it to act journeyman despot at home.

The opinion seems generally to gain ground among the *savans*, that the Greek characters will supersede or survive all others, inasmuch as one of them will always be *new* (*ν*).

POLICE LAURELS.

THE new Police have within these few days gloriously distinguished themselves at King's-Cross, Battle-Bridge. The fight of Boadicea on that spot is eclipsed by the police scuffle which has ended in the capture of a whole company of "Automaton Actors." It appears that theatrical performances had been exhibited—

"Where gangs of young thieves and the worst of characters congregated, to the annoyance of the respectable inhabitants."

Really, if the cheap drama have such attraction for gangs of thieves, would it not be as well to permit penny performances in all parts of the metropolis? The house being filled with thieves, they can at best but rob one another, and the purses and pocket handkerchiefs of respectable people remain safe, whilst the robbers are thus congregated together.

The police entered the house, "disguised as butchers, dustmen, and other characters." At a given signal they—

"Rushed behind the scenes, captured the whole of the 'automaton actors,' including the wretch Corder, and his victim, Maria Martin; also the figure of Death, and all the minor characters. The scenery, machinery, and decoration were then seized and packed up, and, together with the audience, doorkeepers, money-takers, and saloon-keeper, were all taken to the station-house, followed by an immense crowd of persons. No less than 83 persons, men, women, and children, were placed at the bar in batches, and locked up."

All this makes a very important achievement in police annals; nevertheless, may we be permitted to ask of the force, why they suffered the abomination of "automaton actors" at all? Why did they allow, night after night, "gangs of young thieves" to congregate, when, at their very first meeting, they should have been dispersed? Perhaps, however, the police thought it best to imitate Peel's policy in Ireland. It would have made no noise at all to have put down the first meeting. Oh no! but 83 persons with "the figure of Death, and all the minor characters," taken at one swoop shewed the wonderful activity of the captors. There is nothing like coaxing and petting a nuisance into maturity, and then taking great credit to ourselves for killing the troublesome giant we have fostered.

SONGS OF THE OMNIBUSES.

THE SONG OF THE ATLAS.

From the Nightingale we go
With our team of two in hand,
Yoicks, yoicks, gee up, yo ho,
Full half an hour we stand.

At length we ply the thong,
Nor ply it quite in vain;
Yo ho—we go along,
As we tug, tug, tug at the rein.

Gallop, canter, and trot,
Amble, sidle, and shy,
Gib, and the deuce knows what,
As the thong we actively ply!

Down Baker-street, yo ho,
Through Oxford-street, ya hips!
To Regent's Circus we go,
As our near horse stumbles and trips.

Passengers squeeze and cram,
Animals sidle and shy;
Door shut to with a slam,
Over the wood we ply.

Elephant, Charing-cross,
Lambeth, Camberwell-gate,
We cry till our throats are hoarse,
As in Parliament-street we wait.

Driver, conductor, or cad,
Passengers, horses, and all,
Rattle away like mad,
Yo ho—yo ho, is the call.

Hilly, hilly—high.
Onwards zig-zag and straight,
Over bridge, over road does the Atlas fly,
And Elephant—Elephant still is the cry,
Till we get to Camberwell-gate.

ANOTHER ART-UNION.

In consequence of the anticipated success of the

GRAND GRATUITOUS SHAWL DISTRIBUTION,

AT ONE GUINEA PER HEAD,

entitling every fourteenth

Person to a Shawl,

and the other thirteen to nothing, which will take place under an

ENORMOUS CLOAK

of purely philanthropic manufacture, it has been determined to relieve the

FIELD-LANE AND SAFFRON-HILL DISTRICTS

by a grand pocket-handkerchief Art-Union. By this scheme, any person passing through Field-lane will leave his pocket-handkerchief

IN THE HANDS OF THE PROJECTORS,

and on his return he will

Have an Opportunity

of comparing it with others, amongst which it will be suspended, and he may either purchase his own back again, or may buy

ANY OTHER

that he takes a fancy to, at a very reduced price, thus giving to each subscriber

A CHOICE FROM AMONGST A STOCK,

which he could not obtain in any other manner.

The Taste and Variety

now displayed in the patterns of pocket-handkerchiefs, in the present

ADVANCED STATE OF THE ART OF DESIGN,

renders this an unusually favourable opportunity. It is calculated that of

EVERY HUNDRED PERSONS

who pass through Field-lane, at least seventy-five have handkerchiefs as they enter at one end, which they cease to possess as they go out at the other, thus making the district alluded to a counterpart of the

SUNNY ISLES OF BANDANNA.

Information of a practical nature may be obtained by passing along Field-lane, any morning, noon, or night, and the applicant will soon be convinced that the scheme has its peculiar

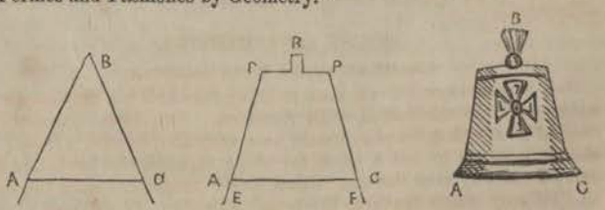
Abstract Advantages.

Colonial Intelligence.

We have had letters from all our Colonial possessions, including the Isles of Dogs and Eelpie. The Doggites had been threatened with an incursion from the natives of Upper Deptford, and the Eelpie islanders were in a state of indignation at the attempt of perfidious Putney to plant the sword on that soil, which has hitherto nourished only the peaceful bulrush. It is true that Putney proffers the pretended blessings of extended commerce, and stretches out her hand, offering treasure for the eel-pies, which are at present the only wealth of those rude but hitherto happy islanders. Our possessions at Battersea continue in a tranquil state, and our relations in that quarter—for we have an uncle and two cousins lodging there—are likely to remain permanent.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

The following is from an old volume in the British Museum, entitled "Formes and Fashiones by Geometry."



Problem.

"To construct ye militari Hatt."—Lett A B C be ye bridge of ye Ass the same as in Euclid, Book I., Prop. V. Let ye top be squeeged down, so that it become as in ye 2d figure, onlye let B be left for ye top knott hereafter. Now turn up ye legs A E and C F. Nowe pinche ye top B, so yt it all becometh fig. 3. So shall ye have trulye ye militari hatt; and none so maketh ye enemie to turne him and flee.

Corollary.—By ye like device may flower-pots be shapen, only ye top-knott shall be cutt off for the forming of the hole thereof.

THE IRISH TOM THUMB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Arthur	Sir R. Peel.
Tom Thumb (1st time) . . .	Mr. Attorney Smith.
Noodle (his original Character) . .	Sir J. Graham.
Dollalolla (by desire)	Lord Brougham.
Glumdalca (with the Song of "*Who fears to speak of* '98") . .	Mr. O'Connell.

Enter Tom Thumb, *leading* Glumdalca *bound in chains.*

King.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
Thou giant queller, I'm rejoic'd you 're come.
Thy valour thou hast shown, beyond a doubt;
Not by mere words, although by *calling out*.
Though small in form, thou hast the mind of ten,
Thou challenger of juries and of men!

Tom.

I've done my duty—nothing more.

Dollalolla.

Oh, yes;
You 've *done* the traversers, you must confess.

King.

His modesty 's a gaslight to his worth.

Dollalolla (*aside*).

His Majesty 's the greatest *doo* on earth.

King (*to* Tom).

Ask some reward: whate'er I can bestow,
To you unbounded gratitude I owe.

Dollalolla (*aside*).

I wouldn't give him sixpence for the debt.
They owe me what I fear I ne'er shall get.

Tom.

I ask not office, that I 've got already;
But if the ministry continues steady,
I only ask—think not I take it cool—
The first reversion of the sack of wool.

Dollalolla (*aside*).

Be still, my soul—my itching palm keep back;
'Tis I that long have languished for that sack.

[*Faints, and scene closes.*

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

It is proposed to raise any possible amount of capital, for the better production of the French drama, done into English, on the British stage.

The projectors observe, with pain and regret, that much valuable time is suffered to elapse between the first representation of the original drama on the Paris stage, and its translation on the English boards. From a want of concert, too, among the most eminent translators, the French piece comes out at irregular intervals. One theatre will present the "foreign wonder" on a certain night—another house, that night se'nnight. The British and Foreign Dramatic Association propose to remedy this evil; so that on the same night the same piece may be produced at every London theatre within the authority of the Chamberlain.

Without going minutely into all the profuse details of the Association, it may here be necessary to give a general outline of the principles upon which it will be conducted.

A flock of pigeons warranted carriers, will be purchased for rapid communication between the French and English capitals.

A body of distinguished French short-hand writers will be engaged. On the night of a new piece, the writer will visit the Paris theatre, with his pigeon in a bag. He will take down the whole of the piece on tissue-paper. This he will immediately attach under the wings of the pigeon, and, leaving the playhouse, throw up his bird.

The late premises of the Dramatic Authors' Society (Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden,) have been taken, where the pigeons will alight from France; and a body of persons, who know French without a dictionary, being located on the premises, the short-hand copy will be immediately delivered out and shared among the translators.

It is calculated, that in thirty-six hours after the production of the piece in Paris, the said piece will be duly translated into very average English, and ready for the London boards.

The present price of translation is exorbitantly high. Managers are known to give as much as fifty shillings for a two-act drama, and in some instances thirty for a one-act vaudeville. It is to relieve managers from this oppression that the British and Foreign Dramatic Association will be established; and, on the consideration that "a quantity will be taken," it is thought expedient, after the manner of the Cemetery Companies, to subjoin a scale of prices:—

	£	s.	d.
For the Translation of a three-act Drama . .	1	5	0
Ditto, with Songs	1	10	0
A full Opera, (the poetry good for families) . .	1	15	0
For a two-act Domestic Melodrama	0	10	6
Very superior, with "intense interest" . . .	0	12	6
Ditto, with a moral *denouement*	0	14	0
A one-act Vaudeville	0	7	6

All the articles warranted faithful translations, and delivered at the stage-door, ready for rehearsal, six-and-thirty hours after production in Paris.

Vivat Regina!] [*No Money returned.*

FRENCH PLAYS.

In order to give every possible variety to the performances, Mr. Mitchell has entered into an engagement with the celebrated naval comedian, Admiral du Petit Thouars, who will shortly appear in the farce of *Le Maire du Cinquième Étage*, which is a French adaptation of the *Mayor of Garratt*. The Admiral will fill the character of Major

Sturgeon, and introduce the celebrated description of the taking of the pump, which has been converted by the French dramatist into a glowing account of the attack upon and seizure of Tahiti. The allusion to the Government having made a handle of this event, follows out the idea of the pump very cleverly.

Waste Lands.

A Correspondent, who asks us whether Lord Worsley's "Enclosure Bill" will extend to the taking in of Trafalgar Square, is informed that we perfectly despair of Parliament signalizing the session by any "take in" one half as sensible.

THE IRISH TOM THUMB.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE DESIGN OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

KING ARTHUR . . . . SIR R. PEEL.
TOM THUMB (1st time) . . . MR. ATTORNEY SMITH.
NOODLE (his original Character) . . SIR J. GRAHAM.
DOLLALOLLA (by Desire) . . . LORD BROUGHAM
GLUMDALCA (with the Song of "*Who fears to speak of* '98") . . . . MR. O'CONNELL.

ANOTHER FINE IDEA.

R. D'ISRAELI asked, in the House of Commons the other night, with considerable energy, "What is half a century in the history of a nation?" This is a very "fine idea," and reminds us of the sum proposed by an Irish usher, who, in a fit of arithmetical sublimity exclaimed to his pupil, "365. Try and do that if you can!" In working out Mr. D'Israeli's problem, we are struck with its resemblance to the glorious query—if a red herring costs three halfpence, what will a sack of coals come to? What, indeed, is half a century in the history of a nation? Echo—that is to say, poetical echo, which always responds to the beginning of a sentence instead of the end—Echo answers, "Eh! what?"

The fine idea of Mr. D'Israeli is, however, capable of almost universal application; and we suggest the following cases, in which it may be used with effect, quite equal to that produced by the demand of "What is half a century in the history of a nation?" For example: At a meeting of the Coal trade, what could be more splendid than the inquiry, in a tone of eloquent sublimity, "What is half a hundred in a ton of coals?" The beauty of this idea is in its vastness; and the author ought to be placed on the same pedestal in the Temple of Fame, with that most sublime of spendthrifts, who, rushing to his coachmaker in Long Acre, ordered, in a whirlwind of passionate extravagance, "SOME MORE GIGS."

THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

CHAP. III.—THE ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDERS—HISTORICAL REVIEW.

WE will now resume the narrative, and endeavour to compress, in a few comprehensive pages, the facts which are more diffusely described in the print from which we have quoted.

It was manifest, then, that the troubles in the departments were of a serious nature, and that the forces gathered round the two Pretenders to the crown were considerable. They had their supporters too in Paris,—as what party indeed has not? and the venerable occupant of the throne was in a state of considerable anxiety, and found his declining years by no means so comfortable as his virtues and great age might have warranted.

His paternal heart was the more grieved when he thought of the fate reserved to his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, now sprung up round him in vast numbers. The king's grandson, the prince royal, married to a princess of the house of Schlippen Schloppen, was the father of fourteen children, all handsomely endowed with pensions by the state. His brother, the Count D'Eu, was similarly blessed with a multitudinous offspring. The Duke of Nemours had no children; but the Princes of Joinville, Aumale, and Montpensier (married to the Princesses Januaria and Februaria, of Brazil, and the Princess of the United States of America, erected into a monarchy, 4th July, 1856, under the Emperor Duff Green I.), were the happy fathers of immense families—all liberally apportioned by the Chambers, which had long been entirely subservient to His Majesty Louis-Philippe.

The Duke of Aumale was King of Algeria, having married (in the first instance) the Princess Badroulboudour, a daughter of his Highness Abd-El-Kader. The Prince of Joinville was adored by the nation, on account of his famous victory over the English fleet, under the command of Admiral the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the *Richard Cobden*, of 120 guns, was taken by the *Belle-Poule* frigate of 36, on which occasion forty-five other ships of war, and seventy-nine steam frigates, struck their colours to about one-fourth the number of the heroic French navy. The victory was mainly owing to the gallantry of the celebrated French Horse-marines, who executed several brilliant charges under the orders of the intrepid Joinville; and though the Irish brigade, with their ordinary modesty, claimed the honours of the day, yet, as only three of that nation were present in the action, impartial history must award the palm to the intrepid sons of Gaul.

With so numerous a family quartered on the nation, the solicitude of the admirable King may be conceived, lest a revolution should ensue, and fling them on the world once more. How could he support so numerous a family? Considerable as his wealth was, (for he was known to have amassed about a hundred and thirteen billions, which were lying in the caves of the Tuileries,) yet such a sum was quite insignificant when divided among his

progeny — and, besides, he naturally preferred getting from the nation as much as his faithful people could possibly afford.

Seeing the imminency of the danger, and that money, well applied, is often more efficacious than the conqueror's sword, the King's ministers were anxious that he should devote a part of his savings to the carrying on of the war. But, with the cautiousness of age, the monarch declined this offer; he preferred, he said, throwing himself upon his faithful people, who, he was sure, would meet, as became them, the coming exigency. The Chambers met his appeal with their usual devotion. At a solemn convocation of those legislative bodies, the King, surrounded by his family, explained the circumstances and the danger. His Majesty, his family, his Ministers, and the two Chambers, then burst into tears, according to immemorial usage, and raising their hands to the ceiling, swore eternal fidelity to the dynasty and to France, and embraced each other affectingly all round.

It need not be said that in the course of that evening two hundred deputies of the Left left Paris, and joined the Prince John Thomas Napoleon, who was now advanced as far as Dijon—two hundred and fifty three (of the Right, the centre, and round the corner,) similarly quitted the Capital to pay their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux—they were followed, according to their several political predilections, by the various Ministers and dignitaries of State. The only Minister who remained in Paris was Marshal Thiers, Prince of Waterloo; (he had defeated the English in the very field where they had obtained formerly a success, though the victory was as usual claimed by the Irish Brigade;) but age had ruined the health, and diminished the immense strength of that gigantic leader, and it is said his only reason for remaining in Paris was because a fit of the gout kept him in bed.

The Capital was entirely tranquil. The theatres and cafés were open as usual, and the masked balls attended with great enthusiasm—confiding in their hundred and twenty-four forts, the fight-minded people had nothing to fear.

Except in the way of money, the king left nothing undone to conciliate his people. He even went among them with his umbrella, but they were little touched with that mark of confidence. He shook hands with everybody; he distributed crosses of the legion of honour in such multitudes, that red ribband rose two hundred per cent. in the market, (by which his Majesty, who speculated in the article, cleared a tolerable sum of money.) But these blandishments and honours had little effect upon an apathetic people; and the enemy of the Orleans Dynasty, the fashionable young nobles of the Henriquinquiste party, wore gloves perpetually, for fear (they said) that they should be obliged to shake hands with the best of kings; while the Repub-

licans adopted coats without button-holes, lest they should be forced to hang red ribbands in them. The funds did not fluctuate in the least.

The proclamation of the several pretenders had had their effect. The young men of the schools and the estaminets (celebrated places of public education) allured by the noble words of Prince Napoleon, "Liberty, equality, war all over the world!" flocked to his standard in considerable numbers; while the noblesse naturally hastened to offer their allegiance to the legitimate descendant of Saint Louis.

And truly, never was there seen a more brilliant chivalry than that collected round the gallant Prince Henry! There was not a man in his army but had lacquered boots and fresh white kid gloves at morning and evening parade. The fantastic and effeminate, but brave and faithful troops, were numbered off into different legions—there was the Fleur d'Orange regiment; the Eau de Rose battalion; the Violet-pomatum Volunteers; the Eau de Cologne cavalry—according to the different scents which they affected. Most of the warriors wore lace ruffles; all powder and pig-tails, as in the real days of chivalry. A band of heavy dragoons under the command of Count Alfred de Horsay, made themselves conspicuous for their discipline, cruelty, and the admirable cut of their coats: and with these celebrated horsemen came from England the illustrious Duke of Jenkins with his superb footmen. They were all six feet high. They all

wore bouquets of the richest flowers. They wore bags, their hair slightly powdered, brilliant shoulder-knots, and cocked hats laced with gold. They wore the tight knee-pantaloon of velveteen, peculiar to this portion of the British infantry; and their legs were so superb, that the Duke of Bordeaux embracing with tears their admirable leader on parade, said, "Jenkins, France never saw such calves until now." The weapon of this tremendous militia was an immense club or cane, reaching from the sole of the foot to the nose, and heavily mounted with gold. Nothing could withstand before this terrific weapon, and the breastplates and plumed morions of the French Cuirassiers would have been undoubtedly crushed beneath them, had they ever met in mortal combat. Between this part of the Prince's forces and the Irish auxiliaries there was a deadly animosity. Alas, there always is such in camps! The sons of Albion had not forgotten the day when the children of Erin had been subject to their devastating sway.

The uniform of the latter was various—the rich stuff called *corps-du-roy* (worn by Cœur de Lion at Agincourt) formed their lower habiliments for the most part: the national frieze* yielded them tail coats. The latter were generally torn in a fantastic manner at the elbows, skirts, and collars, and fastened with every variety of button, tape, and string. Their weapons were the caubeen, the alpeen, and the doodeen, of the country—the latter a short but dreadful weapon of offence. At the demise of the venerable Theobald Mathew, the nation had laid aside its habit of temperance, and universal intoxication betokened their grief: it became afterwards their constant habit. Thus do men ever return to the haunts of their childhood, such a power has fond memory over us! The leaders of this host seem to have been, however, an effeminate race; they are represented by contemporary historians as being passionately fond of *flying kites*. Others say they went into battle armed with 'bills,' no doubt rude weapons; for it is stated that foreigners could never be got to accept them in lieu of their own arms. The Princes of Mayo, Sligo, and Connemara, marched by the side of their young and royal chieftain, the Prince of Ballybunion, fourth son of Daniel the First, King of the Emerald Isle.

Two hosts then, one under the Eagles, and surrounded by the republican imperialists, the other under the antique French Lilies, were marching on the French capital. The Duke of Brittany, too, confined in the Lunatic Asylum of Charenton, found means to issue a protest against his captivity, which caused only derision in the capital. Such was the state of the empire, and such the clouds that were gathering round the Sun of Orleans!

* Were these in any way related to the *chevaux de frise*, on which the French cavalry were mounted?

POOR-LAW DEATHS AND POOR-LAW VERDICTS.

THE ermine, it is fabled, cannot survive a spot; let any foreign substance soil its snowy coat, and on the instant the creature begins to pine, and soon dies—the victim of a stain. The fiction is pretty—is poetically typical of the most exquisite purity of that tender and delicate animal, which gives its spotless skin wherewith to clothe immaculate authority.

It would seem that coroners' juries entertain the same fiction as a verity, of the mortal sensibility of the authorities and servants, from high to low, of a Union poor-house. Hence, the frequency of those touching reprimands fringing reported inquests. A man of ninety, become a loathsome burthen to his fellow-men by the foulness of his poverty, is made to render up almost his last gasp beneath a wintry sky; as the cart jolts along the frozen, iron road, the death-rattle is in the hoary peasant's throat; he dies; and the indignant jury, their hearts bursting with emotion—wrung with sorrow for the cruelty of man towards man—return a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God;" peace-giving death being, in their opinion, accelerated by the conduct of some poor-law officer. The functionary is visited with a heavy reprimand; the ermine purity of his character is spotted by the ink-drops recording the verdict; and the jury depart for their homes, their indignation softened by the thought that they have dealt justice on the evil-doer.

A sick infant is to be got rid of—thrust from one poor-house to another; and the authorties of the Union, casting forth the piece of human offal, claw from its blistered flesh the rags and flannel belonging to them—yes, they are the property of the house; and, for the child, why, *that* is only a thing of God's making, and, being immortal, is not a perishable article, like linen and fleecy hosiery. The child can only die in this world. Die it does; and again a Coroner's Jury, "beating their pensive bosoms," return a verdict of "Natural death"—still accompanying the opinion with a fatal reprimand of one of the nurses,—with a withering reflection on the skill or humanity of the doctor.

A poor girl of fourteen, with inflammation of the pericardium and the knee-joint, is taken in a cart to the Bridgewater Union. We remove furniture in springed vehicles; but then mahogany and rose-wood are of more costly materials than paupers' inflamed joints; such things may be carried even in a tumbril; it is but a few shrieks more or less on the part of the pauper—a few more throes of agony,—and in a few days she dies, too—"dies," say the Jury, "by the visitation of God:" but then "the deceased's death was greatly accelerated by the removal." Here is another reprimand—another blight of blame upon somebody. Were a carrier to knock off the leg of a table in its removal from one place to another, no doubt the owner of the said table could have legal remedy for the fracture; the law would not simply allow him the right of reprimanding careless HODGE: no, HODGE (the owner of the spring-cart or van) would be amenable for the injury either in person or pocket. But then tables are property: paupers are other sort of chattels; and a reprimand of those who may neglect and maltreat them, is all-sufficient to meet the casualty. And wherefore is this? Because, we doubt not, it is a popular fallacy, that all persons, of every degree, employed in Poor-Law Unions, have that exquisite sensibility which is poetically feigned of the ermine. They cannot outlive a spot; a reprimand, soiling the lustrous snowiness of their reputation, kills them. The Jury return the inculpatory verdict; and the stained and stricken functionary, whether a guardian or a nurse, a doctor or a matron, fades and changes beneath the stain, and, retiring to some "untrod corner of the earth," dies.

Such must be the consequence in the opinion of Juries generally, or would they content themselves with tagging their verdicts with a meek and harmless reproach? They must feel convinced that their criminatory syllables carry a subtle power of punishment upon the offenders they condemn, or wherefore such needless waste of wholesome blame?

Alas! that stubborn philosopher BONNI declared that in his own anatomy he had never felt so cold as on the day his enemies burnt him in effigy. We fear that sundry poor-law functionaries, with a load of reprimand upon their shoulders, continue to eat, drink, and sleep—and that never more comfortably than when strongly censured.

Indeed, when we consider the spirit that animates much of the

Poor Law, we think that these reprimands of Juries might, by the liberal benignity of Somerset House, be turned into graces. For instance, why not give a certain ornament to a guardian, doctor, or nurse, for every reprimand inflicted by a Jury? Thus, the zealous veteran might be distinguished by his outward trappings, even as degrees of military rank are made manifest. There was a Wirtemburgh Order of the Death's Head! Might not the Commissioners introduce that, adding to it the Cross-Bones, as the highest mark of Poor Law merit, for those who boast a certain number of reprimands, they being to the Poor Law veteran what scars are to the soldier? We throw out the hint, and hope the folks at Somerset House will be duly grateful for it.

With respect to Juries, however, we beg that they will in future disabuse their minds of the fiction, the pretty conceit, that poor-law servants suffer aught from a reprimand. We entreat of Juries to reject the fallacy. The functionaries of a Union are *not* of the *species* ermine.

ROYAL BENEVOLENCE "CORKED UP AND KEPT."

Punch has been thrown into a state of alarm by certain paragraphs, headed "Royal Benevolence," in the papers. It was therein averred that Her Majesty had ordered all the unused "cut pieces of bread" saved from the royal table, and heretofore thrown to the pigs, should be shared among certain of the Windsor poor. The benevolent act was received with loyal applause on all hands. A day or two passes, and it is then avowed that Her Majesty further orders that all the "unused wine" from the royal board should be given to cheer the hearts of the sick poor in the neighbourhood of the Castle. It was this report that startled *Punch*. His nose, with its peculiar sensibility, scented a social revolution. "What!" said he, "if Her Majesty give away bread and wine, and that so lavishly, to the poor, what may not be looked for from the example? Benevolence like this is infectious—such charity becomes catching! Hence, the Maids of Honour (dear hearts!), the Lords and Gentlemen in Waiting, and all the countless domestics, noble and plebeian, of the Castle, may be impoverishing and even stripping themselves, to enrich and clothe the destitute of Windsor. We shall hear of salaries laid out in coals and candles—we shall see Ladies of the Bedchamber who have sacrificed dimity and flannel petticoats at the shrine of want: a gentleman in waiting with two coats to his back will be rare as a civet-cat with two skins. And this *furor* of charity will not stop at Windsor. Oh no! there is in high life a fashion for feelings as well as for flounces; hence, we shall very soon have a crowd of paupers at every aristocratic door—we shall have ladies of distinction dirtying their fairy feet, and perilling their precious health, by visits to low and loathsome alleys, taking with them all sorts of covering for the helpless naked." *Punch* had his anxious fears for the *Morning Post*. That rose-coloured journal might be defiled by fashionable paragraphs like the following:—

"Yesterday, the Countess of ——— visited Hampshire Hog Lane, with half-a-dozen blankets, and a sack of potatoes."

"The Marchioness of ——— spent a few hours in a cellar in St. Giles's on Monday last, with the sick wife of a bricklayer, to whom her ladyship carried linen and a ton of coals."

"Departures.—From Portland-square, the Countess of ———, with a leg of mutton and three 4lb. loaves, for Tothill-fields."

"From May-Fair, the Lady of the Bishop of ———, and her lovely and benevolent daughters, with three sides of bacon, a dozen of wine, mattresses, and baby-linen, for Seven Dials."

Such notices as these, thought *Punch*, may astonish and perplex the world, and the social revolution, to the regret of many wise and excellent people, be complete. Happily, the fears of *Punch* were dispelled by the *Times* of the 29th ult., for, again, under the head of "Royal Benevolence," we learn that the story of all the unused wine being given to the poor was a benevolent flam. No such thing! Thus it is:—

"The whole of the unconsumed wine at the Royal table, which is of the most choice description, *is regularly conveyed back to the cellar, then carefully corked up and kept in readiness for the following day's consumption*, and again placed on the Royal table. The misstatement probably originated with respect to the refuse wine in the steward's room, which is left in the decanters at the table after dinner and supper; wine being allowed to the pages and upper servants in the proportion of two bottles to three men, and one pint to each woman, *per diem*. *This refuse wine*, on the whole *about a bottle or so*, which was formerly *the perquisites of the waiters or pages' men*, is now given away to the poor on proper application being made to the Deputy Controller of Her Majesty's Household."

On reading this, *Punch* breathed again—society was safe. The whole of the wine devoted to the sick poor of Windsor is, in fact, nothing but the "heel-taps" of the pages and upper servants—the said taps being heretofore the rightful perquisites of the menials' menials, who are thus made the *bonâ fide* subscribers to the sick paupers of Windsor. Not a drop comes from the Queen's table. No, what we thought the royal charity, bubbling and glowing from a hundred bottles, is "carefully corked up." The sick poor of Windsor have wine, that is, "about a bottle or so" *per diem* shared among them, and rendered up by the lacqueys of Windsor palace! We trust that this example will not be lost upon all fortunate wine-bibbers of every rank throughout the kingdom; for, though they may not be disposed to give a drop of the generous fluid to their neighbouring poor, they may, copying in its spirit the great-hearted benevolence of Windsor, at least permit the wretches to—smell the corks.

THE FINE LADY.

A Monologue or Scena,

WHICH MAY BE EITHER SAID OR SUNG.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?
Hubert. None but to lose your eyes.
Arthur. Oh heaven! that there were but a mote in yours!
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair!
KING JOHN, Act 4, Sc. 1.

A Breakfast-parlour luxuriously furnished; a LADY *at the table; own woman waiting. Three o'clock in the day. Bad weather.*

THE LADY.

HEIGHO! what a morning of drizzle and gloom!
The rain like a deluge, the sky like a tomb!
That stupid new footman must surely be lost,
Who went to inquire why they don't send the *Post*.

Enter JOHN.

Oh you 're come! you stood up! and you thought I could wait
For a paper that gives an account of my *fête!*
Don't stand dripping there, with that insolent face!
You 'll find that your conduct has lost you your place. [*Exit* JOHN.
Dear me! I shall never be able to find it!
"Obliged to curtail," "press of news," has confin'd it
To just half a column! Let 's see what fine news
Is to make up to me for the fame that I lose.
"The poor are impatient," the troublesome set!
Whoever has heard they were satisfied yet!
Ah me! how my head aches! I 've scarce been in bed
Eight hours and I 'm weary, quite listless, just dead!
At six I retir'd and 'tis now scarcely three—
You daudle! you 're yawning! a cup of strong tea!

Enter a DRESS-MAKER.

So, so, Madame Mode, you have brought my Court-dress!
I employ you no more, but that you can guess!
You know how I 'm flurried to know all is right;
If the day cannot do it, you 've surely the night.
Don't answer! suppose that you work night and day,
More time must be made, if for more time we pay.
[*Exit* DRESS-MAKER.
Dear! dear! quite a fog, and I 'm driv'n to the paper,
To shut out this horrible landscape in vapour;
Still that Charity Inquest! What shameful appeals
To the passions! and calling workhouses Bastilles!
How a notion like that could get into the *Post!*
But it is not their own! and so much good space lost!
"Not content to look out on a court-yard all day!"
Why where would they put workhouse windows, I pray?
"Complain of the parting of man and of wife,"
They 're quite spoil'd with their luxuries then, on my life.
Good Heavens! their natures can't be like our own,
I 'm confirmed in that fact, by this instance alone.
Rebel against gruel! sometimes bread and cheese!
You hussey! I hear that poor dog Mopsy, wheeze;
I 'll discharge you! I told you the darling would sicken!
You 've neglected to give him French roll with his chicken!

The Steam Navy.

WE read that a new War Steamer has just been laid down at Portsmouth, to be called "the Scourge." Really, the "Christian" names given to these vessels are worthy of an enlightened age. "The Beelzebub," "the Infernal," "the Styx." "the Acheron," "the Firebrand," and "the Scourge," form as cheerful a collection as could be wished for. We can only suggest, as an improvement, that the Blue and White uniform of the Steam Navy be changed to Black, turned up with Brimstone.

A PARADOX.—The theory of *perpetual motion* at once involves an absurdity, since the very name implies that it must always be *continued in-action*.

PUNCH TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

IN the *Times* of the 29th ult., MR. TURNER is reported to have asked you whether Her Majesty's Government intended to bring in a bill for the more effectual suppression of duelling; and you, in reply to this question, are reported to have answered, in your place in the House of Commons, in the negative.

You are further reported to have said that you "thought that Her Majesty's Government had sufficiently evinced their willingness to exert their legitimate power and influence against the practice of duelling."

Furthermore you are reported, in exemplification of your own and your colleagues' willingness to suppress duelling, to have spoken to the effect following:—

"COLONEL FAWCETT was a man of great military reputation, and had distinguished himself in the service of his country. He was unfortunately killed in a duel, and when his widow applied for that pension to which she would have been entitled had he lost his life in any other way than by the hand of his adversary, Her Majesty's Government felt themselves compelled to refuse to grant that pension."

In the said *Times*, of the date aforesaid, it is likewise alleged that MR. SMITH, your Attorney-General for Ireland, did, in his place in open Court, deliver to MR. FITZGIBBON, one of the opposing counsel on the trial of DANIEL O'CONNELL, a challenge to fight a duel, and that you have not only taken no notice of the conduct of the said SMITH, but have rather made much of him, as of one who has done the state service.

Having asserted these facts, the *Times* proceeds to comment on them in a manner by no means complimentary to you; and if the facts were true, you would not only deserve all that it said of you, but, I will candidly tell you, a great deal more.

But surely the facts cannot be true. The *Times* for once has been hoaxed; "*Aliquando bonus*"—but you are a classic, Sir Robert, and I need not complete the quotation.

What! Can I believe, in the first place, that you said that the Ministry, of which you are at the head, had no intention of bringing in a bill to prevent duelling, when such a bill is so much wanted, and whereas it would be so easy to frame one? Is it not obvious that a law which made any one guilty of sending a challenge, fighting a duel, or being in any way a party to either transaction, liable to be sent for six months to the treadmill, would have the desired effect. Am I to think you an ass, SIR ROBERT PEEL? Pooh! You took honours at Oxford.

In the next place, will any one tell me that you allowed a barrister, whose business was wrangling, whose profession must have habituated him to give and take insults, and for whom, therefore, provocation was a trumpery excuse, to commit—attempt to commit, at least, which comes to the same thing—such a crime as that imputed to MR. SMITH, with utter impunity, and at the same time visited the like offence in a soldier on the person of his poor widow? Nonsense! Putting the widow out of the question, is it possible that you could permit a lawyer to break the law which he had no vocation to break, without animadversion even; and dream of punishing an officer for a crime which, under military regulations, for whose maintenance you are responsible, is actually in the way of his business? Stuff! When, too, the officer was one who had fought and bled for his country, and the lawyer, merely a political partisan? Fiddle-de-dee! I would not believe you guilty of such villanous partiality, such inconsistent meanness, for a moment.

But, to think that you, with such an opportunity of discountenacing a great wickedness presented you, as its public perpetration by an officer of the Crown, should have neglected it, to inflict a vicarious punishment on an unfortunate lady, whose situation claimed your every sympathy, is monstrous. You could have done no such thing, and even could you have been so base, surely the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, recollecting his affair with LORD WINCHELSEA, never would have agreed to it.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, I will not, I cannot believe that you have acted the part which has been ascribed to you. Why, in a melodrame, at the Surrey Theatre, had an unjust Vizier behaved in such a manner, the gallery would have cried "Yah!" upon him. Forgive me one quotation, not classical, but to the point. "The man who could injure a defenceless female is unworthy the name of a Briton."

I have been daily expecting to see a letter from you to the *Times*, denying the charges contained in it. But self-confident innocence, the "mens conscia recti"—you know what that means, SIR ROBERT, has restrained you, I suppose. I do not believe those charges; but other people do; wherefore have I felt called upon thus to step forward in your vindication.

"Pudet hæc opprobria *vobis*
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli."

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

Theatrical Intelligence.

A "FANCY PORTRAIT" OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

WE understand that Mr. CHARLES KEAN has, in the handsomest manner, sat for his *effigies* in wax to Madame TUSSAUD, and will shortly appear in her exhibition. The actor has unquestionably won the distinction by his many Shaksperian murders, and will therefore hold a prominent place among Madame T.'s celebrated criminals.

AIDS TO ANTI-WORKING ALGEBRAISTS.

Q. What are limits of roots?
A. The sides of garden-pots and flower-boxes.
Q. What is the greatest common measure of 3 *x*?
A. One pot.
Q. Go through a Harmonic Series?
A. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Di, Do.
Q. What is single position?
A. The first lesson from Baron Nathan.
Q. What is recurrent division?
A. Cut and come again.

The Weather.—The Mails.

THE drizzling rain, that set from the North East directly into the eye of the guard of the Hounslow Mail, occasioned the greatest inconvenience to that functionary, who, however, maintained his self-possession during the whole of the outward passage. He had the presence of mind at Brentford to stow the bags away under the apron, but the letters were unfortunately already wet through. On opening them, however, the facts they were found to contain were all of the driest character. At Isleworth the horse, which is a jade that has been for some time galled at the treatment it has experienced, began to wince, but the journey was eventually completed in little beyond the usual period.

Political Gardening Directions.

PRUNE luxuriant branches of the tree of liberty, and plant constitutional standards in congenial soils. Force flowers of rhetoric in Parliamentary hothouses, and train young sprigs for Conservatories, so that they may be prepared to go to pot by the usual period. Any time is suitable for draining where there is a rich soil, and care should be taken to bank up as much as possible.

TO INVALIDS AND OTHERS.—To LET, the late OFFICE of the *Morning Post*. Persons desirous of unbroken repose will find these premises peculiarly adapted to sleeping apartments; for, though the business of the paper is no longer carried on there, the locality has become so impregnated with soporific properties, that its efficacy in cases of sleeplessness may be relied upon.

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THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

CHAP. IV.—THE BATTLE OF RHEIMS.

IT was not the first time that the king had had to undergo misfortunes; and now, as then, he met them like a man. The Prince of Joinville was not successful in his campaign against the Imperial Pretender; and that bravery which had put the British fleets to flight, was found, as might be expected, insufficient against the irresistible courage of native Frenchmen. The Horse Marines, not being on their own element, could not act with their usual effect. Accustomed to the tumult of the swelling seas, they were easily unsaddled on *terra firma*, and in the Champagne country.

It was literally in the Champagne country that the meeting between the troops under Joinville and Prince Napoleon took place; for both armies had reached Rheims, and a terrific battle was fought underneath the walls. For some time nothing could dislodge the army of Joinville, entrenched in the champagne cellars of Messrs. Ruinart, Moët, and others; but making too free with the fascinating liquor, the army at length became entirely drunk; on which the Imperialists, rushing into the cellars, had an easy victory over them; and, this done, proceeded to intoxicate themselves likewise.

The Prince of Joinville, seeing the *déroute* of his troops, was compelled with a few faithful followers to fly towards Paris, and Prince Napoleon remained master of the field of battle. It is needless to recapitulate the bulletin which he published the day after the occasion, so soon as he and his secretaries were in a condition to write. Eagles, pyramids, rainbows, the Sun of Austerlitz, &c. figured in the proclamation, in close imitation of his illustrious uncle. But the great benefit of the action was this: on arousing from their intoxication, the late soldiers of Joinville kissed and embraced their comrades of the Imperial army, and made common cause with them.

"Soldiers!" said the Prince, on reviewing them the second day after the action, "The Cock is a gallant bird; but he makes way for the Eagle! your colours are not changed. Ours floated on the walls of Moscow—yours on the ramparts of Constantine; both are glorious. Soldiers of Joinville! we give you welcome, as we would welcome your illustrious leader, who destroyed the fleets of Albion. Let him join us! We will march together against that perfidious enemy!

"But, Soldiers! intoxication dimmed the laurels of yesterday's glorious day! Let us drink no more of the fascinating liquors of our native Champagne. Let us remember Hannibal and Capua; and, before we plunge into dissipation, that we have Rome still to conquer!

"Soldiers! Seltzer water is good after too much drink. Wait a while, and your Emperor will lead you into a Seltzer-water country. Frenchmen! it lies BEYOND THE RHINE!"

Deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" saluted this allusion of the Prince, and the army knew that their natural boundary should be restored to them. The compliments to the gallantry of the Prince of Joinville likewise won all hearts, and immensely advanced the Prince's cause. The *Journal des Débats* did not know which way to turn. In one paragraph it called the Emperor "a sanguinary tyrant, murderer, and pickpocket;" in a second it owned he was "a magnanimous rebel, and worthy of forgiveness;" and, after proclaiming "the brilliant victory of the Prince of Joinville," presently denominated it a "*funeste journée.*"

The next day the Emperor, as we may now call him, was about to march on Paris, when Messrs. Ruinart and Moët were presented, and requested to be paid for 300,000 bottles of wine. "Send three hundred thousand more to the Tuileries," said the Prince, sternly; "our soldiers will be thirsty when they reach Paris;" and taking Moët with him as a hostage, and promising Ruinart that he would have him shot unless he obeyed—with trumpets playing and eagles glancing in the sun, the gallant Imperial army marched on their triumphant way.

Lord Brougham's Privy Council Amendment Bill.

We are happy to be able to present to our readers a copy of the rough sketch which Lord Brougham drew out when he first jotted down his notions of this measure. These notions were, of course, not intended for public inspection; but, as giving an insight into the workings of the active mind of the ex-Chancellor, the document will, we are sure, prove acceptable.

MEMS. FOR A BILL.

Whereas it is desirable to amend a certain Act,—(Insert here the usual humbug about "better despatch of business," and extension of jurisdiction).

BE IT ENACTED, &c.—(Come at once to the expediency of appointing me, not mentioning me exactly by name, *Permanent President* in the absence of the President of the Council).

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, by and with, &c.—(Bring in here the arrangement about the salary, which must be at least £2000 a year).

AND WHEREAS,—(Provide here for the salary being *in addition* to any retiring pension at present enjoyed by the intended new Judge. Remember to be very particular about that).

BE IT ALSO FURTHER ENACTED,—(Here insert a clause appointing two more salaried judges in addition to the chief, as a sop to other legal expectants).

AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED,—(Put in something here that the Bill is supposed to do, besides merely making a new Judge.)

AND WHEREAS,—(Insert here a specimen of some grievance in the present state of the law, which this new Act is supposed to be intended to remedy).

BE IT ALSO ENACTED,—(Throw in something to give the Act a popular aspect—the idea of lessening the expense of divorce does not seem bad. *Mem.*—Cheap literature has answered pretty well—why should not cheap divorce go down? It's something new at all events. Try it.)

AND BE IT ENACTED,—(Bring in the usual finale about altering or amending the Act in the present Session).

Conversion of the Three-and-a-Halfs.

THE contemplated conversion of the Three-and-a-Halfs has already thrown the money market into sixes and sevens. The Bears and the Bulls are down on all-fours; and the result is so doubtful, that it is quite a toss up with the Bulls whether they will come out losers by the transaction. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also contemplates the conversion of the short sixes into long fours, for he has found from experience that the fours give a much better light, and the sixes will consequently be gradually extinguished. It is generally believed that the conversion of the Three-and-a-Halfs is preliminary to the abolition of the Income Tax. It might as well be said that the invasion of England by the Romans was preliminary to the introduction of rail-roads.

A DREAM.

'TWAS night: the Globe was folded up,
(The paper, not the earth,)
And to its proper shelf restored
The fairest "Maid of Perth:"
But still with strange intricacy
The things that I had read—
The Irish News, the Scottish Tale—
Kept running in my head;
While over all a sort of mist
Began to slowly creep,
The twilight haze of Thought before
It darkens into Sleep;
A foggy land where shady shapes
Kept stirring in the gloom,
Till with a hint of brighter tint
One spot began to bloom,
And on the blank, by dreamy prank,
I saw a Figure tall,
As vivid as from painted glass,
Projected on a wall!

The face, as well as I could trace,
Two sparkling eyes were there,
Black as the beard, and trim moustache,
And curly head of hair;
The nose was straight, the mouth was large,
The lips disclosed beneath
A set full white and regular
Of strong and handsome teeth—
The whiter, that his brow, and cheek,
And thick uncover'd gorge,
Were ruddy as if baked by heat
Of sun or glowing forge.

His dress was buff, or some such stuff,
And belted at the waist;
A curious dirk, for stabbing work,
Was in the girdle placed,
Beside a sort of pouch or purse
Of some wild creature's skin,
To safely hold his store of gold
Or silver coin therein;—
But—suddenly his doublet changed
To one of brighter hue,
A jerkin fair and superfine
Of cloth of azure blue,
Slash'd front and back with satin black,
Embroider'd o'er, and laced
With sable silk, as used to suit
The ancient time and taste;
His hose were of the Flemish cut,
His boots of cordovan;
A velvet bonnet on his head
Like that of Scottish man,—
Nay, not a velvet one,—for why,
As dreams are apt to deal,
With sudden change, as swift as strange,
It shone a cap of steel!
His coat of buff, or azure stuff,
Became a hauberk bright,
No longer gay in his array,
But harness'd for the Fight!

Huge was his frame, and muscular,
Indicative of strength:
His bosom broad, his brawny arms
Of more than common length;
And well the sturdy limbs might be
So sinewy, stark, and strong,
That had to wield in battle-field
A sword so broad and long!
Few men there were of mortal mould,
Although of warlike trade,
But had been rash to stand the clash
Of that tremendous blade;
And yet aloft he swung it oft,
As if of feather-weight,
And cut amid the empty air,
A monstrous figure eight;
Whilst ever as it cleft the wind,
A whisper came therewith,
That low and clear said in my ear,
"Behold the Fighting Smith!" *

And lo! another "change came o'er
The spirit of my dream:"
The hauberk bright no longer shone
With that metallic gleam—
No ruddy visage furnace-scorched,
With glowing eyes, was there,
Nor sable beard, nor trim moustache,
Nor head of raven hair;
No steely cap, with plume mayhap,
No bonnet small or big;
Upon his brow there settled now,
A curly powder'd Wig!
Beneath his chin two cambric bands
Demurely drooped adown;
And from his brawny shoulders hung
A black forensic gown.
No mail beneath, to guard from death,
Or wounds in battle dealt,
Nor ready dirk for stabbing work,
Dependent at his belt—
His right hand bore no broad claymore,
But, with a flourish, soon
He wav'd a Pistol huge enough
For any horse-dragoon,
And whilst he pointed to and fro,
As if to aim therewith,
Still in my ear, the voice was clear,
"Behold the Fighting Smith!" †

* *Vide* Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

† *Vide* "The State Trials in Ireland."

INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Ellenborough's despatches are written in a strain that show him to be capable of higher and better things; or, in other words, we think he is quite competent to dramatise the Indian War for Astley's. The style of his writing appears to be eminently calculated for making a "strong bill," as the phrase goes, for the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge. We are confident that his Excellency could pen one of the most effective spectacles ever known, which would induce George Almar, Esq., the dramatist-in-ordinary to Mr. Batty, to hide his diminished cranium in the very first property helmet that he could contrive to thrust it into.

We suggest a few of the principal clap-traps which we are convinced that Lord Ellenborough would write, with a just appreciation of their capability to bring down at least "three rounds" from the boxes, pit, and gallery.

A Speech for a General.—Soldiers! Remember that the honour of the British lion is this day entrusted to your hands; and the British unicorn is looking down, from his proud position in the royal arms, to watch the progress of this day's action. Let it never be said that an English bayonet had reason to blush for the hand that bore it. Onwards! Follow your leaders! Remember, I am at your back. Your General bids you forward! I will watch your daring deeds from yonder hill. My heart is with you. Fancy that I am leading you on; while I bring you as near to my eye as you are close to my heart, through the safe and convenient medium of my Dollond's telescope. (*The troops rush towards the foe. The General exit hurriedly to his quarters.*)

A Speech for a Lieutenant.—Let me seek the thickest of the fight. My Matilda is faithless! my overdrawn bills are in the hands of one more formidable than the foe! Away! To death or bankruptcy!

A Speech for one of the Band with a trombone.—Keep off, I say, you fellow with the scymitar. (*Blowing a note on his Trombone. The Enemy strikes at him.*) What, you would, would you? (*Drawing out the trombone to its full length in the face of the Indian.*) Oh! I thought I should get the best of it. (*The Enemy raises a loud whoop, as if suffering from pain by the blow from the trombone.*) Serves you right. I knew you'd get the worst of it. (*Exeunt opposite sides: the Indian brandishing his scymitar, the other playing very loud notes on his trombone, with a look of defiance.*)

These are a few of the points which we think might be made by the noble Governor-General, if he would condescend to give us his own dramatic version of the War in India. Though very well done last year at Astley's, it might have been managed better, though the notion of telling the plot, by one of the characters narrating the history of what had taken place to his horse, was a happy one that cannot be matched very easily. Perhaps it would be a good idea for one of the characters to apostrophise his sword something in this style, in order to let the audience into the story of the drama.

"You know, my faithful sword, that I exchanged vows of unalterable affection with Matilda under the walls of Jellelabad. You know also, my honest weapon, for you were at that moment at my side, that when in the heat of action I thought only of her. You know, also, my trusty blade, that her father never would consent to our union. But why should I say all this to you? How can you feel? You that are nothing but steel. Well, well, my sword, you are no worse than the rest of the world, for I have known hearts of steel as well as weapons. Back, back to your scabbard—cold and cutting as thou art. Thou wearest no mask, like some: but—no matter."—(*Weeps and exit.*)

PRINCE ALBERT'S CONTEMPLATED TOUR.

We have received the following letter from "the most distinguished personage," on the subject of the paragraph that appeared in Monday's *Times*. We print the communication without comment.

Buckingham Palace.

The Queen directs the attention of *Punch* to the following very mischievous paragraph which appeared in the *Times*, and to which Her Majesty requests that *Punch* will give—on authority—a direct contradiction.

> "We understand that His Royal Highness Prince Albert is going, during the Easter recess, to make a short excursion to the Continent."

The Queen is sure that *Punch*, with his customary acuteness, will see the dangerous tendency of the above, which is calculated to unsettle the mind of a young man, and fill his head with notions which can only lead to ultimate disappointment.

Law and Lunacy.

An attempt was made the other day to set aside, on the ground of insanity, the will of a party who had left 4500*l.* to be laid out in erecting a statue of himself on horseback. The law, which always looks favourably on foolery, held that this equestrian statue was no pretext for taking out what is sometimes called a statue of lunacy. If the erection of equestrian figures be a mark of insanity, where are the madmen that have recently stuck up the eyesore in Trafalgar Square? The Court, however, very properly determined that a man may leave a large sum of money to erect an equestrian statue of himself without his will being vitiated by the circumstance. In order, however, that persons with this propensity may know how far they may safely go, we subjoin a table, according to which almost any one may be guided, if he will place himself under one of the various classes of which the men named below are specimens.

Lord Brougham, being a nonsuch, might, without suspicion of any unusual lunacy, bequeath £50,000 for a statue of himself riding on four horses at once, to be named, Tory, Whig, Radical, and Quackery.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell might, without suspicion of particular lunacy, bequeath for a statue of himself, on a Hobby named Repeal, the quarter's rint next immediately following his dissolution.

Mr. D'Israëli might leave, without any suspicion of lunacy, ten pounds for a statue of Young England—typified by a white waistcoat, mounted on a richly-caparisoned clothes-horse.

Mr. Peter Borthwick might leave, without suspicion of lunacy, his whole estate to be invested in a portrait of himself, which could be made equestrian to a certain extent, by hanging it, when done, across a towel-horse.

Colonel Sibthorpe might be supposed sane, were he to order in his will that a sum of 20,000*l.* should be devoted to an equestrian statue of himself, mounted on a rocking-horse, being typical of his parliamentary career, during which he has always been making motions, but never getting on.

Such are a few of the bequests which might be made in perfect conformity with the sanity of the testator; and we might perhaps add that *Punch* intends leaving the profits of his very last number (if the legacy would not be void for remoteness) to the erection of a statue of Sir Peter Laurie on horseback, with the figure of Mr. M'Adam behind him.

A CARD.

Sir Robert Peel and Co. beg respectfully to acquaint their Friends and the Public, that they have just Commenced Business as General Dealers and Warehousemen, at their Establishment, 14, Downing Street, where Goods of all Descriptions may be purchased at the most reasonable terms. In particular, they invite attention to their Large Stock of Plain and Fancy Stationery, including their Stamped Writing Paper, each Sheet of which, being marked with their Government Stamp, may be sent, Postage Free, to any part of the Kingdom, by which means Envelopes are superseded, and the tedious process of wetting rendered unnecessary.

*** Marine Stores, Soap for Exportation, Patent Medicines, Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Pepper, Outfits to India, and Funerals furnished at a low figure.

SLY SARCASM IN A TITLE.

Ainsworth's Magazine for this month contains two articles that really seem as if the one had been suggested by the other. The first article is the continuation of another "New Historical Romance," by the Editor; and the second is sarcastically called "When to leave off." We wonder Mr. Ainsworth allows personalities of this obvious nature.

THE EXCLUSIVE WORKHOUSE.

So admirably has the New Poor Law operated in the prevention of pauperism, and so satisfactory has been its influence on the poor themselves, in alleviating their sufferings, endearing them to their benefactors, the rich, and diffusing among them a spirit of subordination and content, that Government, we understand, is meditating an extension of its principle for the benefit of the younger sons, ruined spendthrifts, and portionless daughters of the superior classes. Exclusive Workhouses are to be provided as places of refuge for the destitute aristocracy.

Arrangements strictly corresponding to those of the union workhouse, but modified in accordance with the quality of the inmates, will regulate these establishments. The diet will be as simple as a refined palate can bear, and limited rigidly to that quantity which will just suffice for the maintenance of genteel existence. The dress of both sexes will be plain and respectable, such as a gentleman or lady would be rather ashamed to be seen in, and no superfluous comforts, amusements, or accommodations will be allowed. In fine, the Exclusive Workhouse will be divested of all inducements which might tempt a person of fashionable ideas to wish to enter it.

For breakfast, plain bread and butter at discretion will be allowed, with tea or coffee and sugar; but no eggs, ham, tongue, anchovies, chocolate, or any other more palatable articles of food. This meal will take place at nine precisely.

Dinner, which will be served at three, will consist of a plain joint, roast or boiled, with bread, potatoes, and the ordinary garden vegetables; neither soup, nor fish, nor game of any description, even when sent as presents, allowed to be dressed. The joint to be followed by a plain tart or pudding of the fruit in season. The repast to conclude with bread and cheese, which latter is to be good common Stilton or Cheshire, exclusive of all Gruyère, Parmesan, or Neufchâtel. No omelettes, macaroni, or any foreign or made dishes to be permitted. Sherry to be allowed during dinner, and port afterwards, and table ale or porter to those who wish for them. Every gentleman at dinner to be limited to two glasses of sherry, and every lady to one. After dinner the gentlemen to have three glasses of port apiece, and the ladies two; and each individual to be entitled to a captain's biscuit; no other dessert. The above to be the only wines suffered in the workhouse, and all persons convicted of smuggling in hock, champagne, burgundy, or any other description of liquors than those provided, to be punished by solitary confinement.

Tea, same as breakfast, at seven. No other meal.

The dress of the gentlemen is to consist of a blue coat, with plain cloth buttons, black waistcoat, and pepper-and-salt kerseymere trousers, with Wellington boots, not of patent leather. No gentleman to wear moustaches. Ladies dresses to be of good *mousseline-de-laine*, of a simple and uniform pattern, cotton stockings, without open work, and black morocco shoes, unsandalled. No lady to be adorned with any trinket beyond her wedding-ring; and no gentleman to appear with a watch-guard or an eye-glass.

Husbands and wives to be compelled to live together; but the separation of parent from child to be strictly enforced.

Gentlemen are to be expressly interdicted from the use of snuff and cigars; and no lady to be indulged with smelling-salts or vinaigrettes, except by medical order. The ladies, also, will be forbidden to wear or carry bouquets. All novels, newspapers, magazines, and works of fiction to be excluded. No billiards to be permitted. Any lady caught waltzing to be punished.

The employment of the ladies to consist in fancy or ornamental needlework; in making copies of paintings and drawings; the sale of the articles manufactured to be applied to the support of the establishment. The gentlemen to be employed in penmanship: as the drawing up of official documents, and the like. Those capable of literary exertion to be allowed to write articles, and compose poetry and jokes, also saleable, on behalf of the establishment, to the proprietors of *Punch* and others.

Ladies or gentlemen refusing to work to be confined to their own apartments. Each person to have a bedroom and sitting-room, but no more. Plain brown Windsor soap and water to be the sole adjuncts to the toilet, to the exclusion of all Circassian cream, Kalydor, Rondeletia, and all other pomades and perfumes.

The children to be kept in a separate part of the establishment, and to be instructed, under the auspices of competent persons, in literature, the sciences, morality, music, and dancing.

Further particulars will transpire when the Bill for the purpose intended is brought before Parliament, which will be shortly.

PUNCH'S REMEDY FOR LATE HOURS.

Mr. W. Williams, though defeated in his proposition to begin no important business after twelve o'clock, has the remedy, to a certain extent, in his own hands. Let him begin by postponing all his own motions until after midnight. By this arrangement, also, the sleep of members would be less likely to be broken in upon.

The Ballad of Windsor Chase.

[From the back of a piece of Tapestry.]

THE morning wind was northerly,
The morning sky was fair,
Our noble Prince would hunting ride
To chase the flying hare;

So, breakfast done, to Windsor Park
Prince Albert took his way;
Our gracious Queen went after him,
At home she would not stay.

A prancing courser, sable steed,
The gallant Prince bestrode;
And in her pony phaëton
The Queen behind him rode.

A handsome little chaise and pair
Roll'd gently after that;
Therein, three maids of honour, and
An Irish baron sat.

Then Anson came, and Bouverie,
And General Wemyss also;
Four scarlet-coated courtiers next,
On horseback, in a row.

"Yo-hoicks!" they whisper'd; "Tally-ho!"
And, "Forward to the Park!"
While close behind their horses' heels,
The Royal hounds did bark.

It was a pack of beagle breed,
Unto the back-bone staunch,
So short and crooked in the leg,
So full about the paunch.

Six huntsmen and a whipper-in,
In line, brought up the rear;
Right stout yeomèn, well fed, I ween,
On Royal beef and beer.

Each stalwart huntsman, at his waist
His bugle-horn did bear;
His shoulder bore a canvas bag,
Which held a goodly hare.

Hark follow o'er the gravel path,
Hark follow o'er the green;
Hark follow to the Royal chase
With Albert and the Queen!

Thus rode they to the hunting ground,
Three hundred yards, or so,
There the first huntsman op'd his bag
And let the first hare go.

Upon her track the beagles, soon
As they the scent had found,
Pursued, as fast as they could put
Their little legs to ground.

"Tantivy!" good Prince Albert cried,
"Who 's first to follow me?"
Then spurr'd his steed; fast after him
Drove all the company.

There ran a fence full three feet high,
Athwart the hunting ground;
Full at the same bold Albert went,
And clear'd it with a bound.

Him follow'd Anson, General Wemyss,
And likewise Bouverie,
And one brave courtier; but, alack!
Down went the other three.

The carriages, perforce, were stopp'd,
They could no further go;
Then loudly laugh'd the Irish Lord;—
He should not have done so.

Upon the Sovereign's gracious ear
The sound unseemly broke,
"My lord, my lord," then said our Queen,
"I pray thee, what 's the joke?"

"Och!—I was thinking,—could the boys
Of Tipperary see
Me hunting in a one-horse chay!—
An 't plase your Majesty."

Ere this was said, the hare was slain,
Prince Albert at the death;
Another then they started; first,
However, taking breath.

The rails and fences that were leapt,
They may not here be said;
Full many a hunter had a fall,
Not one a broken head.

Twice two fine hares, and one beside,
Were slaughter'd on that day:
For though twice three were started, one
Contrived to get away.

Six hares alive were taken out,
Each in its canvas sack;
And five, as dead as mutton, in
The same were carried back.

The chase began at half-past ten,
'Twas o'er by half-past one;
The Queen and Prince went home to lunch
As soon as it was done.

Long life unto our noble Queen,
And to our Prince also;
This was the hunt in Windsor Park;
Yo-hoicks, sing tally-ho!

THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

"Sisyphus is said to be doomed for ever to roll to the top of a great mountain a stone, which continually falls down again."

SISYPHUS . . SIR R. P—L. THE STONE . . D. O'C——L. THE FURIES . . LORD J. R——L, S——L, &c.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.—OF GUARDIAN AND WARD.

GUARDIAN is a sort of temporary parent to a minor,—a kind of tarpaulin thrown over the orphan to shield him from the storms of life during his infancy—or, if we may use an humbler illustration, a guardian is a kind of umbrella, put up by the law over the ward, to keep off the pelting of the pitiless storm till the years of discretion are arrived at. There are various kinds of guardians, such as guardians by nature, and guardians for nurture, who are of course the parents of the child; for if an estate be left to an infant, the father is guardian, and must account for the profits; but as the father can control the child's arithmetical studies, it is easy for the latter to be brought up in blessed ignorance of accounts, and thus the parent may easily mystify the child when the profits of the estate are to be accounted for. The mother is the guardian for nurture; that is to say, she is expected to nurse the infant, and the law being very fond of children requires the mother to look to the infantine wardrobe. It also invests her with absolute power over the milk and water, and the bread and butter, making her a competent authority—from which there is no appeal—on all points of nursery practice.

Next comes the guardian in *socage*—so called, perhaps, from the quaint notion that guardianship generally extends to those who wear socs—or socks—which is further borne out by the fact that guardianship in socage ceases when the child is fourteen years old—which is about the age when socks are relinquished in favour of stockings. These guardians in socage are such as cannot inherit an estate to which a child is entitled, for Coke says that to commit the custody of an infant to him who is next in succession, is "*quasi agnum committere lupo.*" to hand over the lamb to the wolf, and thus says Fortescue, in one of those rascally puns for which the old jurists were infamous, "the law, wishing the child to escape from the *lupo* has left a *loop-hole* to enable him to do so." Selden has cleared this pun of a good deal of its ambiguity by changing the word *lupo* into *loop-ho*, but Chitty and all the later writers are utterly silent regarding it.

By the 12th of Charles II. confirmed by 1st Victoria, any father may appoint, by will, a guardian to his child till the latter is twenty-one; but it is twenty to one whether such a guardian—called a testamentary guardian—will be able to exercise proper controul over the infant.

Guardians in chivalry have been abolished, and so have the guardians of the night, who on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, were called watchmen, from the fact of their never watching.

The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of all infants, and especially of idiots and lunatics, for as Chancery drives people mad, it is only right that Chancery should take care of those who are afflicted with insanity, and who may be called the natural offspring of equity.

Having disposed of the guardians, let us come to the wards, or, as Coke would say, "having got rid of the wolf, let us discuss the lamb in an amicable spirit." A male at twelve years of age may take the oath of allegiance; but this does not apply to all males, for the Hounslow mail can take nothing but two insides and the letters. At fourteen a boy may marry if he can find any one fool enough to have him; and at twenty-one he may dispose of his property, so that he may throw himself away seven years sooner than he can throw away his money. By the law of England a girl may be given in marriage at seven, but surely this must mean the hour of the day at which she may be married, and not the age at which the ceremony may be performed. Formerly, children might make their wills at fourteen, but as they could not be expected to have a will of their own, it has been enacted that no will made by a person under twenty-one shall be valid. Among the Greeks and Romans, women were never of age, and if they had their way in this country a good many of them never would be. This law must have been the civil law, for its consideration towards the fair sex on a matter of so much delicacy as a question of age betokens extreme civility. When this wore away, the Roman law was so civil as to regard them as infants till they were five-and-twenty—which was meeting the ladies half-way by treating them as little innocents for the first quarter of a century of their precious existences.

Infants have various privileges, such as the common law privilege of jumping over the posts at the corners of the streets, and playing at hop-scotch or rounders in retired neighbourhoods. Another infantine privilege is the juvenile amusement of going to law, which a child may do by his guardian or his *prochein amy*, or next friend—though, by the bye, he must be a pretty friend who would help another into a law-suit. A child may certainly be hanged at fourteen, and certainly may not be hanged at seven, but the intermediate period is one of doubt whether the infant culprit is hangable. Hale gives two instances of juvenile executions in which two infant prodigies were the principal characters. One was a girl of thirteen, who was burned for killing her mistress; and the other a boy still younger, who, after murdering one of his companions by a severe hiding, proceeded to hide himself, and was declared in legal language, *doli capax*—up to snuff—or, to follow the Norman jurists, *en haut du tabac*, and hanged accordingly. It is a fine maxim of the English law, that an infant shall not lose by *laches*, or, in other words, that the stern old doctrine of *no askee no havee* does not apply to a child who is entitled to something which he neglects asking for.

An infant cannot bind himself, but he may be "stitched in a neat wrapper"—that is to say, a Tweedish wrapper—at his own cost, if he thinks proper to go and pay ready money for it. An infant cannot convey away his own estate, but he may run through his own property as fast as he likes, for if he has a field he may run across it—in at one end and out at the other—whenever he feels disposed for it. An infant trustee may convey an estate that he holds in trust for another person, though he may not be a party in a conveyance on his own account, yet he may, nevertheless, join a party in a public conveyance, such as an omnibus. An infant may present a clerk to the Bishop, but if the Bishop don't like the clerk, he may turn upon his heel; but still the presentation does not fall by lapse into the laps of the Bishop. An infant may bind himself for necessaries, such as food and physic; thus, if he gives a draft to pay for a pill, or contracts with a butcher to supply what is requisite and meet, he will be clearly liable.

In weighing the disabilities and privileges of infants, we come to the conclusion, that, to every six of one, there will be about half-a-dozen of the other.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES OF THE PAST WEEK.

THE Army Estimates were discussed last Tuesday week. Mr. Joseph Hume never spoke once during the discussion.

Mr. Cooper's Speech at Drury Lane, on Thursday night.

The arrival of an illustrious stranger at the Mansion House. He is reported to be a certain Baron of Beef.

SIR ROBERT AND NICHOLAS.

A FEW days since SIR ROBERT PEEL dined with the merchants of the Russia Company. Praise of the Emperor NICHOLAS came, as a matter of course, with the dessert. The buyers of hides, hemp and tallow considered NICHOLAS to be the very pattern of kingly magnanimity, and their potentate, more familiarly known as Nick, would have been equally lauded had he worn the crown of Muscovy. Praise of NICHOLAS, the butcher of Poland, the merciless tyrant of the Jews, was the order of the day, and the Prime Minister showed that, in the way of adulation, he could earn his dinner. Speaking of the late visit of the Grand Duke Michael, the bland Sir Robert said—

"I do hope that the account which his Imperial Highness will give of us, after twenty-five years' absence in Russia, will induce *a yet more illustrious* member of that house—the Emperor of Russia himself—again to visit this country—(*Loud cheers*) and to receive from us, within these walls, the cordial demonstration we will then offer to his Majesty of respect FOR HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER and the elevated station he occupies, and of the desire *every Englishman must entertain* to cement with him the feelings and sentiments of mutual good understanding."

Yes, respect for "the personal character" of the Emperor Nicholas—the ruthless man, whom it is sometimes the best charity to believe mad. Yet SIR ROBERT PEEL would gladden the eyes of Englishmen with a show of the Russian Autocrat. But he will not come—not he. We only wish he would; then would we advise, out of respect "for his personal character," that he should have a guard of honour composed of Polish refugees, and an offering from English Jews—a dinner in the Minories.

BANKRUPTCY EXTRAORDINARY.

THE bankrupt, Felix Cool, was opposed by a learned barrister on behalf of several creditors. The debts were very unimportant to every one but the creditors, amounting only to a few thousand pounds; and the assets were of that nature that the time of the assignees would not be wasted in collecting them.

Sir C. F. Williams said, this was so far favourable to the bankrupt, for he had evidently set an example of punctuality in receiving all he earned, though, in paying all he owed, the same business-like exactitude, had, unfortunately, not been exhibited. There was one thing, however, that he, (Sir C. F. Williams,) would take the liberty of asking the bankrupt, namely, how he came to get so much into debt in so short a period?

The bankrupt replied that he had gone on as fair a system as he could. For instance, he wanted goods, and asked for them, and got them. The tradesmen then wanted the money, and asked for it, and did not get it; that was all the difference. (*Laughter, in which the Commissioner joined.*)

Sir C. F. Williams admitted that there was a good deal of truth in that, but he saw that the bankrupt had been to Margate with a very large sum of money. What had become of that?

The Bankrupt. That 's exactly what I want to know (*a laugh*). All I know, is, that I went, and the money went. I came back again, and I should be very glad to see the money come back again also. (*Laughter*).

Sir C. F. Williams. That seems to me a very fair and straightforward wish on the part of the bankrupt. He would like to see the money back again—probably to divide it amongst his creditors. I really don't see what more he could do, if he had the money now in his pocket. My only wish is to see justice done.

A Creditor. Yes, that's all very fine: but we are done as well as justice. (*Cries of Hear.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. Silence! I sit here as a judge, and if those interruptions are to take place, I will have the Court cleared. (*To the Bankrupt:*) Here are some items I cannot understand. What became of all the money you earned in the last year.

The Bankrupt. That's what puzzles me. Some of it went this way, and some that way, and some the other.

A Creditor. None of it seems to have come this way. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. That laughter is very indecent, and I will certainly protect the feelings of the Bankrupt as well as my own dignity. (*To the Bankrupt:*) I see an item for keeping a carriage. Pray can you favour us with an explanation of that?

The Bankrupt. In the first place a carriage is cheaper. It takes you where you like, when you like, and how you like. It puts you down, takes you up, drives you on, carries you off, whisks you round, and brings you home in no time.

Sir C. F. Williams. That's very true. But how is it cheaper than a cab or an omnibus?

The Bankrupt. Why, clearly, it must be cheaper. If you get into a cab or an omnibus, you must dip into your ready money. You exhaust your capital, you cripple your means, and empty your pockets; so that the pockets of your creditors naturally suffer in the end. But if you have a private carriage, your account, as well as your carriage, will keep running on. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams (*smiling.*) That is true to a certain extent. But what do you propose to do now?

The Bankrupt. My income has hitherto been so much—say so much in round numbers. Suppose it to be as much again as half. I have no objection to pay over to my creditors that portion of it which I can do without—say the half, and I will keep the as much again, that is to say, it shall be proportioned into two. I will take the as much again as half, and the remainder my creditors are welcome to.

Sir C. F. Williams. This seems very fair. (*To the Bankrupt:*) I don't think you can do more.

The Bankrupt. We have been doing all we could for some time, I can assure you. We only want to be set upon our legs again. It is really bad enough to owe the money, and not to have it; but to be lectured about it into the bargain, is rather too hard.

Sir C. F. Williams. But why did you go away from your creditors?

The Bankrupt. What was the use of staying with them? We are blamed for going to our creditors at all; and now we are blamed for not going to them, when we really could do them no good—for we of course could not pay them. So we went to Margate, intending to settle with everybody.

Sir C. F. Williams. A very good intention. But pray how was it to be carried out?

The Bankrupt. We had not time to think of that. I told one of my principal creditors, some months ago, that I would if I could, but I couldn't. If I could, it is possible now that I should; and hereafter I will if I can—but that depends on circumstances. I mean, of course, my own circumstances.

Sir C. F. Williams hoped it would be so. He (Sir C. F. Williams) would be glad to see the bankrupt begin the world again.

A Creditor. Hadn't he better begin at the other end—for if he begins in the old way, there will be little good result from it. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams thought this a very unfair observation; and, after a few encouraging remarks to the Bankrupt, the inquiry terminated.

The Microscopical Society.

THE attendance of members was unusually large at the last meeting of this Society. Mr. C. Pearce was called to the chair.

The first object brought under the focus of the microscope was the dividend of a Waterloo-bridge share. After many experiments, in which the strongest light, including the hydro-oxygen, had been thrown upon it, the dividend was declared to approach nearest in shape to that of a round figure, with nothing at all in it, which, upon an increased force of the glass was found to be a perfect 0. The shareholder whose eyes had been opened during the investigation, seemed to be forcibly struck with the accuracy of the result. The dividend was ordered to be deposited in the Museum of the Microscopical Society.

The next object submitted to the microscope, was one day's ration of food as allowed by the Commissioners in a Poor-law Union. The microscope was magnified to its utmost power to allow this operation a fair chance of success; but, after every experiment had failed, the President said, "that in all his experience of atoms, he had never seen anything so surprisingly wanting in size or substance, though a microscope which magnified objects no less than 60,000,000 times had been used to help the discovery." This announcement did not seem to surprise anybody.

After several sanguine members had endeavoured to magnify the surplus of the revenue, the interest of a Pennsylvanian bond, and "the sense" of the House of Commons, the microscope was locked up for the night, and the President and members adjourned to the tea-room, to refresh themselves after the labours of the evening.

ORIGIN OF "CUTTING YOUR STICK."

MR. PUNCH,—I deeply regret that the subjoined (my last discovery) was made too late for insertion in my edition of SHAKSPEARE. I therefore send it to you. The passage will, I trust, for ever set at rest the question so long and so eloquently debated between Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT and myself. And now, sir, for the origin of "cutting your stick."

Pilgrims, on setting out on their journey to the Holy Land, went with scrip and staff, but when their vows were accomplished, they cut off branches of palm-trees, which are a common produce of those countries, to use as staff or stick, and brought them back as a proof of having fulfilled their vows. Hence, when some pious brother Francis would inquire after some holy brother Paul, who had already departed on his way homeward, the short but ample answer would be, "He has cut his stick."

Your obedient servant,

Garrick Club. J. PAYNE COLLIER.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

ADAPTED TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

Miss Rainforth, one day
Having gone out to play,
(Then a very young lady) was hurried,
By a shocking fierce man,
From a vagabond clan,
Away to the green-room, quite flurried!

This abduction, so free,
Was lamented in D,
With a pathos quite like Catalani,
By her father, Arnheim,
Who sung out in slow time;
(Count Arnheim was play'd by Borrani).

But, lo! after act one,
Without help of the "sun,"
Or (as Wordsworth has said) of the "shower,"
This damsel so nice,
With a very sweet voice,
Grew twelve inches in less than an hour!

And, having now seen,
Summers full seventeen,
Her heart could not wholly withstand
The very soft "sawder"
Of a dashing marauder,
Named Harrison—one of the band.

So the maid, in reply,
After heaving a sigh,

Sang a song—now the darling of Fame,
Which, if not quite grammatical,
Was very poetical,
That Harrison "lov'd her the same."

As we 've all heard a few
Of the stories so new
About gipsies and children, I ween,
I need scarcely relate,
How a fortunate fate
Gave Borrani again his Arline.

Suffice it to say,
In a summary way,
That a chain, round her neck which she wore,
By a stern new policeman,
Accustomed to seize men,
Was carried a justice before:

That she knew not the theft;
That the chain was a gift
From her supposititious mamma;
And this damsel so nice,
(With a very sweet voice)
In the magistrate found her papa!

We have, then, a third act;
A most curious fact;
Which none understood, till they knew
The author had thought,
That in justice he ought
A *moral* to add to the two.

So a lesson he gave
(This poet so grave,)
To singers and men; and the fall
Of Miss Betts, at the end,
By the hand of a friend,
Was felt as the MORAL by all.

MR. COOPER.

Of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, prepares pupils for the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Stage. The following specimen of eloquence, is selected from the reports of what occurred on Thursday Evening, at Drury Lane Theatre.

"Mr. Cooper then came forward and addressed the audience as follows:—'Ladies and Gentlemen; M. Duprez, impressed with a sense of his own exertions—that is to say, the fatigue of the present,—and knowing that the future—under these circumstances, he'" ——

It will be seen that one great advantage of this style of speech-making is, that it dispenses with the disagreeable necessity of a finish, for it is concluded, as a matter of course, by a burst of laughter from the audience.

Gentlemen taught to make speeches according to the above specimen at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Classes held for off-hand eloquence; and laughers in attendance to rehearse the interruptions which supply the chasms in the speeches.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Some people, when they want to go to Brixton,
Or Bow, or Kensington, or Camden Town,
If "Bussing of it" is the mode they 've fixed on,
Enter a pastry-cook's, and there sit down,

And keep on eating buns until they 're sick,
Before a vehicle comes by that goes in
The right direction;—but I know a trick
Worth two of that at least, if not a dozen.

Instead of waiting in the way I mention,
Walk slowly on towards the wished-for scene,
Telling yourself that 'tis with the intention
Of being caught up by the right machine.

You never will be, though you walk to Chester!
And so you 'll save—if you this simple race try—
Your time, your patience, and your silver tester;
Besides an indigestion from the pastry.

More Royal Bounty.

In consequence of the benevolent arrangements now carried into execution at the Palace, including the giving away of the cut-bread to the poor, and the alleged distribution of the unconsumed wine, among the weak and feeble, it is in contemplation by the proprietors of the *Morning Post* to present an humble petition, soliciting all the "unappropriated spirit," in the hope of strengthening the leading articles.

A CUT FOR THE CURIOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Not belonging to the Antiquarian Society, and not having the pleasure of Mr. Widdicombe's acquaintance, I submit to your profound judgment the enclosed sketch of a specimen of ancient needlework, which it was my good fortune to rescue from the recesses of the rag-bag of a marine-store shop. That it is of high antiquity does not, in my opinion, admit of the shadow of a doubt; but, perhaps, sir, you will inform me of its most probable date, as it is my intention to present it to the British Museum. To assist you, I will give an outline of its history since last Friday, when I purchased it. I called that day upon Mr. Rummidge, who keeps a marine-store. One of his men, who goes round the metropolitan suburbs with paper windmills and farthing kites, to collect from the juvenile portion of the suburban community broken leaden tea-spoons, old iron, rags, bones, cast-off horse-shoes, and other articles, bought of a cook some rags and kitchen-stuff, among which was found the treasure I send you. This is all I know of it. I asked the opinion of Mr. Rummidge concerning it, and he informed me that he opined it to be the handiwork of somebody's grandmother when a child. With all deference to his judgment, however, I think he is utterly ignorant of its real value. Is it

not more probably a portion of some ancient herald's tabard? To you, however, I leave a problem so difficult of solution. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the vivid vermilion of the lions, the red beaks and eyes, the light blue heads, and yellow bodies of the birds. Of the figures of the inanimate objects I can offer no opinion, except that the two inferior lateral ones may represent an ancient fire-escape. I will conclude by drawing your attention to the exact order displayed in the arrangement of the figures. You might cut the piece in half, and send one part by post to-day and the other to-morrow, as you would a bank-note. Can it be a specimen of antique currency resembling our paper money? But this is merely a speculation *en passant*.

I am, dear Mr. P., &c.

JEREMIAH DAWDLE.

PUNCH'S GEMS OF COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE was anxious to correct a misapprehension that had gone abroad; that is to say, if a thing could be said to have gone abroad which was very prevalent at home (*hear*). There seemed to be a notion that the Income-Tax is sevenpence *in* the pound, now he begged distinctly to state that so far from the Income-Tax being sevenpence *in* the pound, it is, in fact, sevenpence *out* of the pound, as any one who had fairly paid the Tax could testify.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE, having heard of our successes in India, would move for a return of all the Indian rubber, Indian ink, and Indian pickles, that had been taken from the enemy, and also for a conchological description of the shells which were used for the purpose of bombardment.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

BROUGHAM sits so constantly on the woolsack, that during the week reference has been repeatedly made to the Lord Chancellor, as "the noble and learned Lord on the *centre* of the woolsack," to distinguish him from Brougham, who occupies the end.

On Wednesday last, Brougham was referred to by the Marquis of Westmeath, "as the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack."

"Not at present," muttered Lord Campbell across the table.

"Well, then," said Westmeath, "the noble and learned Lord *not now in his place*." (*A laugh.*)

Theatrical Intelligence.

[*By the Observer's own Correspondent.*]

UR opinion has always been that there was a great deal of untried talent in the market; and the following Scene between a London Manager and two Young Ladies, will prove how blind the proprietors of theatres must be to their own interests.

Enter TWO YOUNG LADIES.

Manager. Well, ladies, what is your pleasure?

1*st Young Lady.* We want an engagement, sir, in the chorus, or the ballet.

Manager. The chorus: very well. Do you sing?

1*st Young Lady.* Why, no, sir; we don't exactly sing.

Manager. Don't sing! Then you would be of no use in the chorus. You mean the ballet.

1*st Young Lady.* Yes, sir; we should like to be engaged for the ballet.

Manager. Very well. Where have you danced?

1*st Young Lady.* Why, sir, we haven't exactly learned to dance.

Manager. Not learned to dance! then why do you wish me to engage you for the ballet?

1*st Young Lady.* We thought, sir, we could try. We don't know what we can do till we try.

Manager. Very true. So, go and try; and after you have tried—if you find you can—you may come to me, and we will talk of an engagement.

1*st Young Lady.* But, sir, we are willing to do anything.

Manager. Very well. What can you do?

1*st Young Lady.* Why, sir, I don't know that we can do anything exactly.

Manager. Good morning.

[YOUNG LADIES *look at one another, and exeunt.*

If the foregoing be not an instance of hopeful talent crushed, and of the possibility of genius probably nipped in what might have been the bud, then do we know nothing of what we write about. How many a Taglioni may be born to *pirouette* unseen, and waste her *entrechats* on the desert attic! If the manager had only engaged these ladies, he might have found a Grisi in one, and a Cerito in the other. But he wouldn't let them try; and, until tried, it is a glorious maxim of the Constitution, that every one shall be considered equal to what he represents himself.

THE BILL-STICKERS. SCENE—*Trafalgar Square.*

1*st Bill-Sticker.* I say, Sam, what did the nobs clap Admiral Nelson here for—all among the placards and posters?

2*nd Bill-Sticker.* Don't you see, Mike, it 's all out o' compliment to our business.

1*st Bill-Sticker.* I wonder some night he doesn't slip down and pull Mounseer Jullien's bills to ribands.

2*nd Bill-Sticker.* Well, that 's a good un! Lord Nelson pull down Jullien's bills! Why, they do him good. All night long, he stands aloft there, and does nothing but shake his sides with grinning.

1*st Bill-Sticker.* Impossible!

2*nd Bill-Sticker.* Quite nat'ral for Nelson. Didn't he always laugh at the *broadsides* of the French?

UTUAL ACCOMMODATION.—A young Gentleman, who has a vacancy in his cupboard, wishes to contract with tradesmen for filling the same. He is at present (*malheureusement!*) totally destitute of money, and his moral scruples do not allow him to procure anything upon credit. He proposes, therefore, to give his services on all social occasions, in exchange for the necessaries of life. He has received an University education, and can dance, sing, drink, smoke, make a good speech, and brew a capital bowl of punch. He has black hair, a natural fondness for children, a small appetite, and a great respect for old maids. His clothes are good, and his manners unexceptionable. Should his personal services, however, not be wanted, he is perfectly ready to supply jokes, songs, sermons, speeches, healths, sentiments, and toasts for any festive occasion, and to receive either coals, meat, wood, brandy, cheroots, or kidneys in return. A first-rate "return thanks" for a five pound note; and no objection to stand godfather for a month's board and lodging in a respectable family. Academical references given—not the slightest credit required—and contributions down. For further particulars, address to C. D., B. A., &c. &c. &c., British and Foreign Institute, Hanover Square.

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THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAP. V.—THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

WE have now to record the expedition of the Prince of Nemours against his advancing cousin, Henry V. His Royal Highness could not march against the enemy with such a force as he would have desired to bring against them, for his royal father wisely remembering the vast amount of property he had stowed away under the Tuileries, refused to allow a single soldier to quit the forts round the Capital, which thus was defended by one hundred and forty-four thousand guns (eighty-four pounders), and four hundred and thirty-two thousand men:—little enough, when one considers that there were but three men to a gun. To provision this immense army, and a population of double the amount within the walls, his Majesty caused the country to be scoured for fifty miles round, and left neither ox, nor ass, nor blade of grass. When appealed to by the inhabitants of the plundered district, the Royal Philip replied, with tears in his eyes, that his heart bled for them—that they were his children—that every cow taken from the meanest peasant was like a limb torn from his own body; but that duty must be done, that the interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, and that in fact they might go to the deuce—this the unfortunate creatures certainly did.

The theatres went on as usual within the walls. The *Journal des Débats* stated every day that the Pretenders were taken; the Chambers sat—such as remained, and talked immensely about honour, dignity, and the glorious revolution of July; and the King, as his power was now pretty nigh absolute over them, thought this a good opportunity to bring in a bill for doubling his children's allowances all round.

Meanwhile the Duke of Nemours proceeded on his march; and as there was nothing left within fifty miles of Paris wherewith to support his famished troops, it may be imagined that he was forced to ransack the next fifty miles in order to maintain them. He did so. But the troops were not such as they should have been, considering the enemy with whom they had to engage.

The fact is, that most of the Duke's army consisted of the National Guard; who, in a fit of enthusiasm, and at the cry of "LA PATRIE EN DANGER" having been induced to volunteer, had been eagerly accepted by his Majesty, anxious to lessen as much as possible the number of food-consumers in his beleaguered capital. It is said even that he selected the most gormandizing battalions of the civic force to send forth against the enemy: viz., the grocers, the rich bankers, the lawyers, &c. Their parting with their families was very affecting. They would have been very willing to recall their offer of marching, but companies of stern veterans closing round them, marched them to the city gates, which were closed upon them; and thus perforce they were compelled to move on. As long as he had a bottle of brandy and a couple of sausages in his holsters, the general of the National Guard, Odillon Barrot, talked with tremendous courage. Such was the power of his eloquence over the troops, that, could he have come up with the enemy while his victuals lasted, the issue of the combat might have been very different. But in the course of the first day's march he finished both the sausages and the brandy; and became quite uneasy, silent, and crest-fallen.

It was on the fair plains of Touraine, by the banks of silver Loire, that the armies sate down before each other, and the battle was to take place which had such an effect upon the fortunes of France. 'Twas a brisk day of March: the practised valour of Nemours showed him at once what use to make of the army under his orders, and having enfiladed his National Guard battalions, and placed his artillery in echelons, he formed his cavalry into hollow squares on the right and left of his line, flinging out a cloud of howitzers to fall back upon the main column. His veteran infantry he formed behind his National Guard—politely hinting to Odillon Barrot, who wished to retire under pretence of being exceedingly unwell, that the regular troops would bayonet the National Guard if they gave way an inch—on which their general turning very pale, demurely went back to his post. His men were dreadfully discouraged; they had slept on the ground all night; they regretted their homes and their comfortable night-caps in the Rue St. Honoré; they had luckily fallen in with a flock of sheep and a drove of oxen at Tours, the day before; but what were these, compared to the delicacies of Chevet's or three courses at Véfour's! They mournfully cooked their steaks and cutlets on their ramrods, and passed a most wretched night.

The army of Henry was encamped opposite to them, for the most part in better order. The noble cavalry regiments found a village, in which they made themselves pretty comfortable, Jenkins's Foot taking possession of the kitchens and garrets of the buildings. The Irish brigade, accustomed to lie abroad, were quartered in some potato fields, where they sang Moore's melodies all night. There were, besides the troops regular and irregular, about three thousand priests and abbés with the army; armed with scourging whips, and chanting the most lugubrious canticles: these reverend men were found to be a hindrance than otherwise to the operations of the regular forces.

It was a touching sight, in the morning before the battle, to see the alacrity with which JENKINS's regiment sprung up at the *first reveillée* of the bell, and engaged (the honest fellows!) in offices almost menial for the benefit of their French allies. The duke himself set the example, and blacked to a nicety the boots of HENRI. At half-past ten, after coffee, the brilliant warriors of the cavalry were ready; their clarions rung to horse, their banners were given to the wind, their shirt-collars were exquisitely starched, and the whole air was scented with the odours of their pomatums and pocket-handkerchiefs.

JENKINS had the honour of holding the stirrup for HENRI. "My faithful duke!" said the prince, pulling him by the shoulder-knot, "thou art always at *thy Post*." "Here, as in Wellington-street, sire," said the hero, blushing—and the prince made an appropriate speech to his chivalry, in which allusions to the lilies, Saint Louis, Bayard, and Henri Quatre, were, as may be imagined, not spared. "Ho! standard-bearer!" the prince concluded, "Fling out my oriflamme. Noble gents of France, your King is among you to-day!"

Then turning to the Prince of Ballybunion, who had been drinking whisky-punch all night with the Princes of Sligo and Connemara, "Prince," he said, "the Irish brigade has won every battle in the French history—we will not deprive you of the honour of winning this. You will please to commence the attack with your brigade." Bending his head until the green plumes of his beaver mingled with the mane of the Shetland pony which he rode, the Prince of Ireland trotted off with his *aides-de-camp*, who rode the same horse, a powerful grey, with which a dealer at Nantes had supplied them on their and the prince's joint bill at three months.

The gallant sons of Erin had wisely slept until the last minute in their potato-trenches, but rose at once at the summons of their beloved prince. Their toilet was the work of a moment—a single shake and it was done. Rapidly forming into a line, they advanced headed by their generals, who, turning their steeds into a grass-field, wisely determined to fight on foot. Behind them came the line of British foot under the illustrious Jenkins, who marched in advance perfectly collected, and smoking a Manilla cigar. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry, prepared to act in *pontoon*, in *echelon*, or in *ricochet*, as occasion might demand. The prince rode behind, supported by his staff, who were almost all of them bishops, archdeacons, or abbés, and the body of ecclesiastics followed, singing to the sound, or rather howl, of serpents and trombones, the Latin canticles of the revered Franciscus O'Mahony, lately canonised under the name of Saint Francis of Cork.

The advanced lines of the two contending armies were now in presence—the national guard of Orleans, and the Irish brigade. The white belts and fat paunches of the guard presented a terrific appearance, but it might have been remarked by the close observer, that their faces were as white as their belts, and the long line of their bayonets might be seen to quiver. General Odillon Barrot, with a cockade as large as a pancake, endeavoured to make a speech—the words, *honneur, patrie, Français, champ-de-bataille*, might be distinguished, but the general was dreadfully flustered, and was evidently more at home in the Chamber of Deputies than in the field of war.

The Prince of Ballybunion, for a wonder, did not make a speech. "Boys," said he, "we've enough talking at the Corn-exchange; bating's the word now." The Green-Islanders replied with a tremendous hurroo which sent terror into the fat bosoms of the French.

"Gentlemen of the National Guard," said the prince, taking off his hat and bowing to Odillon Barrot, "will ye be so igsthramely obleeg-

ing as to fire first." This he said because it had been said at Fontenoy, but chiefly because his own men were only armed with shillelaghs, and therefore could not fire.

But this proposal was very unpalatable to the National Guardsmen; for though they understood the musket-exercise pretty well, firing was the thing of all others they detested, the noise and the kick of the gun and the smell of the powder being very unpleasant to them. "We won't fire," said Odillon Barrot, turning round to Colonel Saugrenue and his regiment of the line—which, it may be remembered, was formed behind the National Guard.

"Then give them bayonet," said the colonel, with a terrific oath; "Charge, Corbleu!"

At this moment, and with the most dreadful howl that ever was heard, the

National Guard was seen to rush forwards wildly, and with immense velocity towards the foe. The fact is, that the line-regiment behind them, each selecting his man, gave a poke with his bayonet between the coat tails of the Nationals, and those troops bounded forwards with an irresistible swiftness.

Nothing could withstand the tremendous impetus of that manœuvre. The Irish brigade was scattered before it, as chaff before the wind. The Prince of Ballybunion had barely time to run Odillon Barrot through the body, when he too was borne away in the swift route. They scattered tumultuously, and fled for twenty miles without stopping. The Princes of Donegal and Connemara were taken prisoners, but though they offered to give bills at three months, and for a hundred thousand pounds, for their ransom, the offer was refused, and they were sent to the rear when the Duke of Nemours, hearing they were Irish generals, and that they had been robbed of their ready money by his troops, who had taken them prisoners, caused a comfortable breakfast to be supplied to them, and lent them each a sum of money. How generous are men in success! the Prince of Orleans was charmed with the conduct of his National Guards, and thought his victory secure. He despatched a courier to Paris with the brief words, "We met the enemy before Tours. The National Guard has done its duty. The troops of the Pretender are routed. *Vive le Roi!*" The note, you may be sure, appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, and the Editor, who only that morning had called Henri V. "a great Prince, an august exile," denominated him instantly a murderer, slave, thief, cut-throat, pickpocket, and burglar.

A CHURCH CRYSTAL.

When dirt is dry it rubs off. This appears to be as true of the dirt that in this miry world falls upon a man's character, as of the muck that defiles his boots. His cordovan to-night may reek with city mire; the foulness dries, hardens, and yielding to the friction of hogs' bristles, gives place to a lustrous polish. What *was* filth, polluting any decent hearth-rug, is now a brilliant Day and Martin, fit, ay, to tread a Bishop's carpet. And so it is with the immortal part of man, especially when the said immortal part dignifies a canon and a rector. The Rev. H. C. Marsh illustrates this beautiful truth. In a recent trial, he has shewn that however dirty his boots may have been, treading the foul ways of London—its filthy nooks and corners of filthiest vice—he had, at least, a soul to bear his leather jocund company. The Bishop of Peterborough cannot, however, remove Mr. Marsh from the insulted church, for this wise and sufficient reason—the offences committed are dated two years back!

"This crime had been committed two years ago, therefore his (the Bishop's) hands were tied. What he knew was this:—Of course, criminal conduct had taken place; but it was said to have been at Paris, and there is another clause in that Church Discipline Bill *which gives power to the Bishop to take notice of crimes committed only in his own diocese.*"

A sin—let it be of the foulest kind—if committed by a clergyman two years ago, is supposed to become dry, and so gets rubbed off. Mr. Marsh's character, for all pastoral purposes, has been cleaned with his boots. Two years ago, it was grimed with moral dirt picked up in the company of a French harpy; but it is now bright again, and warranted to keep its polish in any climate. It has been an old English boast, that our soil gives freedom to every foreign slave; it may, we find, be the pride of every other country, that she gives freedom, to enact the profligate in every character, to an English clergyman. Would a Mr. Marsh go yokefellow with a mercenary Dalilah, he has only to cross the Channel. He may be the most abandoned ruffian in Paris, but sweetly magical is the air of England, for no sooner does he come home, than, legally purged of his iniquity, he may mount the pulpit, and, secure in his infamy, make mouths at his Bishop. Such is the wisdom of the Ecclesiastical Law!

It would be arrogant in us to question the excellence of such enactment, but we have received a letter which certainly convinces us that the law is very partial in its operation, and should be immediately amended. The epistle is from an unfortunate gentleman, at present a convict at Woolwich, sentenced by a callous British jury to transportation for the error of bigamy.

"Sir,—By a lucky chance, I have seen the *Times*, containing a report of the Bishop of Peterborough's speech in the Lords. It appears that a Mr. Marsh has been a very sad dog, indeed (my sense of propriety forbids me to enumerate his peccadilloes), but that having been wicked so long as two years ago, his black has been bleached by time into white. Having given the law the slip for two years, he may now grin at it. Now, sir, let me call your attention to my case.

"Last sessions, I was sentenced to seven years' transportation. And wherefore? Simply, for bigamy. In 1830, I married Mary Stump; in 1835 I left the said Mary, and wedded (for a consideration) Rebecca Dobbins. This, sir, was exactly nine years ago, for to-day is my second wedding-day. Now, sir, I submit if two years will bleach a clergyman, nine years ought to have made me as white as ivory. Surely, sir, I—a mere bigamist—should be allowed to plead this newly-discovered statute of limitations, as well as the Rector of Barnack.

"I remain, your obedient Servant,
"Duplex Doubleknot.

"P. S. Sam Prig, a fellow-convict, last session sentenced for a matter of a silver box stolen in 1840, begs me to ask why parsons should plead their two years, any more than a pick-pocket. Twenty other convicts want me to put similar questions, but time flies, and paper's short. Get the Bishop of Peterborough to do what you can for us."

We really think that Messrs. Doubleknot and Prig have made a case out for Parliament. Why, we ask, should clergymen be allowed to clean their characters with their boots, and not the poor bigamist, or the forlorn pick-pocket? Q.

A Handsome Thing Handsomely Done.

We are happy to inform our readers that the Duke of Wellington, Earls Winchelsea and Cardigan, the Attorney-General for Ireland, and other distinguished heroes of twelve paces, have in the most handsome and delicate manner, caused the information to be conveyed to the widow of Colonel Fawcett, that they will charge themselves with the payment of the pension denied to her by Sir Robert Peel. This intimation was accompanied by the amount of the pension for the first year, dating from July last—an act of high principle.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

The *Morning Jenkins* announces that the Emperor of Russia will visit England in May. We advise His Imperial Majesty, if he wishes to land in safety, above all to avoid *Wapping*.

WOMAN AND HER INTERROGATIVES.

"MY LOVE! DO YOU THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE FOLLOWING US?"

WOMAN is generally a timid and retiring creature. She comes down to us with some six thousand years' character to such effect; we believe the truth of it: fire should not melt the creed out of us; wild horses could not tear it from our bosom. And yet *Punch* has his eyes; and therefore cannot but perceive that woman—the gentle, the trembling, the meek and butter-mouthed—has for some time past been crying out and swaggering prodigiously in all reviews, and magazines, and newspapers. Every day and hour of our reading life does the fair creature, woman, (blessings on her cherry lips!) bounce out upon us with a startling interrogative. For the last twelve months has she—the modest and reserved—stood in the *Times* newspaper, boldly asking questions of all sorts of people.

"*Can woman regenerate society?*"

This is one of the queries which have now beset us for months past; and as we never could find it in our heart to contradict the dear creatures, we really know not what to say. We hesitate ere we answer—like the time-hallowed echo of our beloved friend—"in the affirmative:" whilst we are more than perplexed at the mere thought of—"No." The truth is, we have looked upon society so long—have seen so much abominable wickedness in it—that we tremble at the bare idea of handing over such a world of defiling iniquity to the consideration of that household goddess—woman. We should as soon think of clapping a besom into the hands of Hebe, and insist upon her doing task-work of scavangery. Nevertheless, as Woman will continue to put forth her interrogatories, and that in a manner sufficiently indicative of her own confidence in her powers, we know not whether Mrs. Eve ought not to have a trial. Yes; we consent. If she can, Woman *shall* regenerate society; and, therefore, let her begin her task immediately. Will it be deemed impertinent of *Punch* if he jot down for Woman a few matters in the way of beginnings?

Let Woman make an early call at the House of Peers. Lord BROUGHAM alone will test her powers of regeneration. If she can at all bring him back to anything like the late HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq., we shall have some hope of her self-imposed mission.

In the next place, Woman should certainly give an early tea-party to all the Bishops, and, as a proof of his humility, insist that the Bishop of Exeter should hand round the muffins.

Woman may next look into the House of Commons. We know Sir ROBERT PEEL has no need of her care; the Prime Minister having (*teste* Lord HARDWICKE) all the domestic virtues that were ever worked into a sampler: nevertheless, if Molly, the maid of all-work, ever had a dirty house to make sweet and clean, Woman will find enough to do in the Commons.

Woman may next step over to the Courts of Law; and if it be proved that she can morally regenerate anything therein, why *Punch* will grant her all she asks; and to shew his sincerity will buy all MRS. ELLIS's *Women*, from the *Wives of England* to *England's Stepmothers*. More: as a further penance for his scoffing, he will bind himself to read them.

However, until Woman begins in good earnest the laborious work, we may every day expect her to put a few more questions in the way of title-pages to regenerating volumes. *Punch* has been favoured with a few, which, without any advertising fee, he most magnanimously subjoins.

Can Woman make Bass's Pale Ale?

Can Woman live, and wear no Ribands?

Can Woman do without sal volatile?

Can Woman stuff Ducks?

Can Woman take her bonnet off at a theatre?

Can Woman sit up for her husband till 4 a. m., and smile when she lets "the brute" in?

Can Woman cheat at housekeeping?

Can Woman give away her heart, and ask for no return?

CAN WOMAN KEEP (AND NEVER USE IT) THE KEY OF THE WINE-CELLAR?

We shall duly notice these books in their order of publication. The last subject strikes us as being very difficult to handle with a satisfactory result.

THE NEW NOVELS.

WE understand that in consequence of the success of "Whitefriars," Lord William Lennox is preparing for the press a novel under the title of "Blackfriars." It is also the intention of this celebrated "wit among Lords," to bring out a series of tales on the plan of Mr. W. H. Ainsworth; but, in order to obviate the charge of having followed that illustrious author, (illustrious by portraiture, as Lord Brougham would say,) Lord William Lennox purposes meeting the author of "Jack Sheppard," instead of going after him. It is well known that Mr. Ainsworth, having started from the *Tower of London*, has come along by *Old St. Paul's*, till he has worked himself up as far westward as *St. James's*, or the *Court of Anne*, though what can be got out of *Anne's Court, St. James's*, except pattens, second-hand furniture, and meat pies, we are wholly at a loss to discover. Lord William Lennox intends starting from *Westminster Abbey* in three vols.; he will then come round by the *Horse Guards, (a Tale of the Wars,)* where he will turn off to avoid clashing at *Whitehall* with Mr. Ainsworth.

We intend starting off ourselves from *Baker Street, (a tale of the Tussauds,)* and shall work our way gradually down towards the Strand, which will be the scene of a projected work to be called "*St. Martin's, a Legend of the Fields.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY RIDDLES.

SIR,

Sometimes after business-hours in our establishment we while away the evening with social converse and harmless laughter. Some of our young gents. are then fond of proposing riddles, and considerable applause has been excited by the following, which, perhaps, may be suited to the columns of your entertaining miscellany.

When may the late celebrated Doctor Jenner (whose memoirs I have perused with unfeigned delight) be compared to a certain kind of potato?

When its "a vaxy natur."

When, on the contrary, does the same favourite vegetable resemble the girl of my heart?

When its A-mealier.

But what the *other* name is I will never reveal.

Your most obedient servant,

A YOUNG GENT. AT JOWELL AND HAMES'S.

The Moon in its Old Quarter.

MR. MOON has been presenting to her Majesty a finished proof of Mr. Doo's portrait of Prince Albert. The union between Moon and Doo seems so perfectly natural, that we are only surprised it has not taken place long ago. It is, however, generally understood that this is not the first occasion on which a Doo has been introduced at Court through Mr. Moon's agency.

The Law of the Pistol.

If a statue be ever erected to the living honour or to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, the artist will wholly fail in his illustration of the true greatness of the statesman, unless he deck the bronze with widow's cap and weepers. In the long and sinuous career of the noble baronet, we know of nothing equal to his denial of a pension to Mrs. Colonel Fawcett, and, almost in the same week, his speech in favour of the "laws of honour" as they exist. In one hand, does the Prime Minister hold the scales of justice, and in the other a duelling-pistol!

Much dull nonsense has been talked and written on duelling within the past few days. Sir H. Hardinge assures us that the officers of the army are bound over by the expressed advice of Her Majesty to keep the peace one with the other; but that they are allowed the right of shooting at all civilians. "Ought a man to be insulted with impunity because he was an officer?" asked Sir Henry. Why, if it were the law that an officer forfeited his commission by going out in a duel with a civilian, it would be as cowardly to insult him, as it is at present to pass an affront upon a clergyman.

The law of Switzerland has been quoted as one efficient remedy for the abuse. There, let a man kill another, and the slayer is answerable for the dead man's debts. This would never do in England. Make such the law, and we should have high-souled debtors of the aristocracy insulting "dead shots" to be relieved at once of their lives and their pecuniary responsibilities. *Dulce est pro patriâ mori*, is now a motto in good fashion. Alter the law to that of Switzerland, and the motto would run—"Sweet it is to die for one's tailor!"

The word "tailor" naturally enough brings to our mind *The Morning Post*. Jenkins has written a defence of duelling, smelling, like *Acres'* letter, of gunpowder. He asks, with a fine cogency of reasoning—

"What may be the amount of misery to which duelling has given rise, compared with the amount of misery which the perversion of law *by dishonest attorneys*—and fraudulent operations on the Stock Exchange—and the vicious action of our monetary and manufacturing systems have created?"

But why, Jenkins, cannot duelling be made to reach these people? Why should not a sharp attorney, who serves a writ before he writes a premonitory letter, be "waited upon by a friend," and if possible be duly pistolled in the Temple Gardens? Why should there not be a Shooting Gallery added to the Stock Exchange, for the better education of jobbers, that, when tricked by superior sagacity, they may call out the lucky buyers or sellers? We do not see why all tradesmen should not sell under fear of the pistol. For instance, if your milkman is proved to insult his milk with water, don't send him his bill, but a challenge.

The Chinese are a wise people, and know the true use, the real dignity, of the duel. We could not do better than improve our laws of honour by their code; sure we are, it would do more than any other measure to make men treat one another with gingerly politeness. With the Chinese, each party, to show the purity of his intentions and the greatness of his heart, at a given signal rips up his bowels. We put it to the reader—would Lord Cardigan have gone out with Captain Tuckett under such conditions? Would his Lordship have shown his heart at any price?

THE BOW-STREET BANQUETS.

We are happy to be enabled to state, that the public dinner given to Mr. O'Connell at Covent Garden Theatre, in his character of "A Convicted Conspirator," will be shortly followed by a series of entertainments to the individuals against whom a verdict of guilty may have been returned at the last Sessions of the Central Criminal Court. The *éclat* attending a conviction by a legal tribunal must, of course, get rid of much of the odium in which those persons who have been so unfortunate as to violate the law have hitherto been held. The recent banquet, most appropriately given opposite the police-office in Bow Street, must be considered as the first of a series. It is much to be regretted that the celebrated Ikey Solomons is not in England to mark the change that has taken place in public feeling within the last few years. This venerable man, who was driven with ignominy from his native shores, might now be the honoured guest of hundreds congregated—at a guinea a head—to show their respect and sympathy for the victim of legal severity. We understand that the forthcoming banquets will be graced by some of the most celebrated of our convicted criminals, who have promised to attend as soon as the engagements they are now under will leave them at liberty to do so.

"THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM."

Little Hathenæum Clubb,
Goat and Hoyster Tavern,
Upper Anna-Maria Buildings, North Carolina Place, Association Road, Hoxton New Town, March 15, 1844.

Ind Punch,

Sir,—Me and the frequenters of this clubb (all of littary tastes) whishes to know which is the *reel* name of a sellabrated littary barronet and Son of the Mews, (has his translation of Sckillers poems hamply justifies) viz. is he

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer? or
Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton? or
Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton? or
Sir Edward Lytton Earl Bulwer? or
Sir Edward Lytton Earl George Bulwer? or
Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George? or
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Bulwer Earl? or *vica versy*, or quite the contry, or dubble yer all round, or which ways?

Has we're going to put up his bust (hover the Duch clock) in the clubb-room, we natrally whish to have his tittles correct to be wrote under neath the work of hart.

Your obeadient servant and reglar reader,
Bonosmores.

P.S. 1. We doant whish to be hansered in joax but *seriatim* in ernest. 2. Halso, wich do you consider the best and holdest hactor, Mr. Braham or Mr. Widdicomb? or is Mr. Charles Kean the best, and is tradgidy or commady his forte or his piano?

N.B. Philosophicle discusshn every Tuesday: me in the chair.

[For a reply to the above queries we refer our intelligent correspondent to Mr. Grant of the Great Metropolis.]

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

Lord Francis Egerton observed, that while he was anxious to give a fair hearing to both sides, he had rather not listen to either, lest, in being guided by one, he should be obliged to deviate from the other. (*Cheers.*) Without being a party man, he (Lord Francis Egerton) was prepared to go to the full extent with the Whigs, so long as it did not prevent him from acting, as he was very anxious to do, with the Tories. (*Hear.*) He might, perhaps, be called vacillating, but surely if he went a little too much to the right, he was acting with fairness when he returned towards the left; and while he remained true to the doctrine of finality, he could not be blamed by the movement party, if he accompanied them in their progress. (*Cheers.*) He was a friend to protection, but he was not unfriendly to the abolition of protection; and indeed he felt willing to concur in every view of every question that any member of that house, on either side, might be disposed to promulgate. Having expressed himself thus distinctly, he should give his vote in accordance with his convictions; and as he had stated these rather fully, it would be unnecessary for him to declare his opinions further, and he would therefore vote with those whose views he so fully coincided in.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA IN ENGLAND.

The *Morning Post* is wallowing in delight at the prospect of a visit to London by the Emperor Nicholas. It will be a sublime event, "this visit of the greatest of *absolute* sovereigns to the greatest of *constitutional* kingdoms." According to the *Post*, Nicholas and Victoria will be upon their very best behaviour;

"And so between *His* Darkness and *Her* Brightness,
There 'll pass a mutual glance of great politeness!"

We understand that Mr. Moses, in memory of the treatment of the Russian Jews, will take proper measure of Nicholas, and that a bear (late the property of Mr. Cross) is already under the tuition of certain Polish refugees in Camden Town, in order to welcome the autocrat with a most affectionate hug.

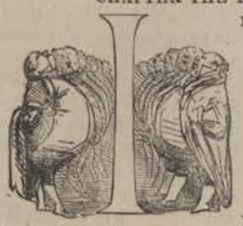
Great Powers of Execution.

A new paper-cutting machine has been invented, which, the papers say, "is constructed on the principle of the guillotine." We recommend it to the notice of reviewers who are fond of cutting-up new books.

THE LAW OF THE PISTOL.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.—OF CORPORATIONS.



In addition to natural persons, the law, in honourable emulation of Madame Tussaud, of wax-work notoriety, has constituted certain artificial persons. These are called bodies politic, bodies corporate, or corporations, and they stick together like wax, in which respect they bear a still closer resemblance to the artificial persons in Madame Tussaud's collection.

Corporations are either aggregate or sole. When aggregate they consist of many, such as the mayor and common councilmen of a city—and precious common councilmen some of them are; the head and fellows of a college—nice fellows some of *them* are also; and the dean and chapter of a cathedral church, which endures, of course, until the end of the chapter. Corporations sole consist of one person and his successors, such as a king or a bishop, or a parson. This is the origin of the doctrine that the king never dies; for it is always as the boys say, "One down and another come on." So that in fact the throne, like the curds and whey house at Hyde Park Corner, is never vacant. "The parson," says Coke, "*quatenus* parson shall never die," and the same may be said of the street-keeper, who, *quatenus* street-keeper, enjoys official immortality. The glorious old constitutional watchword of "Never say die" probably has its origin in the circumstance hinted at.

Another division of corporations is into ecclesiastical and lay; the former being spiritual, such as bishops and parsons in the present day, and formerly monks, abbots, or priors; but it is doubtful whether the priors were prior to the monks. Lay corporations are such as the society of antiquaries, for the study of antiquities; and of course the members are expected to be well up in all the old jokes, which are better known as the "ryghte merrie mysteries of Miller." There are also eleemosynary corporations, such as hospitals, where legs are amputated *gratis*, from those poor persons who would otherwise be thrown upon their own hands for surgical attendance.

Having described the various kinds of corporations, we shall now ask:—first, how they are made; secondly, what they can do; thirdly, how they are visited; and fourthly, how they may be dissolved or got rid of.

A corporation is made by the sovereign, who uses the words "*Creamus, erigimus, fundamus, incorporamus*," and the sovereign is guilty of the grossest tautology in doing so. A corporation must have a name, and Romeo therefore when he asks "What 's in a name?" betrays a frightful ignorance of the beautiful passage in *Gilb. Hist. C. P.* 182, where it is prettily laid down that the name is the knot by which a corporation is combined, and without the knot it is not a corporation at all,—"a point," says Coke, "that is by the mass a knotty one."

We come, secondly, to the rights and powers of a corporation: the first of which is the right of perpetual succession; for as every man has a right to live till he dies, so any corporation has a right to exist till its existence ceases. This indeed is said to be the very end for which corporations were established; that is to say, their very endlessness is the end they are designed to answer. Thirdly, they may sue, or be sued; quod, or be quodded; grant or receive, give or take, borrow or lend; and, in fact, do as they please with their own just like other people. A corporation may have a common seal, by which it is bound; for though the members may pass their words, it is no consequence what they say till the corporation sealing-wax renders it incumbent on them to stick to it. A corporation may make by-laws, but these by-laws, by the by, may have the go-by given to them if they are contrary to the law of the land,—a rule which is as old as the twelve tables of Rome; but we forget the date of those dozen specimens of classic mahogany.

We have, however, done wisely in taking a leaf out of the tables alluded to. A corporation has some disabilities, and is incapable for instance of being committed to prison, for there can be no catchee where there is actually no havee. A corporation is prevented from purchasing lands without a licence from the sovereign, by certain acts called the statutes of *Mortmain*, which means a dead hand, probably from the fact that these corporations were dead hands at making a bargain.

Our next inquiry is "how may these corporations be visited?" a question that would seem to need a reference to the book of etiquette, for when we talk of a corporation being visited, we allude, of course, to its liability to be called upon. The sovereign is the visitor of the archbishop; and we presume that the bell at Lambeth palace, with the brass plate beneath it, inscribed with the word "Visitors," is for the exclusive use of royalty. Lay corporations are said to have no visitors, and the present lord mayor of London (Magnay) appears to value this exemption, for he never asks any one to dine with him.

An eleemosynary corporation may be visited by the founder and his heirs, so that any genuine guy may leave his card as a visitor at Guy's Hospital.

We will consider, lastly, how corporations may be dissolved, for even the goodly pearl is capable of dissolution in the gem-destroying vinegar. A corporation may be dissolved by civil death—but no uncivil death—such as murder, can put an end to it. It may be extinguished by act of parliament, or, in other words, by the law, which is as it were dissolving a corporation in hot water; by surrender, which is a sort of suicidal exit, when the corporation asks itself the question, "to be or not to be?" and prefers the latter; or, thirdly, by forfeiture of its charter through negligence or abuse, which formed a pretext in the reigns of Charles and James the Second for seizing the charter of the city of London. This led to an act being passed after the Revolution, enacting that the franchises of London shall never more be forfeited for any cause whatsoever, and thus the lord mayor and corporation have a *carte blanche* for any amount of foolery, a privilege that they one and all, in turn, take unlimited advantage of.

In the foregoing chapters we have given an account of the rights of persons, which are equally the privilege of the peer and the pot-boy, the gallant soldier, the sailor, the tinker, the tailor, the ploughboy, the apothecary, and the thief. May the pride of the first never disdain the humble merit of the second! and may the valour of the third and fourth, added to the industry of the fifth and sixth, ameliorate the condition of the seventh; while oh! may the healing art of the eighth restore, in a moral sense, the degraded ninth to that position, which, in accordance with the rights of persons, any person has a right to occupy!

*** The "Comic Blackstone," *by* G. A. A'Beckett, *with Illustrations on Steel and Wood by* George Cruikshank, *will be shortly published in a Pocket Volume. Also, in one Volume, with etchings on Steel by* Leech, *the* "Story of a Feather," *by* Douglas Jerrold.

THE SHEPHERD OF HAWRIDGE.

The Rev. John Day, Rector—and therefore spiritual shepherd—of the good folks of Hawridge, near Aylesbury, has—we grieve to record it—been inconvenienced by a trial at the bar of the Assizes. The shepherd Day, from his hapless ignorance of law, unfortunately meddled with the flock of Mr. Weedon; that is, the rector finding seven of his neighbour's sheep arrogantly trespassing in his close, "took out his knife"—so ran the evidence—and "stabbed them all in the right flank to the depth *of about six inches*, after which he turned them out of the stable, and drove them in the direction of their own pasture." For this legal mistake, the pulpit shepherd of Hawridge was compelled to stand in the prisoners' dock at Aylesbury; yes, for such small inattention to the law of the land, he was obliged to leave the myrrh and frankincense of the altar, and stand for a time with orthodox nostrils offended by felon rue. Our heart bleeds, ay, quite as much as any one of Mr. Weedon's sheep, that the Rev. John Day, for his Arcadian ignorance of the law, should for a moment have suffered such indignity.

Law, however, is like a certain Indian leaf, of which we have somewhere read. Applied on one side, it draws like a blister; dexterously turn it, and lo! it acts as a sanative salve. (We remember, the famous Dr. Cheyney is our authority for this vegetable of double properties.) Law clapt the shepherd of Hawridge in the felons' dock; and there—suffering Arcadian—with a criminal indictment upon him, his feelings, we will vouch for it, were drawn exceedingly. The whole man was, we doubt not, one large clerical blister; from head to heel, a very bladder of sensibility. Such is his condition, when Messrs. Prendergast and Sanders (counsel for the prisoner) apply the other side of the leaf—adroitly turn the law to the advantage of the patient.

They argued, with tongues of silver, (we should rather say of gold,) that as the spiritual shepherd had "no grudge against Mr. Weedon," he could not wish to destroy his property unlawfully. On the contrary, the shepherd Day believed "that he had a right to kill or wound the animals," and therefore merely out with his knife, and slid it six inches into the sheep, according to Act of Parliament. For the nonce, he thought the law allowed him sweetly to harmonize the parson with the butcher; to relieve the monotonous watching of a flock with a little innocent "hamstringing" of woolly trespassers. Prettily does the blue apron of the shambles blend with clerical black; well does the knife of the butcher assort with the crook of the Christian shepherd! We trust, however, that this versatility of power may not some day awkwardly assert itself. A parson, with a ready hand for sheep-stabbing, might, to the triumph of scoffers, be strangely forgetful of time and place: when, with meek abstracted soul, he should utter "Let us pray," he might in his forgetfulness exclaim, catching the tone of the market, "What will you buy?" Again, should the Rev. John Day, in the fulness of his Christianity, wish to descant on Nathan's ewe-lamb, he might be checked in his goodly purpose by the errant thought that the said lamb had been, like Mr. Weedon's sheep, a flagrant trespasser.

The Jury—henceforth let an Aylesbury Jury be typified by twelve sucking doves—admitted the truthfulness of the defence, and acquitted the prisoner; who, of course, quitted the dock without one butcher's stain upon his pulpit black.

Lord Abinger delivered a touching address. He said—"It was really most lamentable to see such an ignorance of *the first rules and principles of law* in a man occupying the station and filling the office which the prisoner occupied and filled."—His Lordship finally advised the shepherd to apply "some portion of his time in acquiring a *knowledge of the laws of his country* and the rights of his neighbour." What an affectionate suggestion of goodness to a neglectful divine! Lord Abinger is too courteous a man to hint at the Bible; but emphatically recommends Blackstone. The Acts of the Apostles might, well studied, do something for a clergyman; but to be a good Christian, and properly to love his neighbour, he must have a knowledge of the Acts of Parliament!

It is clear that the use and abuse of Shepherd Day's knife turns solely on a point of law. Had he used his weapon on the safe side of the statute, nobody could reasonably have blamed him had he quartered every sheep alive. Nay, we doubt whether even the sheep would have murmured. The Strasburg goose, dying with swelling liver at the fire, knows that he suffers for the glory of Strasburg pies, and—says the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*—"expires without a tear." In like manner, Mr. Weedon's sheep, "bleeding and lame," from the steel of Shepherd Day, would have died uncomplainingly, had their deaths rightfully illustrated the law of trespass. Our imagination gives voice and words to one of Mr. Weedon's sheep. *Ovis loquitur*:—"I am stabbed six inches in the flank by the Rev. John Day, rector of Hawridge, but I die a just death. Why, tempted by new grass, did I trespass in his close? Why did I crop the rector's blades? To be sure, being a Christian clergyman, he might, at the most, have set his dog at me, and harried me back. But the law was on *his* side, and so he stuck his knife in mine. I am justly doomed, and die in honour of an Act of Parliament. I might have fallen by a blow from that vulgar, greasy Joe Tripeley; but, happy sheep! the hand of a man of peace has cut and maimed me; and like the victims at a Roman sacrifice, I have a priest for my butcher!"

We trust that this bold act of the Rev. John Day will be significantly rewarded. We would suggest something by way of crest, or coat of arms, to eternize the humanity of the deed. The Pope, to shew his meekness, carries a lamb. Now, in memory of mutton, we would suggest that the Rev. John Day should henceforth bear the pope's-eye. Q.

THE LAMENT

Of an unfortunate Druggist,

A MEMBER OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY, WHOSE MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

You that have charge of wedded love, take heed
To keep the vessel which contains it air-tight;
So that no *oxygen* may enter there!
Lest (like as in a keg of elder wine,
The which, when made, thy careless hand forgot
To bung securely down) full soon, alas!
Acetous fermentation supervene
And winter find thee wineless, and, instead
Of wine, afford thee nought but vinegar.

Thus hath it been with me: there was a time
When neither rosemary nor jessamine,
Cloves or verbena, maréchale, resedé,
Or e'en great Otto's self, were more delicious
Unto my nose, than Betsy to mine eyes;
And, in our days of courtship, I have thought
That my career through life, with her, would be
Bright as my own show-bottles; but, ah me!
It was a vision'd scene. From what she *was*
To what she *is*, is as the pearliness
Of Creta Præp. compared with Antim. Nig.
There was a time she was all *Almond-mixture*,
(A bland emulsion; I can recommend it
To him who hath a cold), but now, woe! woe!
She is a fierce and foaming combination
Of *turpentine* with *vitriolic* oil.
Oh! name not Sulphur, when you speak of her,
For she is Brimstone's very incarnation,
She is the Bitter-apple of my life,
The Scillæ oxymel of my existence,
That knows no sweets with her.
What shall I do!—where fly!—What Hellebore
Can ease the madness that distracts my brain!
What aromatic vinegar restore
The drooping memory of brighter days!
They bid me seek relief in Prussic acid;
They tell me Arsenic holds a mighty power
To put to flight each ill and care of life:
They mention Opium, too; they say its essence,
Call'd Battley's Sedative, can steep the soul
Chin-deep in blest imaginings; till grief,
Chang'd by its chemic agency, becomes
One lump of blessed *Saccharum*;—these things
They tell to *me*—*me*, who for twelve long years
Have triturated drugs for a subsistence,
From seven i' th' morn, until the midnight hour.
I have no faith in physic's agency
E'en when most "*genuine*," for I have seen
And analysed its nature, and I know
That Humbug is its Active Principle,
Its ultimate and Elemental Basis.
What then is left? No more to Fate I 'll bend:
I will rush into chops! and Stout shall be—my end!!

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT SITUATIONS.

FEW years ago a delusive little Treatise was published under the title of "How to keep House upon a Hundred a-year," which certainly told the public how the house might be kept, but not the family that lived in it.

Seeing a book advertised with the title of "A Guide to Government Situations," we bought the work, and, armed with its talismanic power, we rushed to the Treasury, where we requested to be shown a few Government situations, intending to walk into the most eligible, with the aid of our Guide Book. We presumed, in our simplicity, that places under Government might possibly be something like the 5000 straw bonnets thrown into the linen-drapers' windows at this time of the year, with the generous intimation, that they are to be (almost) GIVEN AWAY; and, indeed, we began to suppose that Government situations were plentiful enough, if people only knew where to go for them. We have, however, been cruelly deceived; for the only situation under Government into which the "Guide" seemed likely to get us, was that of first gentleman in waiting at the station-house.

Considering it possible that others may be subjected to a disappointment similar to that we ourselves experienced, we beg leave to offer to the public a Guide of our own, which we think will be more efficacious than the one we have already alluded to.

The Home Department.

The Chief-Secretaryship of this department is a very lucrative place. It would be difficult to offer any guide to it, for the individuals who have held it have reached it through so many crooked ways—such an endless variety of ins and outs, such constant shifting and changing from side to side—that it would be quite impossible to follow them. The same may be said of the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies.

Law Department.

The Chancellorship is, of course, the highest prize in this branch of the public service, and any Guide to Government Situations would be incomplete, if it did not point out the way to the woolsack. Lord Brougham's short and easy method is to go and sit upon it whenever he can, so as to be prepared to push off the legitimate occupant on the first opportunity, or to take his place, in the event of his leaving it. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generalships are prizes worth having; and perhaps one of the safest roads to legal promotion, particularly in Ireland, would be to get a brief for the Crown, and challenge the opposite counsel. Country Commissionerships of Bankrupts, which are worth about a thousand a-year, seem to be very easily obtained, if we may judge by the manner in which these situations have been hitherto filled. It may be sufficient for the purposes of our Guide to state, that the only qualification that seems to be actually indispensable is an utter ignorance of the law of Bankruptcy. We have arrived at this conclusion merely from a close observation of the qualities for which the new Commissioners of Bankruptcy have hitherto been distinguished. We should say, from our experience in this matter, that to know anything whatever about the subject of his duties would be fatal to the pretensions of a candidate for the highly lucrative offices alluded to.

Custom House Department.

This branch of the public service has, hitherto, been doubly eligible, for there has been not only the salary attached to the various places, but the pickings have been very considerable. The same pickings exist in other departments, to which we recommend the applicant for a Government situation to turn his attention, because the Custom-house perquisites have been in a great degree curtailed by the very awkward exposures that have recently transpired. This branch of the public service has been spoilt for the present, as a source of large emolument; but there are numerous other departments where the spirit of impertinent curiosity has not yet been able to penetrate.

Exchequer Department.

In order to obtain the full benefit of the resources opened out by employment in this department, it was formerly desirable to cultivate an imitative style of hand-writing, and to form connections on the Stock Exchange. This branch of the public service was worked to the full extent of its capabilities by Mr. Beaumont Smith, who was, unfortunately, not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity.

In concluding our Guide to Government Situations, we most earnestly express to the person in want of one, our most sincere, our most ardent and our most heartfelt wish, that—he may get it.

Q. Why is a Bill Sticker like a Gambler?
A. Because he does nothing but placards (play cards).

THE PROHIBITED COMEDY.

AMONG the company at Astley's was a rider who, whenever he felt his own share in the performance going flatly, always contrived to tumble off his horse, which invariably got him a round of applause, and rendered him an object of interest during the remainder of the evening. Nothing can be better than a misfortune, as a source of popularity, for the time being; and it is sometimes worth the while of a beggar to get wilfully knocked over by a butcher's cart, when public benevolence, if it has been previously flagging, will at once receive a stimulus. A gentleman has written a five-act comedy, which the examiner of plays has prohibited, and of course there is one universal shout of "Shame! shame! Down with the Chamberlain! Turn out the licenser!" "Throw him over!" in fact, *do* anything with any one who has had any hand or any voice in offering any obstruction to any amusement of his most omnipotent majesty, —the People.

There is a society called the Syncretics, whose boast it is that they can write tragedies which no company can act and no audience can sit out, but they nevertheless call themselves and each other great men, who write for posterity. Thank goodness they don't write for us, which is all we care about. The author of the prohibited comedy has become one of the great unactables, though his unactability does not arise from the absolute unsitoutableness of his production. He has been extinguished by the caprice of the examiner of plays, who, by the by, might rescue many a dramatist from disgrace, many a manager from loss, and many an audience from nausea, if the power of prohibition were in certain cases freely exercised. We can see nothing in the prohibited comedy of *Richelieu in Love* to warrant the treatment it has experienced. There is no passage half so strong as a few that occur in the following scene from a comedy of our own, which we intend presenting to the attention of the licenser. We have adopted the Elizabethan style, though the subject is a modern one.

SCENE—*A Room in the Treasury.*

Enter SIR R. PEEL *and* SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Peel. Marry, come up, but we are precious knaves.
Graham. Ay! quotha, by our ladye, but we are.
Peel. Said you our ladye?
Graham. By my troth I did.
Peel. Thy troth indeed! the fancy likes me much:
Thy troth! why, marry, what dost call thy troth?
Thou didst betroth thyself to Goodman Grey,
And then thou didst betroth thee to his foe.
If that 's thy troth, troth me no troths, say I.
Graham. Nay, neighbour Peel, thou pitchest it too strong;
For were I come to such a pitch as this,
That no black pitch were pitchier than I,
Then mightest thou pitch thus fiercely into me. (*He weeps.*)
Peel. Nay, do not pour the water from thine eye,
Though it be—all thine eye—in double sense;
But think me not made for thy pupillage,
Ready to scan the pupils of thine eyes.
Alas, alas! what hypocrites we both are.
Graham. Marry, come up!
Peel. I'fecks, Gramercy, quotha.
[*Exeunt laughing in their sleeves, and the curtain falls*

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

A *soirée* was given here on Thursday, and an explanation was attempted of a design upon the wall by Mr. Motley, which was very satisfactory to the motley assemblage of visitors. Some one among the guests intimated privately that it would be as well, if while designs were being explained they could get some explanation of the designs of Mr. Buckingham. Subsequently, Mr. Buckingham gave a description of some of the great American Lakes, and illustrated their depth by talking some most unfathomable nonsense. Somebody then laid upon the table a piece of striped paper, which was said to be a plan of the Himalayah Mountains. One of the visitors then produced a piccolo flute, and played upon it for a few minutes, which had the effect of gradually clearing the room.

The Short Passage to America.

SINCE SIR VALENTINE BLAKE has proposed this scheme, it has been taken up in various quarters, by individuals to whom the shortest possible cut to America is a matter of the greatest importance. The plan of SIR VALENTINE BLAKE of cutting away the land and carrying a railroad over the sea will be superseded by a newer and a better notion, for it is now in contemplation to erect a steam-boat, by the aid of a company ready to go to any lengths, that will extend half way across the Atlantic, and this method, added to a plan of dividing the Cape in half, instead of the old practice of doubling it, will, in the opinion of SIR VALENTINE BLAKE, exactly achieve the contemplated object.

A POINT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURAL History may be divided into natural and unnatural—Buffon and Pliny to wit; nor is this division confined to the animal kingdom—the lives of Peter Simple and Peter the Great may be considered natural and unnatural histories. The mass of mankind have, in all ages, preferred the latter, just as they prefer a funeral to a marriage, or a murder to a charity sermon. Hence, in all ages, certain unfortunate animals have had their characters most grossly misrepresented; and divers eccentric creatures have assumed a place among the recognised mammalia. Thus the respectable elk was transformed into the unicorn, and snakes into flying dragons—whilst, in latter times, William Pitt was transformed into the "Heaven-born minister," and George the Fourth into the "most finished gentleman in Europe." Then again the mermaids, centaurs, and anthropophagi of ancient times, are not a whit more originally fanciful than some pet monsters of our own enlightened days. Take, for instance, our "Free-born Englishmen," our "Learned Brothers," "Gallant Officers," and "Honourable Members"—not to mention such small fry as "talented townsmen," "indefatigable public officers," and "much respected mayors;" and we shall have an army of imaginative creatures, which we may defy the Heathen Mythology and antique histories to ditto, or, as the Americans say, to stump.

We shall now come to our point.

Who is Miles' boy?

Who is Miles' boy? Difficult—important question! We know that he is deeply and mysteriously connected with the turf—that he pervades at the corner—that he is present at Epsom—watches our Newmarket—patronises Goodwood, and sees, Asmodeus-like, all the Provincial meetings. But did any body ever see him? Has any body ever shaken hands with him? made a bet with him? stood a glass of brandy-and-water and cigars to him? Does he travel by coach, drag, barouche, gig, tandem, dog-cart, or rail? Does he pad the hoof, or take a stand-ticket? The public demand, and the public must have information. To the editors of Sunday newspapers we appeal—they are deep in his confidence. Let Vates, Harkaway, Pegasus, and other classical sportsmen be examined by a Committee of the House. Let us catch the volatile spirit of Miles' Boy and bottle him up, as it were, in a blue book of the House of Commons.

Miles' Boy! *id est*—the Boy of Miles!

Who is Miles?

Boy synonyme with servant—Miles' Boy is then a servant: servant of whom? Of Miles.

Who is Miles? Miles is, in the Latin tongue—a soldier. Miles is, therefore, the soldier. Who is *the* soldier?—The Duke of Wellington. Who is Miles' Boy?—Lord Brougham!

SONGS OF THE CIRCUIT.

FROM Circuit to Circuit although we may roam,
Be it ever so briefless, there 's none like the Home;
A fee from the skies p'rhaps may follow us there,
Which, seek through the Courts, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There 's none of the Circuits can equal the Home.

When out on the Home, lodgings tempt you in vain,
The railroad brings you back to your chambers again:
On the Home the expenses for posting are small;
Give me that—'tis the Circuit, the cheapest of all.
Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There 's none of the Circuits can equal the Home.

MAYORAL WISDOM.

WE congratulate the City on the varied accomplishments of its chief Magistrate, whose knowledge of everything in general, but anatomy in particular, must be regarded as truly wonderful. Hervey discovered the circulation of the blood, but Magnay has done more, for he has found out that the human hand branches off immediately from the human heart—a fact in anatomy which we particularly recommend to the attention of the College of Surgeons. The following enthusiastic burst from the mouth of Magnay, puts the question of the construction of the human frame in an entirely new light, and shows that in the case of Royalty, at least, the hand and heart are united in Nature's heraldry; so that Shakspeare, when he talks of the modern heraldry being "hands, not hearts," was terribly mistaken. "No sooner," said Magnay, "was the Queen Dowager made acquainted with the melancholy detail, than her Majesty's *hand was stretched out from her bountiful heart* in the spirit of charity and compassion." The above words ought to be written in letters of portable gas on the highest tablet in the Temple of Minerva.

A ZONG O' THE ZOUTH-WEST.

(BACCHANALIAN.)

I.

YOUR lards[1] and your laädies med think themzelves vine,
A drinkun' o' Zherry and likewais Poort wine;
But gie a good drap of Octwooaber to me,
And a vig vor Vrench varjus[2] whats'ever it be.

II.

A zwig[3] of old ztingo it is my delight,
O' marnuns at breakvust; wee zupper at night;
Wee banes and bihaacon[4] vor dinner at noon,
When the zun is a brilun' our veaces in June.

III.

Abroad in the vields when haïmaikun's[5] I goes,
A keg o'er'my showlder I teaks and I throws;
A gallun, good mizhur[6], he holds purty[7] nigh,
And I teaks a pull at un whens'e'er I gits dry.

IV.

When rippun' is over, and carryun' is done,
And measter to harvust-whoam[8] bids us aitch[9] one,
We ates, and we drinks, and enjoys our good cheer;
But what we loiks best is our 'lowance o' beer.

V.

The hoss he drinks waater, and likewäis the cow,
But none but a Christian[10] drinks beer, you'll allow:
Then off wee your liquors, my mayhats,[11] I zays;
And, "Success to the brewer," we'll drink if you plaze.[12]

GLOSSARY.

[1] Lards, *lords.*
[2] Varjus, *verjuice.*
[3] Zwig, *draught.*
[4] Banes and bihaacon, *beans and bacon.*
[5] Haïmaikun, *haymaking.*
[6] Mizhur, *measure.*
[7] Purty, *pretty.*
[8] Harvust whoam, *harvest-home.*
[9] Aitch, *each.*
[10] Christian, *human being*, equivalent to *Homo*, Lat.
[11] Mayhats, *mates*,
[12] Plaze, *please.*

AMERICA.

By our Express Extraordinary.

PENNSYLVANIA.—REPUDIATION.

AT a meeting of the Drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania, the following resolution was moved by Governor Porter, and seconded by Gen. Duff Green.

RESOLVED—That we, the united band of Pennsylvanian repudiators, do hereby utterly discard, abolish, deny, and renounce the signs and symbols heretofore used as the "Arms" of this state, and that in future the same be, in lieu thereof, a statue of Mercury, with the legend—"BASE IS THE SLAVE WHO PAYS!"

Carried unanimously!

AIDS TO ANTI-WORKING ALGEBRAISTS.

Q. WHAT are "Imaginary Quantities?"
A. Pennsylvanian bonds.

Q. What is the negative sign?
A. A shake of the head.

Q. What is understood by a Radical?
A. Anything but what he talks about in public.

Q. What is an "Impossible Expression?"
A. To speak of "unmentionables."

Q. What does π stand for?
A. To be eaten.

Q. What is a "significant digit?"
A. The fore-finger applied to the nose.

Designs for the Houses of Parliament.

AMONG the principal objects sent in for exhibition at the St. James's Bazaar, will be found—

Specimens of panels, including the celebrated panel that obtained so much notoriety during the trial of O'Connell.

Specimens of railing, selected from a vituperative speech of Lord Brougham.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844.

"THE FINES WERE INSTANTLY PAID."

THE decisions of police magistrates—who, by the way, only dispense the law as they find it—continually exalt poor men with the knowledge of the high privileges of money, in England. They continually preach to people of limited means the necessity of putting themselves in ready cash as the only way of tasting the highest enjoyment of British citizens. Here is a recent example of this pleasant truth.

FREDERICK JOHNSON, "a young man very fashionably dressed"—(people who break heads, knock out teeth, and inflict serious wounds on simple street passengers, are generally as fashionably dressed for a row as for a party)—was placed at Marlborough-street office for a series of assaults.

FREDERICK JOHNSON ("law student") assaulted a tradesman in Bond-street, who gave him into custody. (Fine, 2*l*., OR 21 days' imprisonment.)

FREDERICK JOHNSON then assaulted policeman 106, hitting him a "tremendous blow on the right eye and afterwards on the forehead: also kicked his leg so violently that a serious wound was caused." (Fine 5*l*., OR two months' imprisonment.)

FREDERICK JOHNSON then kicked constables, "No. 38, 22, and 58, in the groin and abdomen." (Fine, for No. 38, 5*l*., OR six weeks' imprisonment. For No. 22, 4*l*., OR one month; and, for No. 58, 2*l*., OR 21 days' imprisonment.)

Such were the sentences passed by Mr. MALTBY, magistrate, when the prisoner immediately vindicated the triumph of wealth, for in the words of the reporter, "the fines were instantly paid!" Ready money! How like a gentleman! Let us see the account:

To a simple assault	£2
To a tremendous blow dealt upon the eye of policeman, with ditto on the head, and a serious wound in the leg . .	5
To a kicking in the groin and abdomen of sundries . .	11
	£18

Received of Frederick Johnson, by — MALTBY, Magistrate.

We put it to the most inveterate grumbler, whether England be not a cheap country, when a man can have so much real enjoyment for eighteen pounds; though we do really think that a handsome discount ought to be allowed for ready money.

How gross and foul, and foolish withal, are those epicures who will give their guinea an ounce for early strawberries—their five guineas a pint for green peas! How evanescent the pleasure from money so laid out! Whereas, to kick a man in the groin and abdomen, may afford life-long reflections of delight, inasmuch as the man so kicked may bear an acute remembrance of the injury to the grave.

Had the hero of the present story been penniless, he would have passed months in gaol; but being a gentleman, and therefore much less being expected of him in the way of example to lower offenders, he is mulcted in a sum; and—oh, glorifying privilege of ready cash!—"the fine is immediately paid!"

What, if the wise, benevolent senators who make such laws, were now and then kicked in the abdomen and groin—would it lead to an alteration of the statute? *Perhaps* it might.

Should any of our readers desire to gladden their eyes with a sight of FREDERICK JOHNSON, his address, in the police report, runs—"No. 5, Ely-place, Holborn, Law-student." It would seem no man knows the privilege of certain laws better.

AN AMERICAN BROADSIDE FOR ENGLAND.

ONE TYLER, the son, we believe, of the President of the United States, has been making a speech, the burden of which—and the speech reads dreadfully heavy—appears to be that he (TYLER) says no other prayers morning, night, and noon, except to thank Heaven he is not an Englishman. We need not say that this sentiment will be universally echoed by all who read his fuming, frothy, and vituperative speech; for every Briton who has any true regard for the respectability of his native land, will loudly exclaim, "Thank Heaven, TYLER is not an Englishman!" We should say that this man must be a remote descendant from the renowned WAT, who got his skull split by the Lord Mayor's mace, and the crack in the head seems to have remained ever since in the family. It is true that it is hard to descend much lower than WAT TYLER himself; but the American edition is a terrible drop down, even from the very low stock of the rebel of Smithfield. TYLER makes a brief confession of certain "errors of his past life," which he admits "have been numerous," and which is the only sensible passage in his long harangue; but he nevertheless again thanks Heaven for that which we again join our own gratitude to his—namely, that he is not an Englishman. The concluding remarks, in which he draws a frightful picture of the possibility of England's being one day or other paid off by the other nations of the earth, are quite awful; but there is one error that we cannot help noticing. If there is any *paying off*, America, and particularly the men of Pennsylvania, will be sure to have no hand in it.

A NOTE FROM MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM.

PERHAPS the universe is not aware of the fact that Mr. SILK BUCKINGHAM, when Member of the House of Commons, did, by his burning eloquence, cause an alteration in the law which compelled all booksellers to send a certain number of copies of every book they published to the British Museum and the Universities. The number, by means of Mr. SILK BUCKINGHAM, was considerably lessened; hence—as Mr. B. has unostentatiously declared in a circular to the trade—the booksellers are under a heavy debt of gratitude to the projector and sole proprietor of the British and Foreign Institute. This circular, for the convenience of subscribers, was tabularly printed; graciously allowing the booksellers the option of subscribing books or money towards Mr. BUCKINGHAM's library of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's Institute. A second circular, of an enlarged character, is about to be issued, and having been favoured with an early copy, we reprint it for the benefit of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, and the cause of science:—

"Mr. SILK BUCKINGHAM presents his compliments to ———, and"—(*here there is a very minute detail of Mr. B.'s senatorial services to literature, which, with some pain, but, for the sake of brevity, we omit*). "The subjoined table allows to the subscriber the option of shewing his gratitude by presenting to Mr. BUCKINGHAM either books, money, wine, coals, or potatoes.

Subscriber's Name.	Books. No. of Vols.	Money—what Amount.	Wine. No. of Dozens.	Coals. Tons.	Potatoes. No. of Sacks.

"Please to fill up without delay; and direct,—

"SILK BUCKINGHAM, Esq.,

"*British and Foreign Institute, Hanover Square.*"

We intend to look upon the above table once a night, at least before we go to sleep; and in our next may probably reprint it with our donations duly inserted. It is, therefore, unnecessary to beg of Mr. BUCKINGHAM to keep a sharp eye for *Punch's* next.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

CHAP. VI.—THE ENGLISH UNDER JENKINS.

BUT the prince had not calculated that there was a line of BRITISH INFANTRY behind the routed Irish brigade. Borne on with the hurry of the *mêlée*, flushed with triumph, puffing and blowing with running, and forgetting, in the intoxication of victory, the trifling bayonet-pricks which had impelled them to the charge, the conquering National Guardsmen found themselves suddenly in presence of JENKINS'S FOOT.

They halted all in a huddle, like a flock of sheep.

"*Up, Foot, and at them!*" were the memorable words of the Duke Jenkins, as, waving his bâton, he pointed towards the enemy, and with a tremendous shout the stalwart sons of England rushed on!—Down went plume and cocked hat, down went corporal and captain, down went grocer and tailor, under the long staves of the indomitable English Footmen. "A Jenkins! a Jenkins!" roared the Duke, planting a blow which broke the aquiline nose of Major Arago, the celebrated astronomer. "St. George for Mayfair!" shouted his followers, strewing the plain with carcases. Not a man of the Guard escaped; they fell like grass before the mower.

"They are gallant troops, those yellow-plushed Anglais," said the Duke of Nemours, surveying them with his opera-glass; "'tis a pity they will all be cut up in half-an-hour. Concombre! take your dragoons, and do it!" "Remember Waterloo, boys!" said Colonel Concombre, twirling his moustache, and a thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and the gallant hussars prepared to attack the Englishmen.

JENKINS, his gigantic form leaning on his staff, and surveying the havoc of the field, was instantly aware of the enemy's manœuvre.

His people were employed rifling the pockets of the National Guard, and had made a tolerable booty when the great duke, taking a bell out of his pocket, (it was used for

signals in his batallion in place of fife or bugle) speedily called his scattered warriors together. "Take the muskets of the Nationals," said he. They did so. "Form in square, and prepare to receive cavalry!" By the time Concombre's regiment arrived, he found a square of bristling bayonets with Britons behind them!

The colonel did not care to attempt to break that tremendous body. "Halt!" said he to his men.

"FIRE!" screamed Jenkins, with eagle swiftness; but the guns of the National Guard not being loaded did not in consequence go off. The hussars gave a jeer of derision, but nevertheless did not return to the attack, and seeing some of the Legitimist cavalry at hand, prepared to charge upon them.

The fate of those carpet warriors was soon decided. The Millefleur regiment broke before Concombre's hussars instantaneously; the Eau de Rose dragoons stuck spurs into their blood horses, and galloped far out of reach of the opposing cavalry: the Eau de Cologne lancers fainted to a man, and the regiment of Concombre, pursuing its course, had actually reached the prince and his *aides-de-camp*, when the clergymen coming up formed gallantly round the Oriflame, and the bassoons and serpents braying again, set up such a shout of canticles, and anathemas, and excommunications, that the horses of Concombre's dragoons in turn took fright, and those warriors in their turn broke and fled. As soon as they turned, the Vendecan riflemen fired amongst them, and finished them—the gallant Concombre fell; the intrepid though diminutive Cornichon, his major, was cut down; Cardon was wounded *à la moelle*, and the wife of the fiery Navet was that day a widow. Peace to the souls of the brave! In defeat or in victory, where can the soldier find a more fitting resting-place than the glorious field of carnage? Only a few disorderly and dispirited riders of Concombre's regiment reached Tours at night. They had left it but the day before, a thousand disciplined and high-spirited men!

Knowing how irresistible a weapon is the bayonet in British hands, the intrepid JENKINS determined to carry on his advantage, and charged the Saugrenue Light Infantry (now before him) with *cold steel*. The Frenchmen delivered a volley, of which a shot took effect in Jenkins's cockade, but did not abide the crossing of the weapons. "A Frenchman dies, but never surrenders," said Saugrenue, yielding up his sword, and his whole regiment were stabbed, trampled down, or made prisoner. The blood of the Englishmen rose in the hot encounter. Their curses were horrible; their courage tremendous. "On, on," hoarsely screamed they, and a second regiment met them and was crushed, pounded, in the hurtling grinding encounter. "A Jenkins, a Jenkins!" still roared the heroic duke, "St. George for Mayfair!" The Footmen of England still yelled their terrific battle-cry, "Hurra, hurra!" On they went, regiment after

regiment was annihilated, until scared at the very trample of the advancing warriors, the dismayed troops of France screaming, fled. Gathering his last warriors round about him, Nemours determined to make a last desperate effort. 'Twas vain; the ranks met; the next moment the truncheon of the Prince of Orleans was dashed from his hand by the irresistible mace of the Duke Jenkins; his horse's shins were broken by the same weapon. Screaming with agony, the animal fell. Jenkins's hand was at the duke's collar in a moment, and had he not gasped out *Je me rends*, he would have been throttled in that dreadful grasp!

Three hundred and forty-two standards, seventy-nine regiments, their baggage, ammunition, and treasure-chests, fell into the hands of the victorious duke. He had avenged the honour of Old England, and himself presenting the sword of the conquered Nemours to Prince Henri, who now came up, the prince, bursting into tears, fell on his neck, and said, "Duke, I owe my crown to my patron saint and you." It was indeed a glorious victory, but what will not British valour attain!

The Duke of Nemours, having despatched a brief note to Paris, saying, "Sire, all is lost except honour!" was sent off in confinement, and in spite of the entreaties of his captor, was hardly treated with decent politeness. The priests and the noble regiments who rode back when the affair was over, were for having the Prince shot at once, and murmured loudly against "*cet Anglais brutal*," who interposed in behalf of his prisoner. Henri V. granted the Prince his life, but, no doubt misguided by the advice of his noble and ecclesiastical councillors, treated the illustrious English Duke with marked coldness, and did not even ask him to supper that night.

"Well!" said Jenkins, "I and my merry men can sup alone:" and, indeed, having had the pick of the plunder of about 28,000 men, they had wherewithal to make themselves pretty comfortable. The prisoners (25,403) were all without difficulty induced to assume the white cockade. Most of them had those marks of loyalty ready sewn in their flannel waistcoats, where they swore they had worn them ever since 1830. This we may believe an we will; but the Prince Henri was too politic or too good-humoured in the moment of victory, to doubt the sincerity of his new subjects' protestations, and received the Colonels and Generals affably at his table.

The next morning a proclamation was issued to the united armies. "Faithful soldiers of France and Navarre," said the Prince, "the Saints have won for us a great victory — the enemies of our religion have been overcome—the lilies are restored to their native soil. Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock the army under my command engaged that which was led by his *Serene* Highness the Duke de Nemours. Our forces were but a third in number when compared with those of the enemy. My faithful chivalry and nobles made the strength, however, equal.

"The regiments of Fleur d'Orange, Millefleur, and Eau de Cologne, covered themselves with glory —they sabred many thousands of the enemy's troops. Their valour was ably seconded by the gallantry of my ecclesiastical friends; at a moment of danger they rallied round my banner, and, forsaking the crosier for the sword, showed that they were of the church militant indeed.

"My faithful Irish auxiliaries conducted themselves with becoming heroism—but why particularize when all did their duty? How remember individual acts when all were heroes?" The Marshal of France, Sucre d'Orgeville, Commander of the army of H. M. Christian Majesty, recommended about three thousand persons for promotion; and the indignation of Jenkins and his brave companions may be imagined when it is stated that they were not even mentioned in the despatch!

As for the Princes of Ballybunion, Donegal, and

Connemara, they wrote off despatches to their government, saying, "The Duke of Nemours is beaten, and a prisoner!" "The Irish brigade has done it all!" on which His Majesty the King of the Irish, convoking his Parliament at the Corn Exchange Palace, Dublin, made a speech, in which he called Louis Philippe an 'old miscreant,' and paid the highest compliments to his son and his troops. The King on this occasion knighted Sir Henry Sheehan, Sir Gavan Duffy (whose journals had published the news); and was so delighted with the valour of his son, that he despatched him his Order of the Pig and Whistle (1st class), and a munificent present of five hundred thousand pounds—in a bill at three months. All Dublin was illuminated; and at a ball at the Castle, the Lord Chancellor Smith (Earl of Smithereens), getting extremely intoxicated, called out the Lord Bishop of Galway (the Dove), and they fought in the Phœnix Park. Having shot the Right Reverend Bishop through the body, Smithereens apologized. He was the same practitioner who had rendered himself so celebrated in the memorable trial of the King—before the Act of Independence.

Meanwhile, the army of Prince Henri advanced with rapid strides towards Paris, whither the History likewise must hasten; for extraordinary were the events preparing in that capital.

HANGING CLERGYMEN.

HANGING, it appears, has its abuses. Criminals—it must be another grief to them in their last sorrows—are not executed with sufficient decorum. They are hanged to be sure, but not satisfactorily to the precisians of Rochdale; two thousand of whom (their petition was presented by Mr. S. CRAWFORD) have prayed the House of Commons to turn its patriotic attention to the abuses of the gallows. The petitioners complain, that men are hanged by "a hireling of the sheriff," often a vulgar person, knowing nothing of "due decorum or solemnity." Hence, as sometimes in a playhouse tragedy, the pathos of the scene is destroyed by a bungling actor of the heavy business. How, then, thought we, is this to be remedied? Doubtless, the very particular people of Rochdale would have a Ketch College, where man might study every turn of the halter, and take degrees upon fast, running, and slip-knots. Why should there be a Master of Arts, and not a Master of the Gallows? Wherefore should we have M.A.'s, and not a solitary M.G.? DRYDEN tells a story of a hangman's wife, who declared that "any bungler might put a fellow to death; but," she added, with conjugal vanity, pleasant and pardonable—"it was only her husband who could make a man die sweetly." He was doubtless born with a genius for rope. Halters from his boyhood were to him "familiar as his garter."

The people of Rochdale, however, have proved themselves equal to the occasion. They are none of your hot-blooded, unphilosophical reformers, who have only a genius for destroying present institutions, without brains for future improvement. If they quarrel with the present ordinary Jack Ketch, it is only because they feel too acutely the claims of men who should succeed him. They disdain the lay hangman from their excessive veneration of the prison parson, for they "prayed the House to enact, that whenever the taking of human life was commanded to be done, under the laws of the state, it should be performed as a religious ceremony, *and by a clergyman of the state church*." May we be permitted, with all deference, to observe, that we think this bears somewhat hard upon the great body of the Dissenters? Religious liberty, indeed, will be but a sound, if a culprit may not from his own pulpit choose his own hangman.

With this little drawback, easily remedied, we think the petition of the Rochdale people full of wisdom and benevolence. To carry out their views, it will be indispensably necessary to institute a new professorship at Cambridge and Oxford for the proper instruction of all clerico-hangmen. The Chair of Knots (no better name strikes us) must be worthily filled at either college, that students of theology and the halter may learn to hang with a decorum and decency sufficient to satisfy the fastidious critics of Rochdale. This can easily be effected by making the church pupil constantly practise on a stuffed criminal. Can there be better practice for parsons than on lay-figures?

We must, however, make another provision. If the common people are to be hanged by simple clergymen, who—should so dire a necessity present itself—is to chop off the head of a peer? The executioner is obvious: he can be no other than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Hence, at either college must be added to the Chair of Knots a Chair of the Chopping-Block: and as every clergyman has a chance of the See of Canterbury, so must he take his degree not only of the knot but of the axe. Thus, we may see appended to the names of reverend men, M.A.K.A.X.S.—Master of Arts, Knots, and Axes.

The country is much indebted to the wise and sensitive people of Rochdale: we have no doubt that their wishes will be gratified, and hanging be greatly dignified thereby. To be sure, when any new functionary may be required for a county, it will startle us at first to read in the *Times*:—

"WANTED, a Clergyman in every way fit for the Gallows."

This, however, we shall get used to.

SONGS OF THE HEARTH-RUG.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE TO HER RUSHLIGHT.

My rushlight, when first kindled,
Twelve inches long wast thou;
And I behold thee dwindled
To one, my candle, now!

How brief thy span, contrasted
With rushlight's average life!
A happier dip had lasted
A week a happier wife.

Where is my husband got to?
Oh say, expiring light!
A man ought really not to
Stay out so every night.

I 'm sure that Bradshaw 's press'd him
To join his tippling lot:
That Bradshaw! I detest him;—
The good-for-nothing sot!

Would that this piece of paper,
Which, ere thy flame expire,
I light from thee, my taper,
Could set that club on fire!

A CARD TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE German Siffleur presents his compliments to the Members of the House of Commons, and begs to call their attention to the following quoted from the *Times*, in its report of the debate on the Factory Bill. Mr. COLLETT and Mr. HARDY rose to speak, when the "noise was beyond description — cock-crowing, cat-mewing, and similar discordant sounds came loud and strong from each side of the House." The German Siffleur has heard from a private friend that, though these imitations were very creditable to hon. members, they were nevertheless not perfect. He therefore takes the liberty of informing them that he will, in two lessons, so instruct Members of Parliament to bray like an ass or gaggle like a goose, that even their dearest relatives shall not in any particular know them from the original.

THE TRIUMPH OF REASON.

APPLICATION having been made to LOUIS PHILIPPE, to the effect that he would be pleased to cause Mr. DYCE SOMBRE—who has escaped from his keepers to Paris—to be straightway sent back to England, his Majesty, with his characteristic acumen, begged first to have the reports of half-a-dozen French physicians, touching Mr. SOMBRE'S implied madness. The physicians one and all declared that Mr. DYCE SOMBRE showed the strongest symptoms of sanity (for an Englishman), for he was throwing about heaps of money for the encouragement of French ingenuity and French commerce. If, however, any doubt could remain of the gentleman's mental health, that doubt was wholly set at rest by him a few nights ago, when he gave a most magnificent supper to upwards of five hundred people. The French authorities very properly considered this to be the triumph of reason. Mr. DYCE SOMBRE remains in Paris.

Foreign Intelligence.

SHOULD the man sentenced to death in Louisiana be really hanged, it is the intention of the Americans to further adorn the national flag by quartering a gibbet proper among the stripes and stars.

HINTS FOR A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

THE vigilant eye of *Punch*, ever watching the various phases of society, has observed with intense interest the creation of a new *Privileged Class*, solemnly recognised by the Peers of the Realm in Parliament assembled, and invested with the peculiar power of breaking the Law without incurring its penalties. So lofty a prerogative at once approaches the class in question to our proudest Nobility; with whom it only remains to associate them more intimately by some Honorary Insignia, akin to those which decorate the shoulder, breast, and leg of a Norfolk, a Somerset, or a Richmond.

Accordingly, *Punch*, ardently invoking the assistance of Garter, Lion, Ulster, and Clarencieux, begs most humbly and deferentially to suggest to the Fountain of all Honour the following propositions:

THAT there be instituted a New Order, to be called the Most Honourable and Aristocratic Order of the Turf: the members of which, commonly known as Sporting Men, shall have the exclusive privilege of Betting, to any amount, on the Race Course, or at the Corner, on any day of the week, with absolute impunity; and in the face of any laws, Divine or Human, now extant or to be hereafter enacted, for the Prevention of Gambling, or for the Better Observance of the Sabbath.

THAT there be a Second Class, to be called Companions of the Most Honourable and Aristocratic Order of the Turf; and that Tradesmen be admissible as Companions.

THAT there be also a Third Class, to be called Companions of the Companions of the Most Honourable and Aristocratic Order of the Turf; and that grooms, jockeys, stable-boys, keepers of E. O. and roulette tables, and gambling-booths; thimble-riggers, sporting pettifoggers, coachmen and cads, licensed and unlicensed victuallers, the members of the Fancy in general, and the Swell Mob, be eligible as Companions of the Companions.

THAT the three several Classes shall each wear an appropriate Costume, with Insignia, as follows:

First Class. — A round Cap, of party-coloured silk, with a large shade in front, and a gilt horseball on the top. The Mantle to be of Levantine, say yellow with blue or pink sleeves, and richly embroidered on the shoulder with the Crest of the Order—A Swan, plongeant, in dirty water, with its *black-legs* up in the air. On Collar days, a necklace of threadled horse-shoes, with the Badge, viz., a regular Cross, with a Horse's Head, hard held, in the centre, and encircled by the Motto, "*The Race is not to the Swift.*"

Second Class. — A short mantle and hood, of drab horse-cloth, bound with red. The hood to come over the head and face down to the tip of the nose, with two large round holes for the eyes. The Collar, an equestrian one, of leather, with a ring of bells. Badge, the Hand-in-hand, with the Motto, "*Nob and Snob.*"

Third Class. — The best costume they can buy, beg, steal, borrow, or make. On Collar days, a Horse's Halter round the neck, with the Badge, A Thimble encircled by a Garter, with the Motto, "*Indemnity for the Past, and Security for the Future.*"

The number of Knights of the First Class to be equal to that of the Commanders, Naval and Military, who for eminent public Services, have been rewarded with the Ribbons and Crosses of the Bath.

The number of the Second and Third Classes to be limited only by the Accommodation afforded to them by the Subscription Rooms, Yards, Corners, Courses, Rings, Grand Stands, and Standing-Room, or what is commonly called the Turf.

BALLADS OF THE HEART.

My heart is like a wither'd nut,
  Its surface do not trust,
Though smooth and sound it seems when shut,
  Within is only dust.

When time the crackers shall apply,
  The world will know too well,
The thousand memories that lie
  Enkernell'd in the shell.

But wherefore should I murmur thus?
  The world is very wide;
My heart shall be an omnibus,
  And carry twelve inside.

'Tis true, that on the way, perchance,
  Some to drop off begin;
But can we not, as we advance,
  Take many others in?

Some hearts, like cabs, besides themselves,
  To one or two incline;
But omnibuses carry twelves,
  Such be this heart of mine!

A CHANCE FOR BROUGHAM.

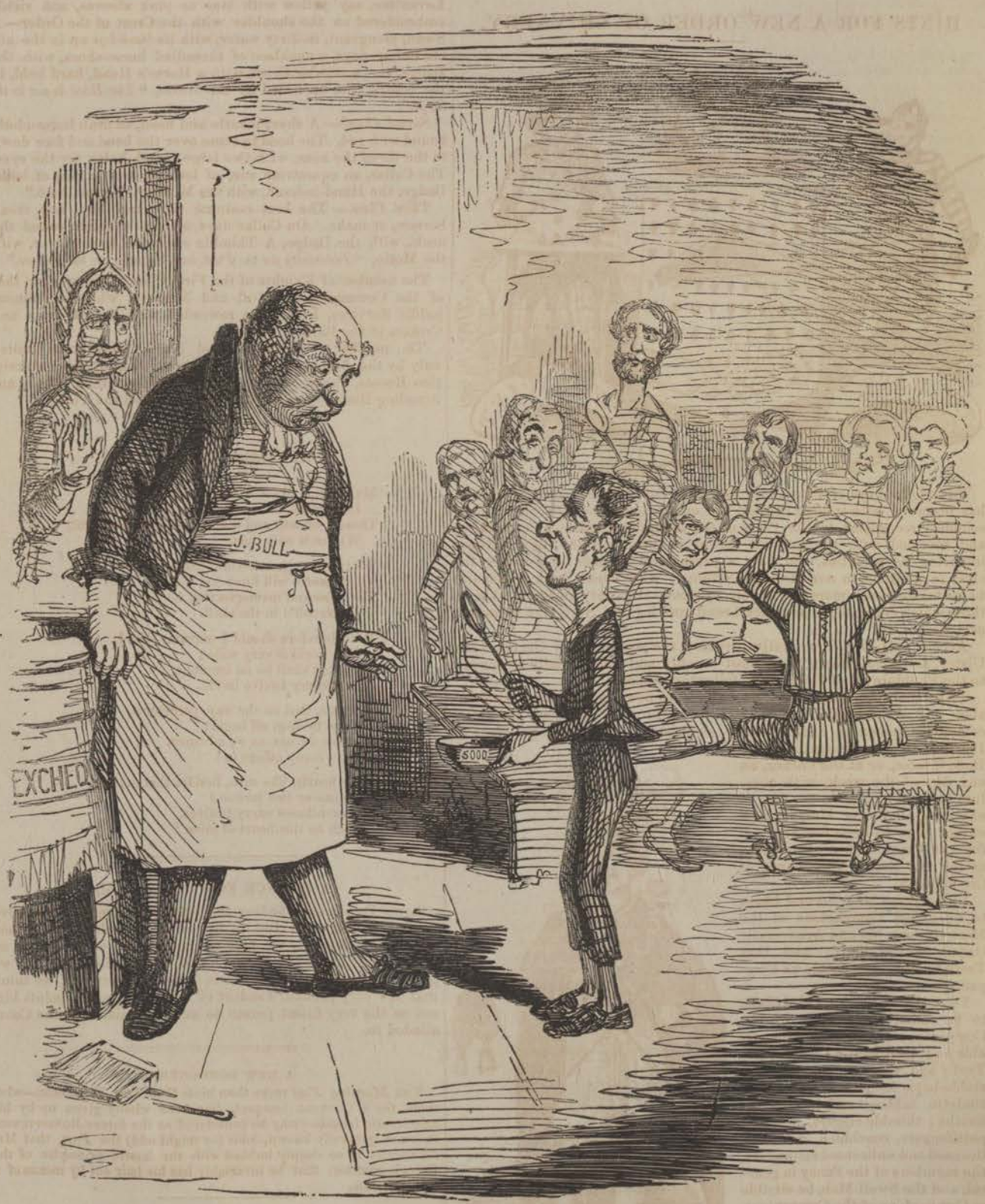
LORD BROUGHAM finding the 2000*l.* presidency of the Privy Council Amendment Bill to be—what is technically termed—"no go," intends, we believe, making an effort to get an appointment under the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Act. As we perceive the Court of *Peculiars* is to be reconstructed, we think that the very peculiar conduct of Lord BROUGHAM points him out as the very fittest person to act as President of the Court alluded to.

A NEW ROBESPIERRE!

THE *Morning Post* more than hints that TOM DUNCOMBE—who, since the O'CONNELL banquet, has been wholly given up by his aristocratic friends—may be considered as the future ROBESPIERRE. It is not generally known, adds (or might add) the *Post*, that Mr. DUNCOMBE is so deeply imbued with the horrid principles of the French monster, that he invariably has his hair cut by means of a toy guillotine.

Ministers keep their Appointments.

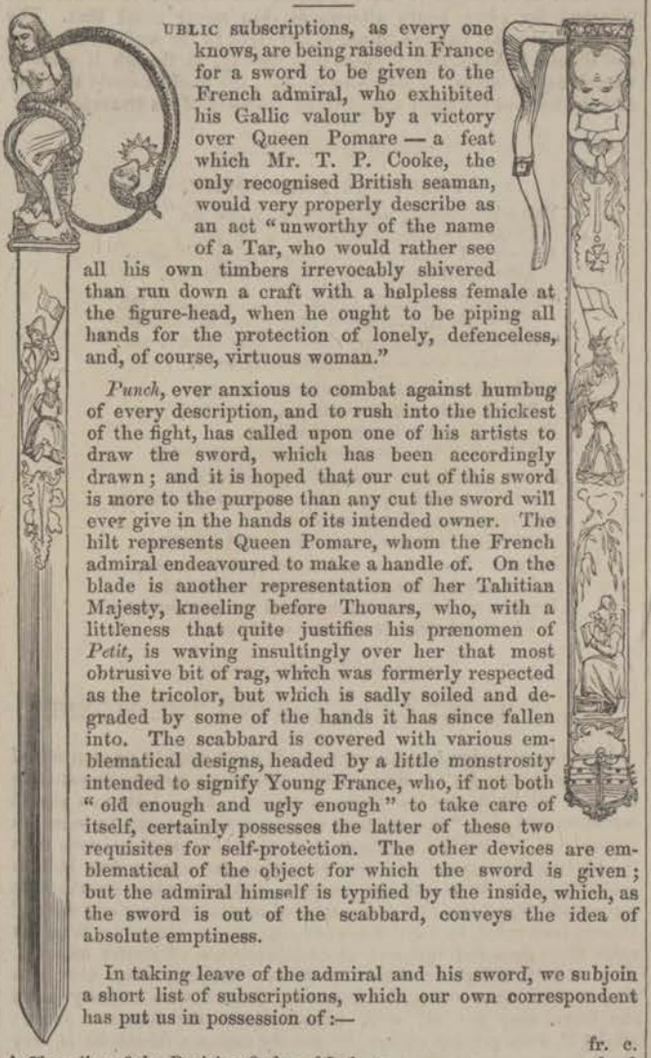
THE Ministerial Papers announce that "the Postmaster-General intends resigning, as soon as arrangements are perfected for his successor." The rumour is rife that ROWLAND HILL has been appointed; but this honourable method of rewarding merit would be introducing such a novelty into the system of ministerial appointments, that we must say we do not believe it. If this were established as a precedent, How could Sir ROBERT PEEL form a Ministry?



"HENRY" ASKING FOR MORE.

Vide "OLIVER TWIST

THE SWORD OF ADMIRAL DUPETIT THOUARS.



PUBLIC subscriptions, as every one knows, are being raised in France for a sword to be given to the French admiral, who exhibited his Gallic valour by a victory over Queen Pomare — a feat which Mr. T. P. Cooke, the only recognised British seaman, would very properly describe as an act "unworthy of the name of a Tar, who would rather see all his own timbers irrevocably shivered than run down a craft with a helpless female at the figure-head, when he ought to be piping all hands for the protection of lonely, defenceless, and, of course, virtuous woman."

Punch, ever anxious to combat against humbug of every description, and to rush into the thickest of the fight, has called upon one of his artists to draw the sword, which has been accordingly drawn; and it is hoped that our cut of this sword is more to the purpose than any cut the sword will ever give in the hands of its intended owner. The hilt represents Queen Pomare, whom the French admiral endeavoured to make a handle of. On the blade is another representation of her Tahitian Majesty, kneeling before Thouars, who, with a littleness that quite justifies his prænomen of *Petit*, is waving insultingly over her that most obtrusive bit of rag, which was formerly respected as the tricolor, but which is sadly soiled and degraded by some of the hands it has since fallen into. The scabbard is covered with various emblematical designs, headed by a little monstrosity intended to signify Young France, who, if not both "old enough and ugly enough" to take care of itself, certainly possesses the latter of these two requisites for self-protection. The other devices are emblematical of the object for which the sword is given; but the admiral himself is typified by the inside, which, as the sword is out of the scabbard, conveys the idea of absolute emptiness.

In taking leave of the admiral and his sword, we subjoin a short list of subscriptions, which our own correspondent has put us in possession of:—

	fr.	c.
A Chevalier of the Parisian Order of Industry	1	0
A French vendor of *cirage* (blacking), who cannot bear the idea of the English having the Day (and Martin)	0	15
Some boys, who are desirous of giving a fillip to democracy, in the hope of its removing a Philip from monarchy	0	5
M. Thiers, the full value of his services to his country during the last four years	0	0
A True Patriot, being twice the amount of the exact sum given by the nation as a dotation to the Duke de Nemours	0	0
Some English cutlers, who are anxious for the subscriptions to amount to a sum that will admit of the purchase of a respectable sword, in which case it must be made in this country	2	0
Jean Attrapez (Jack Ketch)	0	5

The last name on our list has not been consulted about the design; but it is thought that Admiral Dupetit Thouars ought to be left entirely in the hands of Jean Attrapez, with a view to the execution.

The King of Prussia and his Friend the Czar.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has at length crowned his reputation. In amiable compliance with the wishes of the Emperor of Russia, he has not only routed the Poles from Posen, but has renewed a reciprocal convention to give up all deserters from the Czar. A grand historical picture is ordered at Berlin to commemorate this amity. Hitherto, the two kings of Brentford, "smelling one nosegay," has been thought the *beau idéal* of the friendship of monarchs. This picture, however, will be wholly eclipsed by the forthcoming work of the painter, which will represent PRUSSIA and RUSSIA in each other's arms, inseparably bound together by the Russian knout.

SIR ROBERT PEEL TO PUNCH.

MY dear *Punch*,

The *Morning Chronicle* tells a story of a man being refused the farm of "one of the Ministers," because the farmer was a Liberal and a Dissenter; the landlord's agent observing, that "the tenant of the farm must go both to church and poll with his landlord." To this story the editor adds the following note:—"Our correspondent has given us his name and address, and the names of the landlord, the agent, and the party who proposed to become tenant of the farm." Now, Mr. Editor, *why* does the editor treasure up the information—why does he not give the names of landlord, agent, and would-be tenant? I am induced to put this question from the fact of at least twenty people having asked me if *I* was the landlord?

Pray get the *Chronicle* to speak out—'tis always best.

And believe me, yours ever,

ROBERT PEEL.

P.S. By the way, you have been hitting us a little too hard of late. Lay it on now to the Whigs.

P.S. No. 2. I open my letter to inform you that I have just now a nice little clerkship in the Treasury open. I hear you have a very interesting godson not yet provided for. N.B. Don't forget the Whigs.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DURING the whole performance of the Taming of the Shrew, in five acts at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. STUART sits in one corner of the stage, as the Lord before whom the play is acted. Nothing can be finer than the acting of Mr. STUART from first to last, in the very arduous character assigned to him. There is something truly Shaksperian in his treatment of the wand which he holds in his hand, and which he twiddles about, from time to time, between his fingers, with a nice appreciation of the highly dramatic situation into which he is thrown by the towering genius of the Swan of Avon. In the fourth act, Mr. STUART rests his right arm on an adjacent chair: but the point we admired most was, the truly Elizabethan jerk he gave to his left leg in the middle of the banquet scene.

We understand that a deputation from the Shakspeare Society intend waiting on Mr. STUART, to thank him for the zeal with which he has adhered to the original text, by not opening his mouth. But it will be suggested to him, that a wink at Katharina, in the third act, might be introduced with effect, as showing that the Lord before whom the play is acted might be trying to gain the attention of the very pretty woman who is representing the principal female character.

A vote of thanks is nightly proposed in the Green-room to Mr. STUART, for his able, impartial, and unimpassioned conduct in the chair: and we have heard it intimated that he will be offered an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, as Chairman at all the League meetings.

The Drawing Room.

OWING to several of the presentations at the Drawing Room having been omitted from the list in the Court Circular, *Punch* hastens to supply the unaccountable deficiency.

Lord BROUGHAM, on his anticipated addition of 2,000*l.* a year to his present income.

Mr. SNOOKS, on the noting of his dishonoured acceptance.

Mr. POPKINS, the Barrister, on his having prevailed on the full Court of Exchequer to grant him a rule *nisi*, on which he may proceed to compute, should there be no cause shown against its being made absolute.

Sir E. BULWER, on his taking the title of Lytton Earl, and presenting a petition requesting that it may be altered into the Earldom of Lytton.

Sir C. F. WILLIAMS, on his having got rid of a disagreeable recollection by forgetting himself.

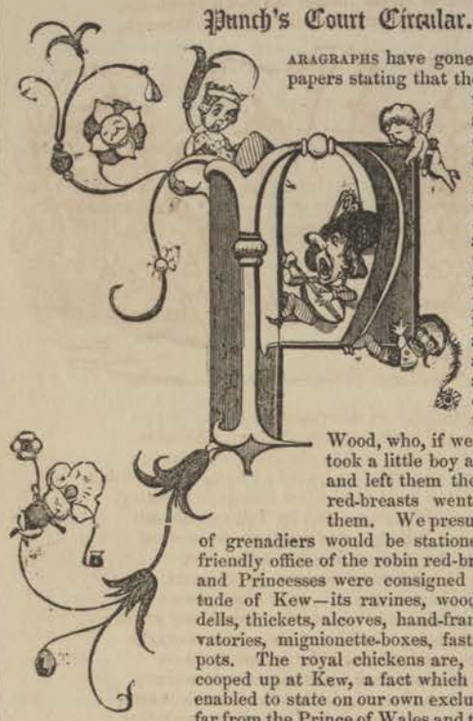
The Duke of WELLINGTON, on his conversion to the doctrines of Christianity, as evinced by the alteration of his opinions on the subject of duelling.

PUNCH, on his receiving the Order of the stamped edition—to be sent weekly under cover to Her MAJESTY at Buckingham Palace.

Reported Travels of the Queen.

A NIGHT or two since Captain ROUS inquired of Sir ROBERT if the report was true that the QUEEN intended to visit Berlin in May. Sir ROBERT PEEL replied, Certainly not. He might, however, have added that the report arose from a very natural cause; namely, that in May, it is said, the Emperor of Russia will come to England.

Punch's Court Circular.



PARAGRAPHS have gone the round of the papers stating that the Palace at Kew is to be converted into a royal nursery, because "the children are rather in the way" * of HER MAJESTY and Prince ALBERT. We are authorized to state that this is not the fact. The idea of putting the poor infants into the vast and dreary abode alluded to is almost as bad as the notion of the cruel uncle in the Children in the Wood, who, if we remember rightly, took a little boy and girl into a forest and left them there, when the robin red-breasts went and looked after them. We presume that a company of grenadiers would be stationed, to perform the friendly office of the robin red-breasts, if the Prince and Princesses were consigned to the dreary solitude of Kew—its ravines, woods, asparagus-beds, dells, thickets, alcoves, hand-frames, forests, conservatories, mignionette-boxes, fastnesses, and flower-pots. The royal chickens are, however, not to be cooped up at Kew, a fact which we are happy to be enabled to state on our own exclusive authority. So far from the Prince of Wales and the Princesses being "in the way" of their illustrious parents, it is well known that the family circle at the Palace presents a domestic picture which would do credit to the Joneses, the Browns, the Smiths, or even the Robinsons. Her MAJESTY has been heard to say, in allusion to the report of the infants being as it were turned out to grass in Kew Gardens, that it would be like thrusting a needle into a bottle of hay, for if they were at large in a place like Kew, instead of being as they now are, continually under her maternal eye, she would never know where to look for them. It is true the swing in Buckingham Palace Gardens has once or twice compelled HER MAJESTY and her illustrious Consort to "dodge it" when they saw it coming, to prevent any direct blow being given to the crown, but this difficulty has since been avoided, by cutting off a portion of the poultry-yard, and erecting a round-about, as well as the swing on the site lately occupied by a water-butt, erected by William the Fourth in commemoration of the element on which he had served as a midshipman.

* Vide *Cheltenham Looker-on.*

MAN-SHOOTING IN AMERICA.

A LATE file of New York papers gives a very particular account of a duel-murder committed by a Mr. MAY, who sent a rifle-ball through the forehead of his opponent, Mr. COCHRAN. The whole affair was arranged in a most orderly manner. Mr. COCHRAN and *his friend* left Washington "in a coach with four *white* horses," doubtless a graceful hint of the purity of the duellist's intentions. Mr. MAY and his friend arrived more modestly, in a single coach. Articles of war were then courteously drawn up between the seconds of the parties, and duly signed. The weapons were rifles — distance, fifty paces. The principals were "perfectly composed;" as men prepared for murder ought, doubtless, to be. Mr. COCHRAN "refused to take a glass of liquor," but continued to "sing little snatches of songs." In another minute a rifle-ball was in his brain, and his murderer was scampering from the field. The projected duel was known to the whole city, and there are really stern thinkers in America, who, according to the papers, "*unhesitatingly say* the civil authorities ought to have been called upon to arrest the parties, and thus prevented the deed."

The "civil authorities" were by far too civil to do anything of the kind. Indeed, had Messrs. COCHRAN and MAY thought of the courtesy and sent the authorities an invitation to attend the ground, we can hardly think they would have failed to come. The whole transaction was complete; nothing was omitted that might not have done honour to the Cherokees or Chippewaws in their wildest and most picturesque onslaughts. Yes, there was an omission, which, we trust, will, in all future duels that end fatally, be remedied. It is this—Mr. MAY ought to have scalped his victim: to be sure, he breathed for some hours afterwards, but never mind that. The successful duellist has, we think, a just right to the scalp of his prey, and should be permitted to sport it in society, as though it were a riband or an order. Folks who tolerate the duellist could scarcely curl the nose at the most unequivocal evidence of his triumph.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE other evening widow Brown invited me
To take herself and daughters to the play;
Of course I vowed the compliment delighted me—
Although the truth was quite the other way.

"Perhaps," she coolly added, "you 'll contrive too,"
(My spirit sank—I knew what she to say meant—)
"When you secure your place, to take our five too:"
She never said a word about repayment!

I 'd hopes the tickets might on tick be got,
Which on the Office would put off the do;
But Mr. Parsons sternly told me not,
And called for—six times seven—forty-two—

Which I produced. And ever since that day
I 've watched for pegs, her conversation's drift in,
For introducing, in a graceful way,
Some light allusion to my One pound Fifteen.

In vain. She foils me with a veteran's keenness,
And now I think she 's getting up a quarrel.
Mortals, my tale is told; confessed my greenness:—
I need not point so palpable a moral.

THE COMFORT OF "KNOWING THE WORST."

AT the Huntingdon Assizes, GIFFORD WHITE, aged 18, was sentenced to transportation for life for sending a letter to a farmer, threatening to burn his farm, and the farms of others. Lord ABINGER passed sentence, and said, "the sending of letters threatening to burn the property of the parties to whom they were addressed *was worse* than the putting the threat itself into execution, for when a man lost his property by fire he *at least knew the worst*; but he to whom such threats were made was made to live in a state of continual terror and alarm." Hence, instructed by Lord ABINGER, let future GIFFORD WHITES spare their pens and ink, and at once make use of lucifer matches. For, as it is a lighter offence to destroy property than merely to threaten its destruction, the GIFFORD WHITE who actually burns the farm may get off with transportation for fourteen years; whilst if, with greater villany, he merely makes a threat, he is very properly condemned a slave for life.

In our last number, we reported the result of a trial of the Rev. Mr. DAY, who plunged a knife in the thighs of seven sheep that trespassed in his close. Lord ABINGER feelingly put it to the jury, whether the reverend gentleman did not torture the animals out of pure ignorance of the law; being a clergyman, he of course had no time to study the statutes? He was acquitted. We do not plead for an acquittal of GIFFORD WHITE, for of course his education and position in society must have made him intimately acquainted with the statutes, which he knew he was infringing. However, according to the judge, he has one comfort in his misery—at least, he "knows the worst;" and that we think may possibly consist in the fact of his having been tried by Lord ABINGER.

Tried Brandy.

AT the last Gloucestershire adjourned Sessions, a girl was placed at the bar, charged with stealing a pint of brandy (it was produced in court) from her master. The girl was acquitted; but the jury, with exemplary partiality, not only tried the girl, but the brandy, too; for they conscientiously emptied the bottle. The liquor being drunk, the jury appended to their verdict—"below proof."

The Emperor of Russia's Visit to England.

THE news of this glad event has given delight to the denizens of Newgate, who have petitioned the Governor that they may, on the arrival of the Emperor, illuminate at their own expense the outside of the gaol with the touching word—"WELCOME!"

TELL INTELLIGIBLY TOLD.

Overture 's finished with sound and with fury,
The curtain ascends on the Canton of Uri,
The village of Burgher—the torrent's vast swell,
With a bridge and a boat, and the cottage of Tell.

A picture complete such as none could achieve,
But the pencils of T and of double U GRIEVE.
Some peasants are forming some fanciful bowers,
By means of a bundle of property flowers,
While Lutern is trying to shoot with a bow,
In a style we can only describe as so so.
'Tis MISS ALBERTAZZI, who seems rather stupid
At handling the arrows of any, but Cupid.
In public, at least, she's devoid of the skill
That 's needed for bending a bow to her will;
There 's Tell in the foreground, in front of his hovel,
He most sentimentally leans on a shovel;
With love of his country amazingly big,
And waiting to give to her tyrants a dig.
There 's Martha, his wife, on a three-legged stool,
With some property wicker-work, taking it cool.
Suppos'd to be making a basket, but, pooh!
It 's not what a singer 's expected to do:
So into a tangle the wicker-work gets
In the hands of the *donna seconda*, MISS BETTS.
A chorus of peasants, they say that the sun
O'er mountain and river is taking a run,
And over the hills in his manner politest
Is very obligingly beaming his brightest.
But here is a fisherman, listen and hark,
'Tis BARKER comes on at the back in a Bark;
And by way of increasing the force of the pun,
In the *rôle* done by BARKER a *barcarole* 's done.
The fisherman sings, the example is set,
Tell, Lutern, and Martha, make up the quartett;
Of different matters they 're all of them singing—
Of liberty, love, and of grief the heart wringing.
As if, by-the-bye, with the weight of its woes,
Tears are wrung from the heart, like the water from clothes.
The famed *Ranz des Vaches* in the distance we hear,
'Tis the music to cows, and their kindred so dear.
The air must, of course, be exceedingly wide of
The tune which 'tis commonly said the cow died of.
Now over the platforms and tressels behind,
Through canvas recesses two gentlemen wind;
At length to the footlights they 've wended their way,
And one is—Oh, who could mistake him?—DUPREZ
But no; it is Arnold; his bearing and mien
Have instantly made him a part of the scene.
Curiosity lately so highly was wrought,
Of the star of the evening alone we had thought.
He enters!—DUPREZ from our fancy has fled,
And Arnold, of Melcthal, is there in his stead.
We anxiously wait till the rest are all gone;
'Tis he that enslaves our attention alone.
He sings—though his accent is foreign—and though
He makes in the text a slight blunder or so—
Such as talking about the eternal disgrace
Of having betrayed—not his "faith," but his "face;"
The actor is too much in earnest by half,
To leave e'en his errors exposed to a laugh.
The language of genius always is known,
It does what it likes with a tongue not its own.
He sings of the griefs that his senses bewilder,
His duty—his country—his love for Matilda,
Whom once from the avalanche he has defended;
But rather *piano* it must have descended:
Or else, with the very best will in the world,
In trying to stem it—he must have been hurl'd
(Within the most rational limits to speak),
Right into the midst of the proximate week.
He closes the recitative with a swell
On the note called B flat—when in toddles Tell!
Who straightway commences the splendid *morceau*;
The duet, *Dove Vai*, which all of us know;
Their country, its fetters and tyrants, they sing about,
When Tell, his pet subject desirous to bring about,
Gives hints quite enough Arnold's brain to bewilder,
Divided 'twixt patriotism and *'tilda*.

At length, with a splendid exertion of voice,
He declares on the former has fall'n his choice.
The peasants return, and the ballet go through,

A very indifferent movement or two,
To take the attention from Lutern, who tries
To shoot at the mark in the hope of a prize;
He wins, and, the fact leaves no room for disputing,
The Canton must need a few lessons in shooting.
However, they swear that by Tell and his son
The cause of their country is sure to be won,
Because ALBERTAZZI has fasten'd a dart
In a target not more than ten paces apart.
Some soldiers now enter, pursuing a Swiss,
One Luthold, who 's been after something amiss;
Such as giving a soldier of Gesler some cracks
With the end of a terrible (property) axe.
Tell gets in the cause most amazingly warm;
And though there are signs of a horrible storm,
He rescues the Swiss, and is straightway afloat
In some quarter-inch profiling cut like a boat.
The canvas is shaken, with energy warm,
In order to give an idea of a storm;
When Tell is dragged off—at top entrance P S
We see him in pasteboard grown frightfully less.
The peasants then watch with the greatest suspense
A neatly done picture, which makes a pretence
Of reaching in safety the opposite shore;
But it is dragg'd through a hole in the canvas no more.
"He is saved, he is saved!" cry the chorus with fury,
(What asses they are in the Canton of Uri!
To foam and to fume, and to storm and to vapour,
About a small boat that is cut out of paper.)
The soldiers of Gesler sing quite the reverse,
The rebel they lustily set to and curse;
Each party is trying in noise to be greater:
The elegant epithets "coward" and "traitor"
From one side to t' other are constantly bandied,
In a style that is equally graceful and candid.
And when they 've sufficiently threaten'd and curs'd,
The curtain descends on the end of

ACT FIRST.

Poverty Railing it.

A "POOR passenger" (really the insolence of poverty becomes every day more alarming) writes to the *Times* upon the "disgraceful condition of the third class carriages of the Greenwich Railway. They have no seats, are open at top and sides," and, writes complainant, "are most admirably calculated to promote the eddying circulation of the wind in such a manner, that no woman possessing the slightest amount of decency would, I am sure, venture a second time into these travelling whirlwinds." Now, here is the gross mistake. Railway directors, in their righteous pursuit of profits, cannot associate poverty with decency at all. They never meet; therefore, how is it possible they can travel together?

LORD WORSLEY AND THE COMMONS ENCLOSURE BILL.

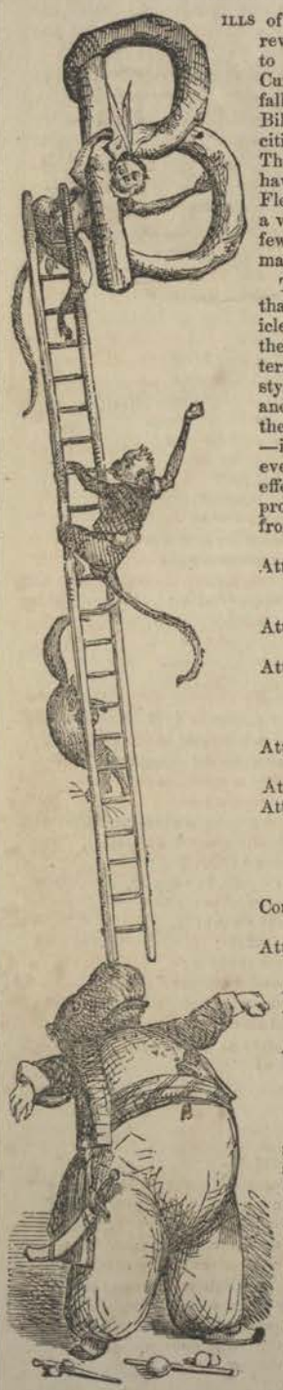
If 'tis a fault in man or woman,
To steal a Goose from off a Common,
Oh what must be that man's excuse
Who steals the Common from the Goose!

TOM THUMB AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

GENERAL TOM THUMB has made his appearance at the Stock Exchange, and was universally allowed to be the smallest American stock ever known there; Pennsylvanian dividends, of course, excepted.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

A Bill of Costs, folio, 1844, *pp.* 8.



ILLS of Costs are not frequently the subject for review, but we are actuated by a desire to introduce to the public some of those Curiosities of Legal Experience which have fallen under our own immediate notice. The Bill now before us is on the lively and exciting topic of AN ACTION ON PROMISES. The authors—for there are two of them, who have done for Costs what Beaumont and Fletcher did for Comedy—evince an energy, a vigour, or, in one word, a grasp, such as few practitioners can surpass, though many may equal.

The Bill begins with an ordinary passage, that calls for little remark. It merely chronicles an attendance in simple language, and the familiar figures 6 and 8 give a natural termination to the opening paragraph. The style suddenly becomes racy in the extreme, and the following short extract will show how the same incident—that of consulting counsel—is made to appear like a rapid series of events crowding one upon the other with an effect like that of the Kaleidoscope, which produces an almost endless variety of figures from objects that are really the same :

	s.	*d.*
Attending Counsel, when Counsel being engaged we could not get him to attend to us	6	8
Attending you to apprise you of the inattention we had experienced .	6	8
Attending Counsel to know when Counsel could attend, when not being able to get an interview to-day we thought we might to-morrow	6	8
Attending Counsel's clerk who suggested to-morrow	6	8
Attending to the suggestion . . .	6	8
Attending you, and informing you that we had again attended Counsel, and that a consultation had been provisionally appointed for to-morrow morning	6	8
Consulting with you whether it should be the morning or the afternoon	6	8
Attending you when you said you did not care, and that either would do	6	8
Advising you to make it the morning	6	8
Attending Counsel and appointing to-morrow morning . .	6	8
Attending conference, when it was determined to commence proceedings	6	8

In the few passages we have quoted above the reader is carried backwards and forwards from the chambers of the Counsel to the residence of the client, and thence to the office of the attorney, with a rapidity that is truly wonderful. Here the hand of the artist is conspicuously shown, for while nothing actually occurs but a conference with counsel, the scene is so frequently changed, and the phraseology so skilfully varied, that we almost forget the monotonous repetition of the 6 and 8, in the sort of moving panorama through which the text has hurried us.

Passing over some intermediate touches of peculiar boldness, we come to one of the most remarkable instances of solicitorial adroitness that are to be met with in the entire annals of Chancery experience. The subject is the attempt to serve a subpœna on one Brown, whom the Lawyers appear to have sought with a vigour only to be equalled by the tact with which they happened to look after him in all the places where the sequel proved there was no chance of his being met with. The touching little incident of "the boy," who finds Brown at once without any trouble, is most artistically brought in at the end, instead of being introduced at the beginning, for had it been hit upon at first, all the ingenious writing in the paragraphs immediately preceding the charge of 6*d* for an omnibus, must have been omitted from the bill of costs which we have now the pleasure to criticise. The following narrative of the search for Brown is so ingeniously contrived, that we cannot refrain from giving the whole of it.

	s.	*d.*
Attending at Blackwall Railway terminus, to serve Brown without effect	6	8
Attending ineffectually at the Blackwall Railway terminus to serve Brown	6	8
Attending at the Railway terminus when Brown was not there .	6	8
Attending at the Steam Packet Wharf, thinking that as Brown was not at one place, he might be at the other; but he was not at the other	6	8
Attending to serve Brown at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre, but without effect	6	8
Paid going into the pit of Drury Lane Theatre to serve Brown .	3	0
Attending to serve Brown inside the Theatre, but he was not there ; engaged from 7 till 12	13	4
Examining the box sheet of the Adelphi, and finding places taken in the name of Brown	6	8
Fee to Box Book-keeper	1	0
Attending at the Adelphi Theatre to serve Brown, who turned out not to be *the* Brown. Engaged from half past 6 till 12 .	13	4
Paid admission to boxes of the Adelphi Theatre, selves and articled Clerk, to serve Brown	12	0
Attending at Kennington Cross to make inquiries about Brown .	6	8
Consulting turnpike man at Kennington Gate, who knew several Browns, but not *the* Brown	6	8
Attending once more at the terminus of the Blackwall Railway to serve Brown, but without effect	6	8
It being suggested that your boy might serve Brown, paying the omnibus fare for boy, who succeeded in serving Brown . .	0	6

We here bring to a conclusion a review of one of the most remarkable legal productions of the present age—an age that is peculiarly rich in matters of the same character. It wants, perhaps, the delicacy of Dax—the ingenious taxing-master, who has published a book on Costs—but in general boldness of design, as well as execution, we have not often met with a document more likely to interest clients, and "show them how a lawyer can charge;" an art, by-the-by, which few gentlemen of that profession require to be instructed in. As a hand-book for beginners who have got one case, are never likely to get another, and are anxious to make the most of the one they have got, the Bill of Costs before us is deserving of a place in every lawyer's office. Indeed, we might go further, and say that such a document ought never to be sent out of one.

PRINCE ALBERT AT COWES.

IT will be seen that preparatory to the Royal sojourn at the Isle of Wight, H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT has been "sent on" to take suitable apartments for the Royal Family. The rank of the Prince not being known, he was beset, on his landing, by an enormous troop of touters, by whom the principle of the Art-Union Distribution is invariably applied to the luggage of the passengers. The carpet-bag of the Prince was actually on its way towards the Queen's Head, and his umbrella had already been thrown into the Prince of Wales's Arms, when the HON. GEORGE ANSON succeeded in rescuing the *sac de nuit*, while BOUVERIE, or BOWATER, or both, cut after the *parapluie*, and, after a struggle, obtained its restitution. The extreme privacy of the visit of the Prince occasioned his being met by the inhabitants, not with loyal addresses, but with some twenty or thirty addresses of parties anxious to provide "hot water for tea to persons bringing their own provisions," on the lowest possible scale compatible with the necessary outlay of capital. His Royal Highness was eventually allowed to look peaceably for a furnished house, and he ultimately fixed on that called Osborne—subject to the approval of HER MAJESTY.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

WE understand that LORD ASHLEY contemplates extending his benevolent exertions to the case of the unhappy officials compelled to sit during the debates in the House of Commons. The Ten Hours' Bill for the regulation of the Factories is to be followed by a measure limiting the speeches of certain long-winded members to a duration of only ten minutes. This scheme is to be introduced as a Ten Minute Bill for the regulation of the unsatis-factories.

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THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAP. VII.—THE LEAGUER OF PARIS.

By a singular coincidence, on the very same day, when the armies of Henri V. appeared before Paris from the Western Road, those of the Emperor John Thomas Napoleon arrived from the North. Skirmishes took place between the advanced guards of the two parties, and much slaughter ensued.

"*Bon !*" thought King Louis Philippe, who examined them from his tower ; "they will kill each other ; this is by far the most economical way of getting rid of them." The astute monarch's calculations were admirably exposed by a clever remark of the Prince of Ballybunion. "Faix, Harry," says he (with a familiarity which the punctilious son of Saint Louis resented), "you and him yandther, the Emperor I mane, are like the Kilkenny cats, dear."

"*Et que font-ils ces chats de Kilkigny, Monsieur le Prince de Ballybunion ?*" asked the most Christian King haughtily.

Prince Daniel replied by narrating the well-known apologue of the animals "ating each other all up but their *teels*, and that's what you and Imparial Pop yondther will do, blazing away as ye are," added the jocose and royal boy.

"*Je prie votre Altesse Royale de vaguer à ses propres affaires,*" answered Prince Henri sternly, for he was an enemy to anything like a joke ; but there is always wisdom in real wit, and it would have been well for His Most Christian Majesty had he followed the facetious counsels of his Irish ally.

The fact is, the King, Henri, had an understanding with the garrisons of some of the forts, and expected all would declare for him. However, of the twenty-four forts which we have described, eight only, and by the means of Marshal Soult, who had grown extremely devout of late years, declared for Henri, and raised the white flag : while eight others, seeing Prince John Thomas Napoleon before them in the costume of his revered predecessor, at once flung open their gates to him, and mounted the tricolor with the eagle : the remaining eight, into which the Princes of the blood of Orleans had thrown themselves, remained constant to Louis Philippe. Nothing could induce that Prince to quit the Tuileries. His money was there, and he swore he would remain by it. In vain his sons offered to bring him into one of the forts, he would not stir without his treasure ; they said they would transport it thither ; but no, no ; the

patriarchal monarch, putting his finger to his aged nose, and winking archly, said, "he knew a trick worth two of that," and resolved to abide by his bags.

The theatres and cafés remained open as usual : the funds rose three centimes. The *Journal des Débats* published three editions of different tones of politics : one, the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the Napoleonites ; the *Journal de la Légitimité*, another very complimentary to the legitimate monarch ; and finally, the original edition bound heart and soul to the dynasty of July. The poor editor, who had to write all three, complained not a little that his salary was not raised : but the truth is, that, by altering the names, one article did indifferently for either paper. The Duke of Brittany, under the title of Louis XVII., was always issuing manifestoes from Charenton, but of these the Parisians took little heed—the *Charivari* proclaimed itself his gazette, and was allowed to be very witty at the expense of the three Pretenders.

As the country had been ravaged for a hundred miles round, the respective Princes of course were for throwing themselves into the forts, where there was plenty of provision, and, when once there, they speedily began to turn out such of the garrison as were disagreeable to them, or had an inconvenient appetite, or were of a doubtful fidelity. These poor fellows, turned into the road, had no choice but starvation ; as to getting into Paris, that was impossible. A mouse could not have got into the place, so admirably were the forts guarded, without having his head taken off by a cannon ball. Thus the three conflicting parties stood, close to each other, hating each other, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike"—the victuals in the forts, from the prodigious increase of the garrisons, getting smaller every day. As for Louis Philippe in his palace, in the centre of the twenty-four forts, knowing that a spark from one might set them all blazing away, and that he and his money-bags might be blown into eternity in ten minutes, you may fancy his situation was not very comfortable.

But his safety lay in his treasure. Neither the Imperialists nor the Bourbonites were willing to relinquish the two hundred and fifty billions in gold ; nor would the Princes of Orleans dare to fire upon that considerable sum of money, and its possessor, their revered father. How was this state of things to end ! The Emperor sent a note to his Most Christian Majesty (for they always styled each other in this manner in their communications), proposing that they should turn out and decide the quarrel sword in hand, to which proposition Henri would have acceded, but that the priests, his ghostly counsellors, threatened to excommunicate him should he do so. Hence this simple way of settling the dispute was impossible.

The presence of the holy fathers caused considerable annoyance in the forts. Especially the poor English, as Protestants, were subject to much petty persecution, to the no small anger of JENKINS, their commander. And it must be confessed that these intrepid footmen were not so amenable to discipline as they might have been. Remembering the usages of merry England, they clubbed together, and swore they would have four meals of meat a day, wax candles in the casemates, and their porter. These demands were laughed at. The priests even called upon them to fast on Fridays, on which a general mutiny broke out in the regiment ; and they would have had a *fourth* standard raised before Paris—viz. that of England—but the garrison proving too strong for them, they were compelled to lay down their sticks ; and, in consideration of past services, were permitted to leave the forts. 'Twas well for them ! as you shall hear.

The Prince of Ballybunion and the Irish force were quartered in the fort which, in compliment to them, was called Fort Potato, and where they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would

admit. The Princes had as much brandy as they liked, and passed their time on the ramparts playing at dice or pitch-and-toss (with

the halfpenny that one of them somehow had) for vast sums of money, for which they gave their notes of hand. The warriors of their legion would stand round delighted; and it was, "Musha, Masther Dan, but that's a good throw!" "Good luck to you, Misther Pat, and throw thirteen this time!" and so forth. But this sort of inaction could not last long. They had heard of the treasures amassed in the Palace of the Tuileries; they sighed when they thought of the lack of bullion in their green and beautiful country. They panted for war! They formed their plan.

LORD BROUGHAM ON WET-NURSES.

THE very word BROUGHAM is such a spell to conjure up a host of recollections, all of them glorifying and uplifting humanity, that we never see his Lordship's name in a Parliamentary Report without the deepest and sweetest emotion. And then it is so like his Lordship to go even out of his way to do good. He is not content, like many of his brother Peers, to dwell in the "inevitable decencies" of life; oh, no! he must be up, and stirring, and talking—piling with his peculiar genius epithet upon epithet, building verbal Babels—whilst other degenerate Peers are satisfied to breathe "Content," or "Not Content," as the sole exertion of senatorial life.

The Commons' debate on the Factory Bill was not to pass away without notable comment by LORD BROUGHAM. The Bill, involving serious human interests, was certain to bring out the "poor man's friend." As well expect the wind to sweep over a stringed instrument and awaken no sound, as think to find the heart of BROUGHAM mute to the voice of humanity. Hear his Lordship's brief, yet modest and touching character of himself:—

"*He* who had always exerted himself to promote the comfort of the people—*he* who *never in his life* had given a vote, or written a line, or said a word, that tended to their oppression or neglect—but who had endeavoured, through good report and evil report, to do whatsoever *he* could to serve their best interests, temporary or permanent—*he*, who had studied to keep up the rate of their wages, and to keep down the price of their food—*he*," &c. &c. &c.

He, then, had an especial right to be heard upon the Factory Bill, although not yet presented to their Lordships. The philanthropist then proceed to dilate upon the misery suffered by those "engaged in unhealthy occupations"—those who "laboured heavily, and were too lightly fed." Their condition was very bad, but then there was this comfort in it; it resulted "from the mysterious decrees and inscrutable dispensations of Providence!" LORD BROUGHAM can be tainted by no such suspicion, but we fear there *are* men,—cosey, comfortable persons, who themselves too often make the peculiar Providence whose "mysterious decrees" they then so much lament. There *is* such an impiety as making Providence the scape-goat of our own hardness of heart and ingrained selfishness.

The poor man's friend—what a comprehensive mind the giant has!—next touched upon the suckling of children. It had been stated by the advocates of the Ten Hours' Bill that the women employed in the factories could not suckle their children. Whereupon, with a look anticipative of victory, "the poor man's friend"—

"would ask how many wives, and sisters, and daughters *of their lordships*, and of members of the other house of Parliament, voluntarily exempted themselves from following what, *in this respect*, was called the first law of nature? They excused themselves from *undertaking that duty*, because *their various avocations interfered with it*. Yet they had never heard *that any mischief resulted from the practice*; but they were told that the children of women employed in factories were swept down in scores in consequence of their mothers not being able to attend to them."

The wives, and sisters, and daughters of their lordships,—the mothers, whose morning calls, and attendance at drawing-rooms, evening parties, Almacks, and whose other "various avocations" deny to them the sweet pleasure of suckling their own children, do, nevertheless, contrive to insure to their babes, in the words of advertising nurses, "a healthy breast of milk:" therefore, it is possible, that a Marquess in his swaddling-clothes may never miss his Duchess mother, albeit the lady is at the opera or the palace. Consequently, in the case of the said Marquess, or any other baby nobles, we never, in the words of Brougham, "hear that any mischief results from the practice." How, then, asks his lordship, can any injury fall to the babes of factory women, since the children of Duchesses thrive and in good time become legislators, though they have never known the taste of their own mothers' milk? His lordship, giant as he is in intellect, could not conceive it possible that the factory women were unable, like the aforesaid Duchesses, to hire wet-nurses for their children, whilst they, the mothers, were engaged in their twelve-hour "avocations" at the mill. And yet, wet-nurses they *do* hire, or rather buy, and their names are "Opium," "Godfrey's Cordial," and "Gin." Lord Brougham was ignorant of this fact; this is evident enough; for when was he ever known to garble, and mis-state, and confound things and dates, to make out his case? *Never*. His lordship, when he touched upon the fact of the ladies of the aristocracy leaving their children to the breasts of others, with "no mischief resulting from the practice," had, of course, not read the speech of LORD ASHLEY. As, however, LORD BROUGHAM is an attentive reader of *Punch*, we quote the following that it may meet his eye:—

"The children are much confided by factory-mothers to the care of others. *Opium is administered to the infants, in various forms, to keep them still.* This practice is so general, that in Manchester, 'Godfrey's cordial', and other similar preparations, are in great demand, and are sold at numerous shops. 'The quantity of this pernicious drug (opium) thus consumed,' says my informant, 'would almost stagger belief. Many infants are so habituated to it, that they *can scarcely exist* when deprived of the stimulus. *Immense numbers fall victims to hydrocephalus*; the mother's milk becomes deteriorated; infants are fed by substitutes in her absence; and hence arise many internal disorders, *the usual remedy for which is gin*. Among other things, they (the mothers) complain of the intolerable pain of their breasts, in consequence of such long absence from their children."

We put it to those who have watched the habits of LORD BROUGHAM, whether, had he read the above, he would have been, if we may imitate his own redundant richness of language, so cross, so impudent, so shuffling, so tricksy, so empirical, so insulting to the miseries of the factory-mother, as to hazard a comparison between her and the mothers of marquesses, and earls, and lords? Would he, for one moment, have likened the healthy, hired nurse, with a good breast of milk, duly approved by the family physician, to the opium, Godfrey's cordial, and gin, that for a time keep factory babies "still," and, in due season, kill them with hydrocephalus? LORD BROUGHAM knew nothing of this; otherwise, he would have perished rather than have put forth the falsehood; he is *such* a "poor man's friend," and this last speech is so very unlike the usual oratory of the learned and benevolent lord.

As for the sufferings of the poor, "they are bad enough," says LORD BROUGHAM—they "are to be lamented;" nevertheless, they cannot be helped; no, they are a part of the same providence that showers down pensions, and presidencies of councils, and other amenities. We must be content, says the cheerful philosophy of LORD BROUGHAM, to take the good with the evil; a resignation the more easy to those whose luck it is to have the unmixed good. It is these people we presume who, according to FIELDING, bear their neighbours' misfortunes like Christians.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this subject lest, what at first appears a gross and heartless sophistry on the part of LORD BROUGHAM, should be confounded with his usual mode of attack and defence. We have wished to show that as relates to the comparative services of wet-nurses to the rich and the poor, LORD BROUGHAM spoke in utter ignorance of LORD ASHLEY'S speech. We had also another motive. Reports having been industriously circulated respecting the nursing of LORD BROUGHAM himself, we were anxious to take a marked opportunity of denying their verity. It is *not* true, then, that LORD BROUGHAM when a baby (BROUGHAM a baby!) refused the sweetness of human milk, and was brought up on vinegar and the juice of gall-nuts. Q.

HORRID BORE.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I reside in May Fair, and I write to complain to you of a monstrous nuisance existing in my neighbourhood. I allude to the crying of mackarel and oranges so early as ten o'clock in the morning. These noises are an intolerable interference with the repose of the superior classes; and I should like to know what the lower orders would say if the hours, which they think proper to devote to sleep, were broken in upon in a similar manner.

In connexion with this subject, there is another point which I am desirous of mentioning, although I am quite aware that it is of a delicate nature. Undoubtedly, it is very right and proper that people should go to Church, and some means of summoning them to service must, of course, be resorted to. I do not at all object to bells at reasonable hours, but I must say that to begin ringing them at eleven o'clock on a Sunday, in a district, to the majority of whose inhabitants attendance at the Opera on the previous evening is indispensable, is preposterously inconsiderate, not to say, inhuman.

I am, Sir, &c.

A FASHIONABLE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

Misfortunes never come alone.

WE see the KING OF HANOVER is announced, as well as the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, to visit England in the month of May. Perhaps it is all for the best that these two monarchs should make their visits at the same time, as instances have been known of one violent poison counteracting another.

SHOP-LIFTING—FEMALE WEAKNESS.

PECCADILLOES have a fashion the same as pelisses; and at present, and indeed for some time past, they run very hard upon shop-lifting. Jumping from the Monument at one time promised to be very fashionable, but somehow it soon went out. At present, females "of lady-like exterior," with money in their pockets, and all things comfortable at home, have shown a strange disposition to pilfer stockings, laces, scarfs, and fifty other things of the countless articles of wardrobe which the sin of Eve has brought—poor souls! for they hate dress—upon her daughters. We have tried to discover the philosophy of all this, but—we blush not to confess it—we have failed. A lady delinquent—committed a few days since from Worship Street to Newgate—has, however, explained away the difficulty; for MRS. WATSON, being charged with stealing a rich satin scarf—the article fell from some part of her dress—said, "I suppose there's an unfortunate moment for every one at times." The worst of it is, this moment having once come upon us, so frequently returns. First, there is the moment of weakness, the shop-lifting moment: then the moment of discomfort, or committal to Newgate moment: and, finally, the moment of sentence, or transporting moment. However, at the present time, there is evidently a shop-lifting mania among "respectable" people. Can nothing be done to make the folly vulgar? We wish that for a high moral good, LORD BROUGHAM would consent to steal a satin-stock. He has only to try his hand at shoplifting to bring the practice into immediate disrepute.

TELL INTELLIGIBLY TOLD.

THE curtain ascends on the fairest of sights,
The Lake of the Cantons, with Seelsberg's heights:
The village of Brunnen delightfully sits
Below; overlooked by the mountains of Schwytz.
Some huntsmen now enter as if from the chase,
One carries a thing in a brown canvas case,
Which is stuffed with old pieces of rubbish or rag,
And painted outside to resemble a stag.
The game they have caught they 're supposed to be bringing,
They stand in a row, and, of course, begin singing;
But first, four or five of them thrust to their throttles
(As if they were drinking) some property bottles,
In order to give an excuse for the line,
Which ranks 'mid the joys of the chase, "rosy wine."
And now in the distance is chiming a bell:
Says a hunter, "What 's that!" though he knows very well
'Tis one of the chorus who stands at the wing,
To strike on the bell as the others all sing.
The call-boy and prompter had tried it in vain,
At morning rehearsal again and again;
But not being able to furnish the chime
With a proper regard to the musical time,
MR. SHARP, of the chorus, with manners polite,
Had kindly consented to do it at night.
A chorus of shepherds is heard from without,
But no one can catch what on earth 'tis about;
Though we somehow get hold of a line at the close,
Which states that the shepherds have sunk to repose.
The hunters go out when they've finished their bawling,
For they say that the horn of their chieftain is calling.
MATILDA advances, 'mid plaudits most hearty,—
She's been at the hunt, and has slipp'd from the party.
The lady, in tones of most exquisite feeling,
Remarks that her senses are certainly reeling.
In fact—she confesses—that ARNOLD alone
She greatly prefers to the pomp of a throne.
She calls him a star—and she's certainly right;
A star that don't shine under eighty per night:
And when we say eighty we speak within bounds,
Twelve nights he performs for a thousand good pounds.
If each of the stars such a salary gain'd,
The cost of the skies could be never maintain'd,
No rate in the world were enough for requiting
The dreadful expense of Cærulean lighting.
MATILDA'S a princess, and ARNOLD'S a nobody,
Who in urging his suit is by no means a slow body,
Their mutual fate in a couple of verses
They subject to sundry melodious curses.
At length 'tis agreed he shall seek after fame,
In order to get an illustrious name;
And with victory's laurel adorning his head,
'Tis thought he 'll be fit for the princess to wed.
But they never appear to consider a bit
The probable chance of that head being split.
As TELL is approaching, together with WALTER,
MATILDA makes oath that she never will alter;
And having arranged that she 'll meet him next day,
MISS ROMER with tenderness parts from DUPREZ.
Now ARNOLD is joined both by WALTER and TELL,
They join in the trio that 's known very well,
The object of which, is a brief affidavit
That the three will all stick to their country and save it.
But near to the close of this splendid *morçeau*
Poor ARNOLD is told, that his father's death-blow
Has by an assassin been recently given;
The son into dreadful excitement is driven.

DUPREZ by his genius leads us away
Till we think that he 's worth every pound of his pay;
And none in the boxes, the pit, or the gallery
Would, during that trio, find fault with his salary.
And now the finale commences—a shout
Proclaims the approach of the Cantons without.
The Cantons of Unterwald, Uri, and Schwytz
Are seized with the most patriotic of fits.
They enter'd in separate lots, but they swear
Together they 'll die, they will do, they will dare.
TELL offers to lead them—but ARNOLD would rather,
Being terribly roused by the death of his father.
Their hands and their hearts they continue uniting,
Determined on nothing but regular fighting;
TELL, WALTER and ARNOLD, and chorus and all,
Declare themselves ready to conquer or fall.
But though about falling so much has been heard,
There 's none that 's prepared to act up to the word;
Unless, as redeeming the pledge, may be reckon'd
The fall of the curtain, to finish

ACT SECOND.

A CARD.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, not being sufficiently occupied in the Home Department, begs to announce that it is his intention, during the Easter recess, to give instructions in *Vulgar Abuse*. LORD BROUGHAM is already engaged as principal assistant; and COL. SIBTHORPE will take charge of a separate class for the sons of the landed gentry.

Fast Bind, Fast Find.

WE are requested to announce that a General Fast will be observed at the Mansion House during the present Mayoralty.

A SCENE AT COURT.

Lord Brougham is remarkable for an engaging familiarity. The Queen is with him, "Little Vic.;" Prince Albert, "Prinny;" the Archbishop of Canterbury, "Old Cock;" Sir Robert Peel, "Bobby;" and the Ladies, "Molly," "Sally," "Betty," &c. As for the rules of society, the learned lord cares not a fig for them; and so completely free and easy is he, that to him the highest American compliment would be justly applied, that "he has not a bit of the gentleman about him."

At the last Drawing Room he made himself delightfully at home.

Every body knows that people at Court are like ghosts, who have not the privilege of speaking till they are spoken to; but Lord Brougham, who will speak on all opportunities, in or out of season, had no notion of being governed by any such rule, and, going up to Her Majesty, asked her, in the most free-and-easy off-hand way, whether she had any commands for Paris, or any letters that he could take charge of.

THE CONNECTING LINK.

Her Majesty—opening her eyes to the fullest stretch instead of her mouth—kept silence; looking the image of frozen amazement.

Lord Brougham then turned to Prince Albert, and made him the same obliging offer.

The Prince stiffened to such a degree, that how he contrived to make a motion like a bow was quite wonderful. But, as he bent, he seemed only to stiffen the more.

Lord Brougham, nothing abashed, turned again to the Queen, with the air of an irresistible proposal, and said, "I will take any parcels."

What is there in the world that he will not take? There is nothing to which he will not turn his hand. And if we may infer what his carrying would be from his known knack of fetching, he would (as the French say) go far, indeed.

During the absence of Prince Albert, a carrier pigeon, to convey conjugal tidings, might be acceptable to Her Majesty; but an old carrion crow would make rather a sorry "Love's messenger." But as economy is the order of the day at the Palace, and as Lord Brougham volunteers to run of all errands gratis, we must not be surprised to see him announced, by special appointment, Windsor Carrier in Ordinary (fetching included) to Her Majesty the Queen, and Prince Albert.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

his Institution goes on admirably: quite as well as its very spirited proprietor, Mr. Silk Buckingham, could wish. The *soirées* are well attended, and they have this advantage, the presence of Mr. Silk Buckingham, who reads his code of politeness to those ladies and gentlemen whose education he may think neglected. Great improvements have taken place at the Institution within this fortnight, members being now enabled to obtain mutton chops at only the Athenæum price. The rooms are laid out with a most correct view to the convenience of Mr. Silk Buckingham. As, however, we intend to give a plan of the interior of the building, we postpone further description.

A few nights since Mr. Silk Buckingham gave a lecture on "The Art of Building your Nest." It was much admired. The lecturer entered very minutely into the details of nest-building, as performed by various birds. After dwelling on the unerring instinct which operates in all the varieties of the feathered race, the ingenious and talented lecturer declared that he must nevertheless give the highest praise to the cuckoo; for that sagacious creature suffered other birds to carry wool, hay, straw, sticks, &c., for the construction of the nest, and, when the thing was completed, took possession of it. Mr. Silk Buckingham then suggested that the like wisdom might dignify man; that the human animal might plump himself into a very comfortable nest, having had lords and gentry to build and line it for him. (*Applause and laughter, amidst which the lecturer concluded.*)

Mr. S. Buckingham has, at last, found the reward of merit in the proprietorship of the British and Foreign Institute, contributed to by the gentle and simple (especially the latter) of the land. It has been held impossible to make silk purses out of sows' ears, but Mr. Silk Buckingham has certainly conquered that difficulty.

We stop the press to announce that Her Majesty has been pleased to grant to Mr. B. the crest of a cuckoo proper, with claws displayed, in a lozenge; motto—

BENEDICK'S LAMENT.

Air.—"The days when we went gipsying."

Oh! the days when we were bachelors, a long time ago,
Were certainly the jolliest a man could ever know!
In happy independence we the cup of pleasure sipped,
And never knew what 'twas to feel blue-devilish or *hypped:*
No wife had we, nor squalling brats, nor anything so low,
In the days when we were bachelors, a long time ago!

'Twas then we used to roam about, not tied to time or place,
And fearlessly and openly admired each pretty face;
Might talk of raven ringlets, pearly teeth, and beaming eyes,
And even now and then a well-turned ankle criticise:
But dare we think of such things now? and Echo answers No!
As we did when we were bachelors, a long time ago!

Ah, where, alas! are now the pleasant evening coteries,
When, free from all domestic cares, we quaffed our glass at ease?
Where now the jovial songster, with his well-remembered tones?
The fine full-flavoured Lopez, whiskey toddy, devilled bones?
Alas! no devilled bones have we—no more our clouds we blow,
As we did when we were bachelors, a long time ago!

A SCENE ON EASTER MONDAY!

The Return from Greenwich Fair.

"MARY, a-a-a-ny one be-e-en?——A-a-a-ny letters?——A-a-a-a-a-ny messages?"

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

GREAT as have been the exertions of our missionaries in promoting the cause of civilisation; numerous and sanguinary as have been the achievements of our warriors, directed solely to that philanthropic end, they have all signally failed. Savages are savages, Hottentots Hottentots still. We have tried to reform the world by force; it would not do. It is to persuasion alone that the brute nature is amenable. The herbaceous boon and the bland recommendation to advance, are more operative on the asinine quadruped than the stern imprecation and the oaken cudgel.

Persuasion is peculiarly the weapon of the gentler sex. To coax is the attribute of woman. To woman, therefore, must be confided the task of humanising Man; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we hear that a female mission is about to be founded for the Propagation of Politeness in Foreign Parts.

Its arrangements have not, as yet, been completed; but many young ladies of the world of Fashion, we understand, have already offered their services; and are ready at the shortest notice to leave home and country, Opera and Assembly, to diffuse the blesings of refinement over distant shores. Our principal English vocalists have also offered to come forward; and in their offer several foreign *artistes*, including the most eminent *danseuses*, have joined. Among others, Persiani, we believe, is destined for New Zealand, and Carlotta Grisi for Timbuctoo.

We hope it will succeed. Sceptics may sneer; and the faithless in humanity anticipate failure; but that female assiduities, rightly directed, will felicitously effect the desired object, we do not doubt. The black is as capable of polish as the boot; nor is woman inferior to Day and Martin.

Will the Chinese, asks the scoffer, amputate his pigtail; will he eschew opium at the behest of beauty? Analogy answers, "No doubt of it." Behold the youthful poet—the rising artist. One day he walks, fancy free, down Regent Street; his locks straggling over his shoulders or fluttering in the gale. The very next, the request of Affection despatches him to the establishment of Truefit, and the locks of Eccentricity are sacrificed at the shrine of Loveliness. Mustachios, beard, imperial, are resigned without a sigh; and the censorship of womanhood reduces the exuberance of whisker. The mild Havannah, at the yet milder remonstrance of female lips, is cast away; and the snuff-box, without a murmur, is emptied into the fire. Do we not, under the same gentle influence, see the once knotted neckcloth assume the graceful bow; the coat, formerly innocent of the clothes-brush, become spotless and speckless; the cheap exchanged for the western tailor; and the four-and-nine-penny gossamer for the velvet nap? Do we not find Circassian cream, Naples soap, Kalydor, and Eau de Cologne, added to the once simple toilet? Do not awkwardness and rusticity rush to Nathan, and with privacy and expedition learn to dance.

Surely the power thus effectual on the domestic Goth will act yet more resistlessly on the foreign barbarian. And what glorious results may we not anticipate from it! The anthropophagous Carib will be converted to mutton; the train oil of the Laplander will be superseded by blanc-mange. The Ojibbeway Indian, renouncing the scarecrow, will exchange feathers and paint for kerseymere and super Saxony, and relinquish his hideous war-dance for the graceful quadrille. The piano will resound in the Kraal of the Caffre; the Negro lip will attune the flute. The world, in short, will be one vast drawing-room; its citizens one large tea-party.

We trust that the proposed mission will receive that full measure of support to which its prospective usefulness entitles it; and that the public purse-strings will be liberally drawn in furtherance of its benevolent views. To appeal to any but the loftiest motives to induce the daughters of England to enlist themselves under its banners, were an unworthy task; still there is one recommendation which we would venture to suggest to its projectors. Let no expense be spared in providing every missionary with the most tasteful and elegant dresses, as well to augment as much as possible the force of their gentle precepts, as to recompense the fair enthusiasts for their labours in the work of love. Of any funds that may be raised for the purpose, *Punch* will be most willing to undertake the management.

GEMS FROM JENKINS.

OUR dear friend has begun lately a very artful way of conciliating the aristocracy of the country: viz., by *writing bad French* in his Journal. Witness the two following paragraphs extracted from Tuesday's Journal, and profound specimens of JENKINSIAN dissimulation:—

"Un jeune homme, age de 30 ans, parlant Francais, Allemande et Anglais, que a servie de famille destingue deseire se placer comme Valet d'chambre, ou Courier, que peura donne de bon aclemmation."

"Une personne Francaise, ... elle sais faire les robes, et bien coiffee; elle n'a point d'objection de prendre le soin d'une petite Demoiselle si necessaire, point d'objection pour la campagne ni Londre, mais une Famille pour voyager sera preferable."

They are copied from our fashionable contemporary with laborious accuracy, and contain specimens of a noble eccentricity of style, which we never believed to have existed in any person below the rank of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. Even he could not write worse French than the Courier of the *Post*. And little boys of six years old will remark with pleasure that out of the last twenty-two words in the paragraph, only four are right. Was it the *Morning Post* who wrote, or was it the *Courier*? Only the fashionable contemporary knows this awful secret.

The *Femme de Chambre* announcement is evidently the writing of an English person, "*une petite demoiselle si necessaire*," a little girl so necessary, and "*une famille pour voyager sera preferable*," "a family to travel will be preferable," are, we fearlessly assert, the expressions of BETTY the housemaid, not of MANON the *Femme de Chambre*. Or is there a presiding genius at the office of the *Post*, who himself composes these remarkable advertisements? and who writes about "*que a servie*," and "*de bon aclemmation*," and "*elle sais faire*," and "*elle sais coiffee*?"

We are inclined to think that Jenkins writes bad French, not because he knows no better, but because in the fashionable world good French would not be understood. They don't like it there. They like their French loaded and doctored like their wine; and J.—knowing his public will only consume a bad article,—supplies that bad article to their hearts' content. If LADY LONDONDERRY, if LADY BLESSINGTON, if LADY BULWER, if MRS. TROLLOPE, if the fashionable world in a word proves its dislike of good French by constantly practising bad, why should a journalist venture to differ from such authorities, or pretend to better behaviour than his betters?

HEARTLESS SPOLIATION.

PERHAPS the whole history of burglary—and we appeal to MR. AINSWORTH to corroborate the speculation—never displayed a more cruel and heartless robbery than that—according to the *Morning Post*—lately committed in the house of the Reverend JOHN CAMPBELL, Selkirk House, in the county of Selkirk. That house was entered on the 21st ult., and the reverend gentleman despoiled, among other precious things, of "a silver *chased toddy jug!*" Milton asks—

> "—— who would rob a hermit of his beads,
> His maple dish?"

Possibly, not even Selkirk thieves. We therefore recommend to the REV. JOHN CAMPBELL henceforth to drink his toddy out of a wooden vessel, maple or other; for what, asks FATHER MATHEW, "has any churchman to do with toddy jugs of chased silver?"

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

Many persons have been surcharged by the tax-gatherers for using what the said fiscal collectors denominate, according to the Act, an "armorial bearing or ensign," which the offenders, on the other hand, declare to be a fancy emblem or device. The parties surcharged have appealed to the commissioners, who have decided in their favour; the judges, however, have reversed—and in the cases we shall show—we think very properly, all such decisions. We notice a few of the offenders, omitting their names :—

An attorney, for using on a letter threatening a writ, a seal with the words and device, "*Je vous suis partout*" ("I follow you everywhere"), with a *Sun and Sunflower*.

A fashionable tailor, for using a seal to his debtor with the words, "*Though lost to sight, to memory dear.*"

A gentleman in easy circumstances, for refusing his friend the loan of five pounds, and sealing his letter with a ship tossed by waves, with the motto, "*Such is life.*"

Another gentleman, on writing to a friend in Chancery, and using the motto, "*Never despair.*"

A sheriff's officer to a light comedian, asking the favour of a private box, and using for his device a pair of open scissors, with the motto, "*We only part to meet again.*"

A bookseller, for writing to a certain literary lord, and using *A Cupid with a Heart*, with motto, "*Stop thief!*" (Grossly personal.)

We put it to the reader whether the above offenders deserve any sympathy for any surcharge that may be made upon them, after having used devices and mottoes for the obvious purpose of wounding the feelings of their fellow-creatures?

AIDS TO ANTI-WORKING ALGEBRAISTS.

Q. What is a "continued fraction?"
A. The life of a careless servant.

Q. Give an instance of a "circular function?"
A. The office of Mr. Widdecombe.

Q. Determine the general expression for approximating to the value of a quantity.
A. As much again as half.

Q. What are the "plane faces of solid figures?"
A. The countenances of fat cooks.

Q. Give an example of a "mixed quantity."
A. A ha'p'orth of all sorts.

Q. What is meant by the "higher powers?"
A. Nothing.—*Vide* Queen's Speech.

THE HUMAN RAMONEUR.

"The smoke nuisance" is taken up in earnest in the House of Commons. All people are to be compelled to consume their own smoke, and the smoker of a cigar, pipe, or any other instrument of fumigation, who suffers a puff to escape him, is to be subjected to heavy penalties. An ingenious apparatus for sweeping people's throats, has been invented, and may be seen at the Polytechnic. It is less cumbrous than the machine for chimnies, and can be worked by a man and a boy.

EX UNO DISCE OMNES.

We see a Parliamentary Report has just been published "On Smoke." As this title is so very ambiguous, could any of our contemporaries inform us which measure of the Session is the subject of the report? We will do as much for them in a similar embarrassment.

Legal Intelligence.

We understand that the crier of the Rolls Court is about to be promoted to the post of link-boy at the Opera, where his awful shouting, which he introduces so injudiciously in the midst of the judgments of Lord Langdale, will be highly effective for the purpose of calling up the carriages. The worthy crier is likewise expected to be very expert in opening and shutting the doors, or putting up the blinds, which are all of them operations in which he frequently indulges while the Master of the Rolls is occupied in delivering his decisions. In a recent case of Snooks *v.* Timkins, the crier's effective accompaniment of shouts for silence, slamming of doors, and drawing up of blinds, completely drowned the voice of Lord Langdale, who was thus prevented from causing annoyance to either party, for nobody could tell on which side the decision was given. In thus aiding the glorious uncertainty of the law, the crier of the Rolls has proved himself a worthy member of the profession he has the honour of belonging to.

TOM THUMB AT THE PALACE.

It appears that the dwarf General Tom Thumb and his showman—"guardian," lisps the *Court Circular*—have been to Buckingham Palace, commanded thither by Her Majesty the Queen, whose admiration of genius, native or foreign, has passed into a proverb. We trust that the visit will lead to no rupture between England and France. We, however, put it to M. Thiers and his party, whether they ought not to call upon M. Guizot to demand an explanation of the Court of St. James's; for it is written in the *Circular*, published, be it remembered, by royal authority, that "the General exhibited *his clever imitations of Napoleon, &c.*, which elicited the approbation of Her Majesty and the royal circle."

Punch is no lover of war; nevertheless, there are circumstances that, unless national honour be no more than the smoke of blank cartridge, demand wholesome blood-letting. We put it to the calm and comprehensive Thiers whether this representation of Napoleon by Tom Thumb be not a *casus belli*? Whether France ought not to see in it a studied insult to her national sympathies, bound up as they are with the memory of her Emperor? General Tom Thumb weighs fifteen pounds, and is in height twenty-five inches. And *he* performs Napoleon! He, with the Majesty of England smiling on the creature, walks, and folds his arms, and takes snuff, like Bonaparte! What is meant by this heartless parody—what can be intended if not a sarcasm at the greatness of France; a malicious attempt to satirize and dwarf her vastness? Was there nobody left to sneer at, and practically lampoon, save the Emperor of France? If the dwarf must imitate somebody for the amusement of English royalty, could he not—that is if he be really little enough—could he not imitate Lord Brougham!

Tom Thumb at the palace, despite ourselves, will suggest curious thoughts. Tom Thumb—Charles Strattan is the little creature's real name—ceased growing when he was five months old. "Since that time," says his pamphlet biography, he "increased in vigour and the manliness of his proportions, but did not increase one inch in height, or one ounce in weight." Now, had it pleased nature, when playing this freak upon a human animal, to have chosen for its subject a Prince of Wales, a George IV. for instance, stopping his growth when only five months old, how would the practical joke have puzzled the jurisconsults! We put it to Brougham, whether the succesion would have been set aside in favour of full-grown York? If not, how much should we have saved had

GEORGE IV., LIKE TOM THUMB,

only weighed fifteen pounds, and stopped at twenty-five inches! How much would have been saved merely in tailors' bills, and how many toy Pavilions for his dwarf majesty might have been built at a hundredth part of the cost that was swallowed by the royal folly at Brighton! After all, dwarfs *might* bring their advantages.

THE PICCADILLY STANDING ARMY.

FREQUENTLY we have called attention to the very formidable weapon carried by the beadle of the Burlington Arcade, and now we are compelled to direct the notice of the public to the very irritating manner in which the murderous instrument is carried by the functionary alluded to. Happily for the peace of the Arcade, the boys seldom pass through the place we have named, and thus collision is prevented. We are aware that the beadle has a most trying position to maintain, a most difficult part to play, and a most formidable instrument of bloodshed—or black-eye-shed at the very least—to carry under the very nose of a goaded boyocracy, who only want the word to burst out into open repudiation of the beadleian authority. We should suggest to the managers of the Arcade the expediency of substituting the effective halfpenny switch for the expensive and truly murderous instrument that is at present the symbol of official employment. We have had opportunities of consulting some of the boys, and their feeling seems to be the very natural one of hatred, not unmixed with alarm, when they see a beadle armed not only to the teeth, but to the very eyebrows—we allude to the gold band on his hat—with offensive hints as to his own supremacy. Something must be done, and the sooner the better; for the beadle is at present "miserable to himself and useless to others." Knowing the unpopularity of a standing army, we would say to the Burlington Arcade, Disband your beadle; while to Golden Square we would exclaim, If you value the liberties of your citizens, if ye respect Magna Charta, curb the irresponsible power of your square-keeper.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEGRO.

THE life of PRESIDENT TYLER, we learn from the American papers, has been saved by a black man. The President was returning from the Congress Burial-ground, Washington, where he had attended the interment of the victims killed on board the Princeton, when his horses took fright, and would have precipitated him down a steep, but that they were arrested by the hand of a negro. We know not whether, according to American notions, we can courteously congratulate the President on his escape,—seeing that it makes him a debtor for his life to a black—a mere human chattel—a thing of sale and barter. The accident brought the first magistrate of the first republic into such close dependence on the compassion and sympathy of probably a black slave, that we know not how he can well cleanse himself of the humiliating annoyance. Heroes of the olden day have gladly preferred death rather than owe their lives to acts or persons mean or infamous; and animated by the like ennobling spirit, we must believe that PRESIDENT TYLER would have earned for himself a higher reputation with his countrymen, had he loudly and sternly rejected the succour of the black, and suffered himself to be whirled down the mortal precipice before him. He would, then, like CURTIUS taking the leap, have vindicated the nobility of his soul for the honour and glory of his country. He would, by his last mighty act, have proved to the sneering world that Americans sell black men like beasts really for the reasons that Americans give; that the negro is a creature only a little above the ape, a piece of mechanism of human seeming, but in no manner touched by the same sympathies, solemnized by the same affections, as the white man! Thus considered, it would have been a sublime spectacle to behold PRESIDENT TYLER prepared for death, and loudly forbidding the approach of the negro, as a creature with whom he had nothing in common—an outcast of God and man, whose compassionate help brought odium on the assisted. Thus dying, the President would have asserted a great principle, and left a memory sweet and balmy to man-selling Americans. As it is, the life of PRESIDENT TYLER is damnified, soiled, blotted; for he holds it only from the compassion of a black, who is most probably a slave.

However, PRESIDENT TYLER, in the overflow of his gratitude, may wish to reward his deliverer. May we suggest the mode? A white man is to be hanged in Louisiana for aiding and abetting the escape of a black woman; let the negro who has saved the white PRESIDENT have a place at his execution, that he may see the punishment of the white who, touched by humanity, would save a black.

WHAT SHOULD IRISH MEMBERS DO IN REGARD TO THE TEN HOURS' BILL?

Manchester Buildings,
April 1, 1844.

SIR,

I HAVE perused with igsthrame astanishment the exthraordinary silence of the Press in gineral respecting Misthur Sanior's femous argumint on the Facthory Quistion.

That argumint you may remimber, is, "that the profit of the mill-owners dipinds upon the two *last* hours' labour of the twilve in the facthories; and that in cansiquince of depriving the masthers of these two hours, their ruin would infallibly inshue."

I have discovered and intind to propose to SIR ROBERT PALE, a mains of accommodeetion by which the intherests of the leborer and the masther may be secured.

Let us take off the TWO FIRST HOURS, which are not in the laste profitable, and the matther becomes aisy and comprehensible.

I am, Sir,
Your obajient Servant,
A Mimber of Parliament for Oppressed, Degraded, Miserable, but Beautiful
IRELAND.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Thursday last LORD BROUGHAM rose for the purpose of correcting a misrepresentation, or rather, a misunderstanding, relative to himself, and indeed he was always being misunderstood, for nobody seemed able to understand him. He (LORD BROUGHAM) had received a number of abusive letters, but these he did not mind. In fact, he rather liked them, for he was used to them, and use being second nature it was natural he should like to receive them. Some of these letters asked him why he did not give up what he received out of the taxes paid by the poor, when he did nothing for the money. Now he (LORD BROUGHAM) did work very hard—and, in fact, so far from wishing to do nothing, he had worked hard to try and get into some place where he might be in a condition to serve the public. (*Hear.*) He was quite willing to resign the pension of which he is in the receipt, if he might be allowed to go back to the bar, for when at the bar he (LORD BROUGHAM) was in the habit of making a good, he might say a decided good thing of it. As to work, he worked harder than any factory girl, and indeed he (LORD BROUGHAM) wished he was a factory girl. (*Hear.*) Yes, he (LORD BROUGHAM) would gladly change places with the factory girls, for in fact, he now did quite as much as they do. Why, his friend, LORD CAMPBELL, did as much, for he was often occupied in spinning yarns even until a very late hour in the evening. (*Hear.*) He hoped that the House would understand him, and if that was the case, he did n't care for all the anonymous, abusive, vituperative, and insulting letters in the universe.

LORD CAMPBELL quite agreed with the learned lord (BROUGHAM) as to the hard work of the latter. He had watched the noble lord trying to work himself on to the woolsack; but that seemed to be harder work than he (LORD BROUGHAM) could accomplish.

LORD BROUGHAM. That is not my hardest work. Listening to your speeches is harder than that.

LORD CAMPBELL. My learned friend's interruptions are very hard on me. He says that he would be glad to go back to the bar; and perhaps his love of pleading has induced him to volunteer his services as counsel for the Government.

LORD BROUGHAM. My learned friend, I believe, is opposed to the Government. Let him volunteer his services to the Government as counsel, and he will evince his hostility in the strongest possible manner.

LORD CAMPBELL thought this observation uncalled-for.

LORD BROUGHAM. Why, of course! It's not likely you would call for that which is condemnatory of yourself; and if you did call for it, I don't see why I should respond to your call.

LORD CAMPBELL rose to order.

The DUKE of WELLINGTON thought this altercation could do no good.

LORD BROUGHAM concurred. He was afraid his learned friend LORD CAMPBELL) was past mending. (*A laugh.*)

Here the subject dropped.

Literary Intelligence.

A book has just been published, called "THE MAN WITHOUT A PROFESSION." LORD WILLIAM LENNOX intends following this up with "THE MAN WITH MANY PROFESSIONS." It will be dedicated, as the title implies, to SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Tribute to Messrs. Brotherton and Williams.

In consequence of the exertions of these gentlemen to get the House of Commons to-bed at a reasonable hour, it is in contemplation among some of the ladies of the members to get up a subscription for a monster nightcap.

A preliminary meeting has already been held, at which the following resolutions were unanimously carried :—

That Messrs. Brotherton and Williams have proved themselves the true and zealous promoters of public repose, not only by their exertions to get the house to-bed, but also sending the members to sleep by the speeches they have made in Parliament.

That while the extinguisher is the only remedy for the revolutionary flame, the nightcap is the sole safeguard against the fatal fire of domestic discord.

That Messrs. Brotherton and Williams have proved, that, amid the flowers of Parliamentary eloquence, none is more potent than the poppy ; and that while posterity will crown their temples with a garland of poppies, the present age will gratefully encase their brows in a white cotton nightcap. That the only light which ought to decorate the domestic altar is the rushlight, inasmuch as it is the only one that remains, as the poet beautifully expresses it—"true to the shade."

That Messrs. Brotherton and Williams be requested to attend the next meeting, when, whichever of them the cap fits, will be requested to wear it.

After these resolutions had been carried, one of the ladies present made a very powerful address, in which she described the snuffers as a most capital instrument either for good or for evil, and apostrophised the flat candlestick as the domestic demon, standing in sullen silence on the side-board, wakening memories of blighted expectations, and pointing, as it were, with its blackened wick to that chamber which should be the chamber of repose.

After a few more observations of a similar nature, the meeting was dissolved.

PRINCE ALBERT'S TOUR.

(from our own reporter.)

Prince Albert's trip *en garçon* has hitherto been everything that His Royal Highness and the nation could desire. His Royal Highness, it is remarked, has been in the very highest spirits, and declared he did not even feel the motion of the vessel in crossing to Ostend ; but he remained on deck the whole time, conversing gaily with every one on deck, inquiring as to the use of the various ropes, and once or twice personally boxing the compass. On reaching Cologne, he sent a ginger-beer bottle down to the banks of the river, to be filled with the veritable *Eau*, which he intends bringing home as a present to Her Majesty.

Our own reporter is in attendance. He has taken such precautions as will prevent him from being ejected in the unceremonious manner that marked his recent expulsion from the princely presence.

THE REPORTER AND THE PRINCE.

A great deal has been said about the Reporter who forced his way into the Royal barge, but nothing has transpired as to the report which that indefatigable penny-a-liner (he was *Punch's* own) drew up on board the craft that was laden with Royalty. The unhappy scribe had crawled down the companion-ladder in the disguise of a man bringing ginger beer to the steward, and having sneaked under the stunsail, he lashed himself to the main-brace of the gib, where he continued till the vessel got under weigh ; taking notes actively during the whole time with a bit of chalk, and jotting down his ideas on the bottom of the jolly-boat. It was only a lurch of the vessel that rolled him out from the situation into which he had got, and sent him floundering along the deck till he reached the feet of Prince Albert. The treatment of the Reporter is not here the subject of remark—his notes being all that we have to deal with on the present occasion.

The report in its original state was very elaborate, but there are only two things in the whole of it that we consider worth extracting. They are both of them jokes by His Royal Highness Prince Albert. On Mr. Anson suggesting that he trusted they should have no humbug on landing from the Mayor of Cowes, the Prince wittily observed that it was impossible there could be a Mare of *Cowes*, for the term mare was only applicable to horses.

A second, and perhaps a richer piece of *facetiæ*, was occasioned by the fact of a charity boy standing on the pier when the Prince landed. His Royal Highness remarked that though the place was called *Cowes*, to judge by the legs of the charity boys there must be a frightful deficiency of *calves*. These jokes will perhaps hardly be thought worth the carriage from the Isle of Wight, but as the reporter was ducked and pitched into the mud, it would have been hard indeed if a portion of his intelligence could not have been made available.

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE OF MINISTERS.

The reader may often have been struck by instances of extraordinary ignorance on the part of Ministers generally, and of certain noble Lords, in matters of the Press. From some strange fatality, or from their own wicked wilfulness, they have often no knowledge of so dim and obscure a journal as the *Times*. A night or two since, Sir James Graham picked a Jack Cade out of "a periodical." He, of course, had never heard of that small, insignificant, and feeble print, the *Examiner*. Hence, fearing that he might be interrogated upon the whereabout and character of that journal, he wisely merged it in the general term, "periodical." Again and again Lord Brougham declares that he never reads the newspapers, and upon such declaration looks loftily around him, as though "justly proud of his ignorance." We understand that it is the intention of a very high personage to appoint a Commission to inquire into this state of mental darkness of Ministers and others, and we shall therefore in due season give a full report of the examination. In the mean time, as it may help those about to be questioned, we out of our kindness state that the *Times* is a daily newspaper, price fivepence ; and that the *Examiner* (hear it not, Sir Andrew Agnew) is published for Sundays. (N.B. There is a country edition for Saturday's post.)

Boon to the Hot-headed.

The Police, as our readers are aware, are to be provided with a new kind of hat, which is to be perforated for the admission of air. Wigs on a similar principle are to be made for Lords Campbell and Brougham, which, it is hoped, will have the effect of keeping their Lordships' heads cool.

Lord Abinger, also, is to wear a wig of this kind whenever he presides in a court of Justice.

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THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

CHAP. VIII.—THE BATTLE OF THE FORTS.

On the morning of the 26th October, 1884, as his Majesty Louis Philippe was at breakfast, reading the *Débats* newspaper, and wishing that what the journal said about "Cholera Morbus in the Camp of the Pretender Henri,"—"Chicken-pox raging in the Forts of the Traitor Bonaparte,"—might be true, what was his surprise to hear the report of a gun; and at the same instant—whizz! came an

eighty-four pound ball through the window, and took off the head of the faithful Monsieur de Montalivet, who was coming in with a plate of muffins.

"Three francs for the window," said the monarch; "and the muffins of course spoiled!" and he sate down to breakfast very peevishly. Ah, King Louis Philippe, that shot cost thee more than a window-pane—more than a plate of muffins—it cost thee a fair kingdom and fifty millions of tax-payers.

The shot had been fired from Fort Potato. "Gracious Heavens!" said the commander of the place to the Irish prince, in a fury, "What has your Highness done!" "Faix," replied the other, "Donegal and I saw a sparrow on the Tuileries, and we thought we'd have a shot at it, that's all." "Hurroo! look out for squalls," here cried the intrepid Hibernian, for at this moment one of Paixhans's shells fell into the counterscarp of the demilune on which they were standing, and sent a ravelin and a couple of embrasures flying about their ears.

Fort Twenty-three, which held out for Louis Philippe, seeing Fort Twenty-four, or Potato, open a fire on the Tuileries, instantly replied by its guns, with which it blazed away at the Bourbonite Fort. On seeing this, Fort Twenty-two, occupied by the Imperialists, began pummelling Twenty-three; Twenty-one began at Twenty-two; and in a quarter of an hour the whole of this vast line of fortification was in a blaze of flame, flashing, roaring, cannonading, rocketing, bombing, in the most tremendous manner. The world has never, perhaps, before or since, heard such an uproar. Fancy twenty-four thousand guns thundering at each other. Fancy the sky red with the fires of hundreds of thousands of blazing, brazen meteors; the air thick with impenetrable smoke—the universe almost in a flame! for the noise of the cannonading was heard on the peaks of the Andes, and broke three windows in the English factory at Canton. Boom, boom, boom! for three days incessantly the gigantic, I may say, Cyclopean battle went on; boom, boom, boom, bong! The air was thick with cannon-balls; they hurled, they jostled each other in the heavens, and fell whizzing, whirling, crashing, back into the very forts from which they came. Boom, boom, boom, bong, brrwrrwrrr!

On the second day, a band might have been seen (had the smoke permitted it) assembling at the sally-port of Fort Potato, and have been heard (if the tremendous clang of the cannonading had allowed it) giving mysterious signs and countersigns. "Tom" was the word whispered, "Steele" was the sibilated response—(it is astonishing how, in the roar of elements, *the human whisper* hisses above all!)—it was the Irish brigade assembling. "Now or never, boys," said their leaders, and sticking their doodeens into their mouths, they dropped stealthily into the trenches, heedless of the broken glass and sword-blades; rose from those trenches; formed in silent order; and marched to Paris. They knew they could arrive there unobserved—nobody, indeed, remarked their absence.

The frivolous Parisians were, in the meanwhile, amusing themselves at their theatres and cafés as usual; and a new piece, in which Arnal performed, was the universal talk of the foyers; while a new *feuilleton*, by Monsieur Eugène Sue, kept the attention of the reader so fascinated to the journal, that they did not care in the least for the *vacarme* without the walls.

TOM THUMB AND THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty has again commanded "the performances of Tom Thumb, the Yankee Dwarf." This, indeed, was to be expected. We had only to reflect upon the countless acts of patronage towards the arts and sciences—had only to remember a few of the numerous personal condescensions of the Queen towards men of letters, artists, and philosophers—to be assured that even Tom Thumb would be welcomed with that graceful cordiality which has heretofore made Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle the homes of poetry and science. *De minimis curat Regina!* Continental monarchs stop short in their royal favours at full-grown authors and artists; but the enthusiasm of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, not content with showering all sorts of favours and rewards upon the literary and artistic spirits of her own country and age, lavishes with prodigal hand most delicate honours upon an American Tom Thumb, whose astounding genius it is to measure in his boots five-and-twenty inches! To this how small is Victor Hugo at the Tuileries: to this how mean and petty Göthe at the Court of Saxe-Weimar!

Let us, however, with due gravity, notice the second performance of Tom Thumb at the Palace, as recorded in the *Chronicle*:—

"His *personation* of the Emperor Napoleon elicited *great mirth*, and this was followed by a representation of the Grecian Statues, after which the General danced a nautical hornpipe, and sang several of his favourite songs."

Let it be remembered that the Queen of the Belgians, the daughter of Louis-Philippe, was one of the merry-makers at this parody of Napoleon,—let M. Thiers and his party note well this insulting circumstance, and, having noted it, let them make the most of it.

Next comes Queen Victoria, to Englishmen the familiar character of a rewarding spirit:—

"Her Majesty the Queen, at the conclusion of the entertainment, was pleased to present to the General, *with her own hand*, a superb souvenir, of the most exquisite handicraft, manufactured of mother-of-pearl, and mounted with gold and precious stones. On one side are the crown and royal initials 'V. R.,' and on the reverse bouquets of flowers in enamel and rubies. In addition to this splendid gift, her Majesty subsequently presented the General with a beautiful gold pencil-case, with the initials of Tom Thumb, *and his coat of arms* engraved on the emerald surmounting the case, accompanying the royal souvenir with the expression of her Majesty's high gratification at *the versatile talents of the General*, and also a compliment to Mr. Barnum, his guardian (*i.e.*, showman), on the aptness of his pupil. The General then made his *congé*, *amidst the congratulations of the royal party*."

Tom Thumb being—according to the biography published by his showman, Barnum—the son of a Yankee carpenter, we should much like to know the General's arms. Did her Majesty, before the "performance," send to learn them, that they might be duly engraved; or were they, as Mathews's French Shoemaker made his little boot, struck off in "a moment of enthusiasm!"

Her Majesty next praises the "versatile talents of the General." In this laudation we, as friends of Brougham, see nothing less than a marked slight of his lordship. How often has Brougham been to the Palace—how versatile has he shewn himself when there—and when, we ask it, was ever he praised by the Queen like Tom Thumb! Let us advise his lordship, ere the next drawing-room takes place, to learn to "personate Napoleon"—to "represent the Grecian Statues"—to dance "a nautical hornpipe," and sing several Yankee songs.

Touching the royal gifts presented by the Queen to Tom Thumb, Mr. Barnum, the showman, has, in the handsomest manner, offered them, as additional objects of attraction, to a certain exhibition about to be opened to the public. It is this. It having been suggested that the many presents of jewellery, plate, books, pictures, and other rare chattels, made by the Queen to the various men and women of genius of her country, would, if brought together, amaze the most credulous—such exhibition will take place at the very earliest opportunity. The "mother-of-pearl" souvenir and "gold pencil-case," presented by the Queen to Tom Thumb, will, we can assure our readers, form the most striking objects in the collection.

Brougham Again.

It appears, by a late debate on the supplies, that sums of money have been paid to Lord Brougham "for defending himself in his official capacity against improper attacks." Upon this principle of remuneration for inflicted injury, we wish to ask if in future Lord Brougham is to be paid for his own speeches?

THE OLD NAUTICAL HAT.

OOKING upon you, *Punch*, as one of the main props of our moral welfare, and of our national strongholds, I venture to address to you a few lines on a subject that seems to me of paramount importance. I may be vulgar, *Mr. Punch*—nay, I dare say I *am* vulgar—but I am candid enough to confess that I am one of those who consider the nautical drama as one of the strong pegs that hold together our wooden walls, and thus keep secure this happy country,—where misery is unknown, where the operator is always amply repaid, and where slavish toil in factories for a paltry pittance is a thing unheard of. Weaken this peg, and you in some degree weaken the wooden walls; weaken the wooden walls, and who shall say what will become of our national greatness? I assure you, *Punch*, I see a very intimate connexion between Mr. T. P. COOKE and the stability of my native land.

But to proceed to the matter to which I would more especially call your attention. I miss, Sir, in the present day, a certain article of dress that, in the years of my youth, used to make a great impression. I mean, Sir, this sort of thing:—

The hat was brightly japanned; or, as was popularly said, it was a "shiny" hat, with a ship or the royal arms painted thereon in lively colours. Its use in the melodrama was immense—nay, I do not exaggerate when I state that I have seen it sustain three nautical dramas of intense interest by its own unassisted might. The British seaman, when attacked by some ruffian with a black beard, large Dutch breeches, loose cap, and wide boots, had only to cry out, "Look at this here picter on my hat," and his moral and physical superiority was at once proclaimed. Who could deviate from the paths of virtue with such a hat, and such a picture upon it? The audience at once felt the force of the argument, and invariably acknowledged its cogency by a good "three times three" of clapping and stamping, heightened by an eloquent "Bray-vo."

There was another use in the "shiny" hat. The flopping, broad-brimmed straw, is a very good thing in its way, and does admirably for the ordinary class of mariners, who sit round small tables, quaff large draughts of nothing out of tin pots, having first poured the same out of an empty tankard, and sing rattling choruses about "Sons of the wave." But if all the little extra elegances of nautical costume are allowed to fade away, what is to become of the distinction between the pet sailor of the lot and the rest of his messmates, who are his equals in point of naval rank, but immeasurably his inferiors in all dramatic respect? Now, the "shiny" hat, with the picture, just completed the required superiority. The other sailors had entire suits of blue, or blue with common white trousers, but our hero lined his jacket with white, and had a stripe of white on each side of the elegant blue trousers; the other sailors wore shoes as pleased the gods, but our hero was invariably strong in the buckles; the other sailors had common straws, but our hero exulted in the hat I have been describing. Sir, if we allow the hat to be taken from us without uttering a word, the white lining and the buckles may follow,—and then what is to become of our nautical drama?

SURRIENSIS.

Proposed Monument to Captain Cook.

A CIRCULAR has been industriously distributed, expressive of surprise, amounting almost to consternation, at the fact, of there being no monument to Captain Cook. A zealous individual, a native of a colony Cook discovered, has been trying to get up a monument, and the scheme is really worthy of a gentleman green from Otaheite.

With reference to a monument, however, we should suggest that the affair is rather gone by, and indeed we think there is an old melodrama occasionally acted, in which Captain Cook is the principal character; so that he is not altogether so badly off for a memorial, by which to be handed down to posterity in general, and the frequenters of the Surrey Theatre in particular. We are averse to monuments erected at the public expense, and recommend, as a general principle, that heroes should find their own—a plan we propose to the adoption not only of the Cooks, but the Browns, the Smiths, the Joneses and the Tomkinses.

FALLACIES OF THE FACULTY.

Punch respectfully begs to call the attention of the Faculty to the following Fallacies, which he has observed to be rather prevalent among them:—

Fallacy 1. That, having placed your name with M.R.C.S. after it on your door, a variegated lamp in front of your fanlight, and blue bottles in your window, you may marry and expect to get a living.

2. That a suit of black, and a white neckcloth, will cause you to be mistaken for a man of character and skill.

3. That setting up a carriage before you can afford to keep one, will persuade people that you are getting on, or will cause you to get on, in any other direction than towards Portugal Street; or will be at all conducive to practice, except to the practice of the Insolvent Court.

4. That calling trivial complaints by hard names will make patients believe that they are seriously ill.

5. That having yourself continually called out of church will gain you any other notoriety than that of a humbug.

WHAT SHALL I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

A LAY OF THE LODGING HOUSE.

TASTE and Invention, oh! celestial pair,
Descend, and aid me in this hour of woe:
What shall I have for breakfast? Pray declare,
Kind nymphs; for may I perish if I know!

Expanding buds the forest trees adorn,
The pastures now again are robed in green;
Yet still my table, at the meal of morn,
Presents, I grieve to say, a wintry scene.

On mossy banks Spring's early Violets bloom;
But Spring's young Radishes, ah! where are they?
The vernal Primrose bursts its earthy tomb;
Where are the vernal Onions? Flora, say.

Of Steaks I'm tired, and so I am of Chops:
Of Kidneys, Bacon, Tongue, in short, of Meat.
And vainly have I roam'd amid the shops,
In quest of something that was good to eat.

Thy Bloaters, Yarmouth, even thine, are dry,
Dry as statistics. Kipper'd Salmon, too,
Which yesterday I was induced to try,
Turn'd out, I found, to be a thorough "do."

Must I put up, then, with the simple roll?
Muffin, or bread and butter, with my tea?
Come, then, sole solace, Sausage of my soul—
The Poet finds he must fall back on thee!

University Intelligence.

OXFORD.

THE Under-graduates are gone, thank goodness. The click of billiard-balls, clatter of hacks, and discordant sounds of cornets—indications of the studious habits of these gentlemen—are heard no more. The debates at the Union have ceased to convulse the country, and attention is at last directed to St. Stephen's. The town is left to the Scouts and Corporation.

We understand that M. Jullien, who recently made his first appearance here, has entered into an arrangement with the Professors of Poetry and Music to compose a new set of quadrilles on themes exclusively Oxonian. We have seen an outline of the set, which we at once communicate to our readers:—

1. IL'PENSEROSO	*The Freshman.*
2. L'ALLEGRO	*Thorough Little-go.*
3. PASTORAL SYMPHONY	*Rustication.*
4. SENTIMENTAL	*A Pluck.*
5. GRAND CLIMAX	*A Great-go Supper.*

In the last figure, M. Jullien has introduced an effect that cannot fail to startle and delight his audience. At the time the din is terrific, a perfect storm rages, and M. Jullien is in strong convulsions, when on a sudden all is calm. This expresses the uproarious mirth of a supper-party suddenly quelled by the arrival of the Senior Tutor, whose remonstrance will be represented by an animated solo on the Ophicleide.

Again the uproar breaks forth—a fearful climax is acquired, and Great Tom, by the kind permission of the Dean of Christ Church, concludes the figure by striking the hour of midnight. Surely M. Jullien should have the honorary degree of D.M. conferred upon him.

POLE-CATS OF THE PRESS.

A Mr. WELLS has told a moving tale to the LORD MAYOR of the sorrows and hardships of BARNARD GREGORY, prisoner in Newgate. "He is compelled to associate with felons," says Mr. WELLS—doubtless, a dreadful indignity to the late editor of the *Satirist*, whose co-mates and fellow-labourers in the vineyard were men of the nicest sense of honour; gentlemen "of the first house, the very first house." Moreover, the said GREGORY "sleeps on an iron bedstead, with rope mattress and rug covering,"—a shocking circumstance, when we remember the beds of roses that the said GREGORY was wont to spread in the columns of his newspaper for certain sufferers. "Mr. GREGORY is only allowed the prison diet!" Considering the extreme delicacy of his appetite, that for years fed upon lying and slandering, —a most cruel punishment! "Mr. GREGORY's health is suffering," and therefore Mr. WELLS will "call a public meeting to address the QUEEN" upon the matter. We know nothing of the state of Mr. GREGORY's health; but this we know—men, on board the hulks, who, it may be, have only wronged society to the amount of a few shillings, fall ill, and find no sympathy in their sickness from the Home-Office. How, then, is the late editor of the *Satirist* to claim any indulgence, denied to the late abstractor (to use a soft word) of pocket-handkerchiefs? Mr. SHERIFF MUSGROVE "regretted to declare that Mr. GREGORY's health was declining." Has the Sheriff no sympathy for the declining health of many a wretched convict at Woolwich? Can he only find compassion for the convicted slanderer that turned his venom to profit—has he no touch of tenderness for the declining footpad, the wasting housebreaker? Let GREGORY's ill-health plead successfully for his pardon; but let the same pardon be awarded to sick culprits of every denomination.

AU GOURMET.

THE progress of the interesting Science of Geology has enabled *Punch* to offer for public patronage the undermentioned antediluvian delicacies, viz.:—

ICHTHYOSAURUS JELLY; a nutritious and palatable preparation, extracted by an elaborate chemical process from the bones of the Ichthyosaurus, which have been found to contain a large proportion of animal matter. In Pots, at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* each.

PÂTÉ DE MASTODONTE. This fresh addition to the luxuries of the table will be found, for richness and delicious flavour, altogether unrivalled. It is peculiarly adapted for *entremets*, or for lunch. At 6*d.* each.

THE FOSSIL POT-POURRI, consisting of a judicious mélange of the most *récherché* fossil remains, both vegetable and animal. It will keep for any length of time, and in any climate. At 3*s.* per Pot.

MEGATHERIUM SOUP. This unique soup is concocted from the nutritious principles still existing in the osseous relics of that extinct gigantic animal the Megatherium. Its extreme cheapness, and its qualities, in respect of consistence and savour, will recommend it to the attention of the charitable. Price only 2*d.* per gallon. A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE TO POOR LAW GUARDIANS on taking a QUANTITY. Sold only at Punch's Antediluvian Dépôt for the sale of Fossil Provisions, 194, Strand.

TESTIMONIAL.—"*Mr. Punch.* SIR,—I have tasted your antediluvian delicacies; namely, your Ichthyosaurus Jelly, your Pâté de Mastodonte, your Fossil Pot-Pourri, and your Megatherium Soup. I am happy to state, that I can conscientiously pronounce them exquisite, and perfectly identical with the dishes of the same name which I tasted ages ago. I am, &c.,

"WIDDICOMBE."

Punch's Court Circular.

MR. MOON had an audience of Mrs. HULSE, the housekeeper at St. James's Palace, for the purpose of being instructed in the various attitudes into which it would be proper for him to throw himself on his presentation to HER MAJESTY.

Subsequently Mr. SHERIFF MOON had the honour of going through a series of the following six tableaux, or civic groupings, in the presence of the sovereign and the precincts of the palace.

1. SHERIFF MOON presenting his card to the hall porter.
2. SHERIFF MOON going down on one knee before the Queen, after the manner of the well-known statue of the slave fastening his sandal.
3. SHERIFF MOON kissing the hand of Queen Victoria.
4. SHERIFF MOON backing out.
5. SHERIFF MOON shaking hands with the housekeeper, and thanking her for her lessons.
6. SHERIFF MOON trying to force his way through the crowd, and defying the policeman.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.

SIR,

A certain gentleman, I see by the advertisements, has been describing the house he lives in, for the edification of the public. If the following description of the house *I* live in is likely to interest your readers, you are welcome to it. I remain, &c.

A HOUSEHOLDER.

The house I live in is in height five stories and a half, the latter forming the attic or upper-story, which, I flatter myself, is pretty well furnished; but which certain malicious acquaintances will have to be a mere lumber-room. This tenement of mine is not, as you will have perceived, a large one; in fact, it is rather a cottage than a house: but I have done what I could to render it a cottage *ornée*, and I rather think with some success; however, of that it is not for me to judge. My cottage is thatched, and very comfortably so—elegantly, too, in my opinion; though some persons find fault with the colour of the thatch, of which they say, the tint is ultra straw, and too nearly approximating to saffron.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

The windows of my house are remarkable for their peculiarly greenish tint, which refreshing colour it probably is that enables me to see out of them so well as I do. They enjoy the singular privilege of exemption from all tax. Their shutters are so constructed, on a patent principle, as to close spontaneously at a certain hour.

The inside of my house is very roomy and commodious; as I will engage to convince any gentleman who may think fit to ask me to dinner.

My house has been built in a very curious manner, upon props, whereby it is capable of transposition at will. The props have been constructed with a view to strength, on the principle of the arch.

You will hardly believe it, but my house took nearly twenty years in the building before it was completed. It is composed, strange to say, of a concrete extracted from vegetable and animal substances. For the first twelvemonths from its commencement, this was derived solely from a lactary fluid; an interval then ensued, during which a farinaceous and saccharine compound afforded the requisite material. To enumerate the different things which after that were from time to time incorporated with the fabric would be endless; suffice it to say, that, at present, it is kept in repair by substances apparently inapplicable to architectural purposes, as mutton chops, rumpsteaks, bread, cheese, and potatoes. These matters are commingled with certain portions of the liquids termed stout and ale, and with other products of vinous fermentation, occasionally —shall I confess it? including the alcoholic.

Altogether, I am very well satisfied with my house, which, though I say it that shouldn't, is a very eligible messuage for a single lady, possessed of competent means for maintaining the same in repair, which I must own I find a somewhat difficult though pleasing task. I can offer her a comfortable apartment in the left wing, with the privilege of making such exterior alterations as she may deem advisable. Rent, a very considerable object; as the property (at least in the opinion of the proprietor) is valuable. No lady need apply who cannot command at least five hundred a year. A youthful lodger would be preferred; but age and plainness no disqualifications, if accompanied by a sufficiency of capital.

N.B.—A Life Interest only will be disposed of. For particulars, apply at *Punch's* Office.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following paragraph has been published in the papers "on authority:"—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of two sovereigns, to be applied 'to the use of the nation.'"

If these two sovereigns are the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, the best use to which the nation could apply them would be to make one master of the Wandsworth workhouse, and the other his beadle.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

Lord Wharncliffe having taken his seat as President of the Council, and having seen a messenger enter the House with a small parcel, would like to know what the parcel contained.

The Duke of Wellington.—Ah! what is it?

Lord Wharncliffe would look.

Lord Redesdale was glad of that.

Lord Wharncliffe.—Oh! it's the Report of the Sudbury Election Committee.

Lord Redesdale would be glad to hear the result.

The Duke of Wellington knew the result must be bribery of course. (*A Laugh.*)

Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Redesdale, the Duke of Wellington, and several other noblemen, made a number of observations across the table, over the woolsack, and under the throne, none of which we were able to catch.

The matter here dropped.

SONGS OF THE HEARTH-RUG.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS LATCH-KEY.

Have I lost thee, my Latch-Key, or was I so green
As to leave thee this morning behind?
No; thou hast but conceal'd thee, my waistcoat between,
And the texture by which it is lined.

Thou hast rubb'd a great hole in my pocket I see,
I have worn thee so long near my heart;
And that must be look'd to to-morrow, my Key,
Or else we are likely to part.

I believe we left home at a quarter to noon,
And here we 're again at our door;
I don't know what the time is exactly; but soon
I expect we shall hear it strike four.

I cannot conceive what on Earth I should do,
My Latch-Key, if 'twere not for thee;
For I never get home of a night before two:
And not very often till three.

And here, till I woke all the street with the row,
In vain I might hammer and ring;
At one time my wife would sit up for me; now,
Oh catch her at any such thing!

But Thou art no changed one, my Latch-Key; and so,
Since I find it 's beginning to rain,
By thy leave, gentle Key-hole.—Eh! What? Here 's a go!
That woman has put up the chain!

THE BLOOMSBURY CORDUROY AND LEATHER QUESTION.

Few days ago Bloomsbury was agitated to her very centre by the dissemination of a circular, of which the following is an exact copy:—

School House,
Bloomsbury Churchyard.

Sir,—The trustees will meet as above on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock precisely, to consider the following notice of motion: "That corduroy trousers be substituted for the leather breeches worn by the boys."

Written by T. Anson, aged 14 years.

The consternation created throughout the beautiful little Bury of Bloom (Bloomsbury), by this singular announcement, may be faintly conceived, but cannot be even partially depicted. People might be seen walking in every direction, some one way and some the other. The tradesmen might be observed standing behind their counters, silently serving their customers, or wrapt in contemplation of their books at their desks in their back parlours. Cabs now and then passed through Bloomsbury-square, while here and there a private carriage might be observed to wind its way through some of the principal thoroughfares. In the face of every inhabitant we thought we could trace the anxious question, "Is it to be corduroys?" while some invisible voice seemed to add, in an under tone of spectral import—"or leather breeches?"

At length the eventful evening came—the night on which Bloomsbury was, either for good or for evil—for weal or for woe, to decide—

"Whether 'twere better the breeks we have,
Or rush to corduroys we know not of?"

For several days the corduroy party had been circulating patriotic songs, of which the following is a specimen:—

HOW LONG SHALL THE PARISH.

How long shall our parish be shamed by the legs
Of the bandy, the crooked, the calfless, the bow?
Shall Bloomsbury blush for those queer-looking pegs
Her children now stand on? Oh never, oh no!

Shall insolent scoffings be heartlessly thrown
At the spindle-like shanks of the muffin-capped boy?
No! henceforth we 'll leave leather breeches alone,
Adopting the trousers of warm corduroy.

The evening fixed for the discussion was, of course, looked forward to with the deepest interest; and every trustee felt the importance of his trust as, with a mind fixed sternly on leathers or corduroys, he repaired to the school-house in the churchyard of Bloomsbury.

Much was urged on both sides. For the leathers, it was ingeniously argued, that whatever might be the state of the charity boys'

ATTACHED TO THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

legs, they had taken their stand upon them from the foundation of the charity; that there was no necessity to look at the matter in the same light as an exhibition of calves at a cattle-show; that the boys often wanted leathering, and though corporeal punishment had gone out of fashion, it was as well to bear the good old custom in remembrance.

A good deal was said on the side of corduroys; and one point in their favour was very strongly urged—namely, their loyalty; for it was pointed out, by an antiquarian trustee, that the word "corduroy" is derived from the French words, "*cœur de roi*,"* the heart of the king, in allusion to the assumed partiality of Old King Cole for corduroy trousers. So, between one and the other, it was found utterly impossible to bring the matter to a decision.

It is greatly to be regretted that the point has not been decided, for the heart-burnings on the subject are frightful, and neighbour can scarcely meet neighbour without a sinister glance, until the awful case of "Corduroys *versus* Leathers" is definitively settled.

* Vide *Punch*, No. 139.

MRS. BROTHERTON

PUTTING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO BED!

THE LADIES' COLLEGE.

RANGE, ZOMERSET.

ONZUMMAT SIR,—I feale no arpolagy is nesessary for intrudin upon time like yourn. I rite to inform you not to put no faith in Missis Owitt, woo I zee is comin over the Athyænum, wich my wife don't consider fare to her, woo as a simlar Institaotion, of the same sort, only no end of beter. Do I mak myself clear? Mary Owitt rites and says, "I have been much charmed by those articles in the two last Athyænums on Mr. Reid's 'Plea for Woman.'"—I beliv she menes the articel in *Punsh* askin wat way she stufed duks, an foggot vich vas vich, an mistuk *Punsh* for the Athnyæum. Cos she gose on:—"They are written with a full comprehension and feeling of the subject, and must do somethin towards enlightening the public mind," which is clear she can't mene the Athymæun, but menes *Punch*. She then ses she taks the libbaty of inclosin a parspicuous of a "Educational Institute" (I coppy her spellin, but i think it isn't rite. Asn't Instittute fore t's?) wich some rite thinkin and spirted wummans in her nebberhood as got up. And she thinks as it 'll be a nucalus for a general an' eddicate big gals, an the Anythæum 'll get it poopils. She ses:—Of corse you kno of the Eddicational Institᵃ at Bedandbug; this is jist it. Now, 'dere *Punch*, 'my wife is charmed not only with two articels, but with you in particala, hoom she ses is very andsome; an she opes if the other cotteppory supports tother spec, as you will stic to her and sens the followin perspicuous according:—

PRINCIPAL—MY WIFE, D.D.,[1] F.R.S.,[2]
Who will give lecters twice a week on Apel Dumplins.

PERFESSER OF THE THEARY AN PRACTIS OV PI-CRUST . . . . . } MY BIG DARTER, V.P.F.R.S.[3]

REGUS PERFESSER OV PUDDENS . . MY LITEL DARTER, M.B.,[4] F.R.S.

PERFESSER OV THE *THEARY* OF PETICOTE AN 'OUSEKEEPIN ECONEMY . . . } HARRIET MARTIN O, R.A.,[5] F.R.S.

PERFESSER OF THE *PRACTIS* OF DITTO . BETTY MARTIN O.

*** A Nativ of Berlin will giv instructin in Berlin Vool, so far as relates to useful manifacters, and vill open is course with the—

WOOLLONIAN ORASHUN ON KETIL-OLDERS.

N.B.—*No Arts will be tort.*

☞ A LABERTORY will be opened in the kitchin, vich vill be enlarged by openin the cubberds; and publik insterction will be given there by a Dumb instructor in the ordinary manipulations of Ousekippen. Every poopil will be expected to bring a rollin pin an pasteborde and find her own buttar.

Poopils to take rotashun to eat each other's manofacters, vich is a great stimilis to industry, as no other board vill be pervided.

Oping you will elp my wife, who is more sartin the more she thinks on it, how bootiful you ar, I am

Yure tru lie,
CORNEW COPYER.

P.S.—There will be a gran public sho wen we 're reddy to begin in the Labbertory; Prins Albert will be invitted to open the cubberds, and lay the fust dab ov buttar on the Inorgaration paste, wich he will afterwards roll a litel, an my wife will finish it. I vill sen you a ticket to the seramony if you will elp er prodgick.

[1] D.D. Duck, a' darling.
[2] F.R.S. Fond o' Rum Srub.
[3] V.P.F.R.S. Very Petickler Fond o' Rum Srub.
[4] M.B. Miraculus Booty.
[5] R.A. Rayther a Absurdity.

The Antiquarian Society.

THE last meeting of the Antiquarian Society was devoted to a very patient investigation into the origin and meaning of the phrase "Give him the sack," as applied to the ejection of an individual from some position he had previously occupied.

MR. POKEABOUT observed, that he had devoted nearly the whole of his life to a deep and solemn research into this very curious question. He begged leave to produce a portion of a sack; which, on being compared with the garb of a monastic penitent, was found to be of the same cloth as the sackcloth which the early martyrs were accustomed to rig themselves out in when they started on an expedition for the purpose of doing penance.

MR. DIGAWAY was strongly of opinion that this sackcloth was given to the martyrs when they set off on their pilgrimages; and thus it was said of them that they had the sack on their departure. PETER of Putney, who was the father of the old parochial pilgrims, had left behind him a remnant of an old ballad; but fortunately only two lines of it had been preserved. He (MR. DIGAWAY) said *fortunately*, for if the whole ballad were as poor as the two lines that have been handed down to us, it was as well for the reputation of PETER of Putney that only a single couplet remained. (*Hear.*)

MR. GRUBEMUP, knowing that this discussion was about to come on, had provided himself with a sack-but, which he begged leave to produce.

The CHAIRMAN did not exactly see the relation between the sack-but and the act of giving the sack.

MR. GRUBEMUP would not press the suggestion, and begged leave to withdraw the sack-but, which was unanimously agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN said that the woolsack was a curious instance of giving the sack without sending a person away. He hoped the meeting understood him. (*Cries of "Hear."*) When LORD BROUGHAM had the sack, that is to say, the woolsack, he was not dismissed; but when he was dismissed, the sack, that is to say, the woolsack, was taken away from, instead of being given to him.

A gentleman observed, that the expression "Give him the sack" is probably as old as the Saxons. (*Cries of "Who are you?" and "Turn him out!"*)

The gentleman here hastily left the room; and thanks having been voted to the hall-porter for his able conduct in the passage, the meeting was adjourned.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Of mills to grind old people green,
And bring back early prime;
We've read in Christmas Tale, and seen
In Christmas Pantomime.

But magic of a converse hue
Assails, in hideous storm,
Whatever earthly things go through
Thy Club House, O Reform.

The Hat which, guiltless of a shower,
In virgin sleekness shone,
Will grow so vile in half an hour,
You 'll blush to put it on.

Umbrellas, more especially
In bad or doubtful weather,
Not only rot and fade away,
But vanish altogether.

Your cane into a stick will change;—
There 's nothing in creation
But into something *old* and *strange*
Doth suffer transformation.

The following rule of life from hence
A prudent man will gather—
But no: I 'll not insult your sense:
I think you guess it—rather?

Philosophy and Horseflesh.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN has lost two horses—pet hunters. And yet his Lordship neither tore his hair, nor his moustachios; but, says a Dublin paper, "heard of those losses with his *usual equanimity* and indifference, speaking of them as ordinary casualties!" What the "usual equanimity" of the EARL OF CARDIGAN is, may be learned, as Dutch doctors learned diseases, from a bottle,—a *black bottle*.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG," &c.

THE proverbial good taste of GEORGE IV. has even descended to his equestrian statue in Trafalgar-square, for it *turns its back* upon the National Gallery.

THE GREAT WESTERN STEAM SHIP.

REALLY the proprietors of this vessel have commenced a new æra in steam navigation. Great men are sometimes said to have souls too large for their bodies, and the company that have built this ship have adopted this glorious idea, by making a ship too large to be got out of the dock it has been constructed in. GEORGE THE THIRD was once puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling; but here is a greater puzzle still, for the question now is, how shall the Great Western steam-ship be got *out* of the dock? which is a greater mystery than its having got *into* it.

We know that this vessel was intended to be a standing monument to the naval architecture of Great Britain, and no one can say that the idea has not been realised. Various suggestions have been made as to the release of the glorious craft, but at present it remains like a nut in its shell, and the difficulty is a nut that cannot easily be cracked by ordinary ingenuity.

A captain is already appointed, with 150 gallant fellows under him, and they daily go through the whole series of nautical manœuvres—such as reefing the top-gallant, unshipping the sculls of the jolly boat, stowing away the main jib, and piping all hands at three bells—all of which feats they go through as punctually as if they were rolling about on the broad Atlantic, instead of being embedded in the mud of the dry dock at Bristol. "England expects that every man will do his duty;" and Captain COCKLES, with his gallant crew, also expects that every steamboat company will keep its engagements, whether the vessel sails or not—it being no fault of the jolly tars on board that this piece of naval ironmongery is dock-bound on the premises of its builders.

LORD BROUGHAM'S DREAM.

"The foul, the false charge, that I have changed a single opinion."—*Vicar of Bray.*

I DREAMT that I dined in Conservative halls,
With Peel and the Duke at my side;
That I went like their shadow, to morning calls,
To concerts, the club, or the ride.
And seldom or never to meet, did I seem,
With a Whig or a Radical name;
And yet—the most curious part of my dream—
My opinions were still the same!

And I dreamt of a Chancellor, (strangely, of course,
For my senses were running a rig,)
Who said that "Persuasion was better than force,"
As he dazzled my eyes with his wig.
"Oh, beautiful wig!" thought I, "could I for thee
Turn this coat? Ay, or part with my name?"
And yet—the most wonderful matter to me—
My opinions were still the same!

Launch of the Boscawen.

CONSIDERABLE disappointment was manifested at the very extraordinary conduct of the tide on Wednesday last, which came to its full exactly three quarters of an hour earlier than in the course of nature and the river Thames might have been looked for. It is well known that the gambols of the tide at about the full of the moon are exceedingly fantastic, and we are therefore surprised that the public should have put any faith in the delusive legend on the occasion of the launch of the Boscawen. It is a proverb that time and tide wait for no man, but it would seem that the tide is more impatient even than the time, for while the company were punctual to the latter, they found that the former had been a little too quick for them. The Government has been a good deal blamed for not having recollected that the moon was in perigee, and arranging accordingly for its freaks. And we understand that in order to keep them *au fait* to the changes of the Moon, the Sheriff has had orders to give notice from time to time of his temporary residence.

AIDS TO ANTI-WORKING ALGEBRAISTS.

Q. WHAT is an harmonical progression?
A. Itinerant street music.
Q. What is an Infinite Series?
A. The Numbers of *Punch*.
Q. What is the sign of "division"?"
A. Clearing the "strangers' gallery."
Q. What is a "reciprocal expression?"
A. "You 're another."
Q. What can be *done* by reduction?
A. The holders of Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock.

The Markets.

(*From the List of the British and Foreign Institute.*)

THERE is very little doing in venison or fish, but a great demand for chops and steaks. The "hot-joint" remains quiet, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a-head; but the inquiries for luncheon, at 1*s.* 6*d.*, gradually increase as the dinner-hour advances. There is a greater confidence in pork, and à-la-mode beef is slowly improving at 6*d.* per basin. Potatoes, in their jackets, move off rapidly at three per 1*d.* The holders of port complain of dulness in the best sorts of wine. The great scarcity of game is generally felt. Coffee is rather weak at 3*d.* per cup. A sheet of letter-paper remains stationary at 1*d.*; and Cubas, at 2*d.*, were selling at the close at the rate of the best Havannahs. The market generally is improving, and profits altogether looking up.

SILK BUCKINGHAM.

AN ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

SIR,—In the *Times* of the 5th of April, I have inserted the following advertisement:—

TO PERSONS OF FORTUNE.—Any Lady or Gentleman wishing to provide handsomely for a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, of about 18 (who has no objection to go abroad), may hear of a most desirable opportunity. Personal application to be made to Mr. Thingamy, Whatd'ycallem Street, Manchester Square.

But as that journal does not give any pictures, except that of the hideous Lion and Unicorn on the title; and as the nobility and gentry most naturally want to be personally acquainted with my appearance, you will oblige me by having the following Portrait inserted—extremely like, and from the original by Spoker.

Yours,
AN INTERESTING INDIVIDUAL.

Popular Delusions.

The undermentioned are remarkable modern instances of Popular Delusions:—

1. The belief in Sir ROBERT PEEL's promise, that the Income Tax was only to last for three years.

2. The idea, when the said Sir ROBERT last came into office, that he had any particular intention except to retain it.

3. The ridiculous notion still entertained by a few very weak people, that the Cabinet will make any attempt at legislation on the Corn Law, Irish, or Duelling questions, or any other subject of national importance, till agitation thereon shall have reached the verge of rebellion.

4. The supposition that Ministers, in the present posture of affairs, know, in the slightest degree, what to do.

TEST OF MESMERISM.

(AUTHENTIC.)

A STRONG proof of the infallibility of this much-disputed science was adduced the other evening at a lecture on the subject. A boy being asked, whilst in the mesmeric state, whether "The income-tax would be discontinued after the third year, as SIR ROBERT PEEL had promised?" replied "CERTAINLY NOT!" This, upon being mentioned to the Premier, was declared to be the strongest instance of "*clairvoyance*" that could be brought forward in favour of the science.

TELL INTELLIGIBLY TOLD.

ACT THE THIRD.

THE stage now 's supposed to afford us a view
Of Altorf—the castle, and market-place too;
In honour of GESLER a *fête* is preparing.
The governor's cap has come out for an airing,
'Tis placed on the top of a pole very high,
(The hat is a shocking bad hat by-the-bye),
And the people respect are directed to show to it,
By walking around it, and making a bow to it.
The *fête* now commences, the soldiers advance,
And force the Swiss maidens to join in the dance.
Men and women now awkwardly caper before us,
While the famed Tyrolian is heard as a chorus.
The dancing is over, when RUDOLPH and TELL
Appear not to like the movement over well.
Requesting with zeal which we can't understand,
The honour of dying in liberty 's land.
But GESLER, a tyrant inclin'd to be funny,
Is bent upon having some sport for his money,
And therefore proposes to TELL a free pardon!
Upon a condition that 's rather a hard 'un,
To shoot from the head of his son nothing more
Than an apple—TELL's heart has been pierced to the core.
But seeing not anything else can be done,
The hazard he boldly determines to run.
The bosom of TELL 'tis enough to be rippin';
But he says to his son, "Now, be steady, my pippin,
Don't move e'en the quarter or eighth of an inch,
If you think of your mother! you 're sure not to flinch."
Their places they take—ALBERTAZZI kneels down,
With a thundering codlin surmounting her crown,
While TELL is preparing his arrows to shoot,
Avoiding his son, without missing the fruit.
A sort of mechanical trick that requires
The aid of some nearly invisible wires.
In spite of the compact that GESLER had made,
He manages somehow the terms to evade,
For TELL had an arrow affixed to his button
Which GESLER's tyrannical eye was not shut on.
The chorus are very indignant indeed;
They beg from oppression's strong grasp to be freed;
And GESLER—alarmed at the horrible yelp—
Concedes what no longer he 's able to help.
The people climb up to the trees and the roofs,
Of a general rising affording the proofs.
At GESLER defiance they lustily fling,
While the tyrant his *exit* effects at the wing.

SCENE TWO is the cottage of MELCTHAL, or rather
The little front garden of ARNOLD's late father;
It is an exterior.—ARNOLD has come
His vengeance to whet with a sight of his home.
He sings to the door-post, the knocker, the bell,
The objects he lov'd in his childhood so well;
And seems to imagine electrical fire
Is borne through his veins from the bell by the wire.
It seems with the singular purpose he 's come
Of bidding eternal *adieu* to his home.
The act is absurd, he 'd be sure to regret it;
If not able to live in it, couldn't he let it?
'T is true, that his mind in condition just *then* a'n't,
For him to go looking about for a tenant:
But sure he might part with it just as it stands,
By putting it into a house-agent's hands.
Yet instead of proceeding to let or to sell,
He comes but to gaze on and bid it farewell.
Poor ARNOLD, with tear-drops bedewing his eye,
Is still to his property bidding good-bye,
When a chorus without on a sudden is heard,
In which "vengeance" is clearly the principal word.
In vengeance his energies suddenly centre,
When straightway a lot of conspirators enter.
They swear to the rescue of TELL they will fly,
Intending to level his dungeon or die.
At once by their energy ARNOLD 's excited,
His country he seems quite resolved shall be righted.
He offers to lead them—"To Altorf," says he,
"I know the defiles just at present are free."
And showing the pathway by which they can quit,
He points with his sword to the side of the pit.
It follows, of course, if he "speaks by the card,"
That Altorf is somewhere near Vinegar-yard.
This somewhat absurd, geographical blunder
Is quickly forgot in the feeling of wonder,
Excited in all, by that marvel confest,
DUPREZ's *ut de poitrine*, or C in the chest.
Oh, nothing in singing more splendid could be,
Than his soul-stirring "burst," "Come with me! Come with me!"
To vengeance and glory he offers to lead,
And quickly sets off at the top of his speed,
T'wards the wing on the opposite prompt, and he reels,
(With the whole of the Chorus quite close at his heels);
Unable to stop, in an instant, his run,
He frequently falls over Manager BUNN,
Who often is standing, entranced with delight,
At the famed "Come with me!" the grand hit of the night.
And then comes the curtain—and kicking and bawling,
The shouting, the yelling, the whistling, the calling—
Till out comes DUPREZ with MISS ROMER to bow,
Thus putting an end—for one night—to the row.

TO AUTHORS, POETS, AND BOOKMAKERS IN GENERAL.

THE proprietors of the Poetico-Prosaico-Assistant Establishment beg to announce that their Assortment for the Season will contain a large supply of ready-made Verses—Preserved rhymes—Moral sentences—Piquant mottoes—Generally approved puns—Some excellent descriptions—and two very superior bon-mots—also an immense assortment of paragraphs, adapted to all subjects and circumstances, with moveable beginnings and ends, so managed that they may be fitted on to anything, and furnished with appropriate commas, full-stops, and notes of interrogation. Prize poems and essays got up at the shortest notice;—Histories, voyages, and travels compiled; and novels, sermons, memoirs, and grammars, neatly composed and instantaneously published.

We subjoin a specimen of the poetical department of this establishment:—

"'Tis done—and sickening in the gale,
Distempered breezes filter thro' the vale,
Tumultuous murmurs flash promiscuous dyes,
And limpid mermaids mangle o'er the skies.
No voice to break the silent stillness round,
Save the deep thunder of perpetual sound.
He died—he spoke—he breathed; no word
Marr'd the sweet music of that shrilly bird:
Earth was his home—his smouldering tomb the wave
Whilst lustrous dew-drops purple round his grave.
Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
And spectral negroes whiten on the floor.

Opinions of the Press.

"An invaluable establishment to authors and bookmakers."—*Bengal Luminary.*

"Most excellent invention."—*South Sea Island and Australian General Advertiser.*

"We recommend all young authors to apply to the 'Poetico-Prosaico-Assistant Establishment.'"—*Pekin Herald and Cape Horn Advertiser.*

Testimonials of Authors.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the benefit have derived from the use of your very excellent establishment.

"I am, &c., &c., &c.,
"W. LENNOX."

N.B. Windows, top-boots, and old pictures cleaned, and clocks and characters taken to pieces and carefully inspected.

The Great Unaccountable again.

A VERY curious document has lately turned up, being a receipt for upwards of seventy pounds from ALDERMAN GIBBS; and what adds materially to the interest, if not to the value of the article is the fact, that the item to which it refers does not appear in the accounts of the worthy churchwarden, which were examined and found to be quite correct by, of course, very competent auditors. As the parish was declared to be in debt to the Alderman, there can be no doubt that he has made very extensive payments from his own private pocket, of which, with a lavish liberality, and disregard to self, he has kept no account whatever. This will, we are sure, more than balance the books of the perpetual churchwarden; and we therefore call on the public to suspend its judgment until the Alderman's memory has had time to refresh itself, and bring to light some forgotten item, that may be placed on the credit side of his account, with a view to turning the scale again in his own favour.

Secondary Punishments.

WE understand that the Government is in treaty with MR. WIMBUSH for the purchase or hire of his omnibus, in order to use it as a vehicle for the application of the solitary system to the punishment of minor offences. It is proposed to sentence persons convicted of very small delinquencies to a journey from the police office to the Bank of England.

Theatrical Intelligence.

[*From the Observer's own Correspondent.*]

ow that the summer season is commencing at the different theatres, the little band-box in Dean-street (No. 71 A), we understand, will shortly be opened. The fair manageress has been recruiting her Company at the Servants' Bazaar in Oxford-street; and the persons engaged are to meet in the back kitchen of the establishment on an early day, preparatory to the opening.

The alterations since the last season have been very extensive, including the laying down of a new dresser, which it is expected will admit of a number of scenic effects of a peculiar and novel character. The parlour-window, or proscenium, has been repainted, and the folding-doors have been entirely taken away, so that when it is thrown open from back to front a splendid area (with regular area steps) presents itself.

Among the popular pieces to be performed are, the First Floor, the Double Bedded Room, the Angel of the Attic, [and other dramas appropriate to the locality where they will be acted.

Mr. Hamilton, who made such an impression in Irish characters, will probably appear as Teddy the Tiler, which will be got up with real tiles—the scene being laid on the roof of the wash-house.

The following opening Address will, we believe, be spoken :—

Melpomene, delicious maid, shall be
A real maid of all work unto me;
And, if a kitchen-maid I should require,
Into my service I will take Thalia.
Bad is the broth too many cooks have done—
Of Cookes, the stage has had, alas! but one;
I mean George Frederick—aid, then, I implore ye,
The zealous housekeeper, who stands before ye.

It is contemplated to accommodate the half-price visitors by throwing open the wash-house a quarter of an hour before the time at which the half-price is usually admitted.

A POLISHED POEM.

Young Giles the fair Maria wooed;
Heigho, alack, and well-a-day!
Flower of the village maidenhood;
Heigho! &c.
His pledge this legend bore inlaid,—
Love, that two hearts hath mutual made,
Defies the knife of keenest blade;
Heigho! &c.

But keen, alas! as knives are shears,
Heigho! &c.
And dubious all our fleeting years,
Heigho! &c.
The morn that should have made them one,
Fate's shears the bridegroom's thread outspun,
Sever'd; and bridal there was none,
Heigho! &c.

Maria sought her couch to weep;
Heigho! &c.
Till grief, exhausted, sank in sleep:
Heigho! &c.

When stood, her lonely pillow nigh,
A figure more than mortal high;
And cried—"Behold, my love, 'tis I,"
Heigho! &c.

All solemnly the spirit said,
Heigho! &c.
"Away with me unto the dead,"
Heigho! &c.
"To cool thy passion in the tomb!"
—"What, ere my days of earthly doom!"
"No matter!" cried the shape of gloom,
Heigho! &c.

Grimly the phantom clutch'd the fair,
Heigho! &c.
To death's dark realm his prize to bear,
Heigho! &c.
"Hence! hence!" he cried, "ere morning 's light;"
"Begone!" she shriek'd, and with the fright
Woke. 'Twas a vision of the night.
Heigho! &c.

JUST IMPORTED.

THE AMERICAN ROCKING-CHAIR TABLE so much admired by all who have seen it in America, for the remarkable ease, pleasure, and comfort which it affords. As an adjunct to the Rocking-Chair it is

indispensable. Its form is exactly that of an English sofa-table, with the addition of a bar placed horizontally at a small height above the table, and which is calculated to afford that rest and elevation to the human sole so frequently observed in the "smartest nation on Earth."

HENRY BROUGHAM,

CARRIER EXTRAORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND THE KING OF THE FRENCH,

Has the honour to inform his Patrons, Royal as well as Noble, that he is prepared to undertake the

DELIVERY OF MESSAGES AND PARCELS

to and from the Continent.

Henry Brougham, from his peculiar facilities of pushing himself forward, is enabled to promise extraordinary dispatch; and he confidently hopes that he shall soon occupy the amiable position of the

PALACE PICKFORD.

In order to facilitate the communication between his Royal and Illustrious Patrons, Henry Brougham has opened an establishment at Cannes, in France, where he will be present at least twice in each year, calling at the Tuileries on his way, for the purpose of *booking* any communication that may be entrusted to him.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, April 13, 1844.

THE

HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From a forthcoming History of Europe.]

CHAP. IX.—LOUIS XVII.

THE tremendous cannonading, however, had a singular effect upon the inhabitants of the great public hospital of Charenton, in which it may be remembered Louis XVII. had been, as in mockery, confined. His majesty of demeanour, his calm deportment, the reasonableness of his pretensions, had not failed to strike with awe and respect his four thousand comrades of captivity. The Emperor of China, the Princess of the Moon;

Julius Cæsar; Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris; the Pope of Rome; the Cacique of Mexico; and several singular and illustrious personages, who happened to be confined there, all held a council with Louis XVII.; and all agreed that now or never was the time to support his legitimate pretensions to the Crown of France. As the cannons roared around them, they howled with furious delight in response—they took counsel together—Doctor Pinel and the infamous jaileurs, who, under the name of keepers, held them in horrible captivity, were pounced upon and overcome in a twinkling. The strait-waistcoats were taken off from the wretched captives languishing in the dungeons; the guardians were invested in these shameful garments, and with triumphant laughter plunged under the *Douches*. The gates of the prison were flung open, and they marched forth in the blackness of the storm!

* * * * * * * * *

On the third day, the cannonading was observed to decrease; only a gun went off fitfully now and then.

* * * * * * * * *

On the fourth day, the Parisians said to one another, "*Tiens! ils sont fatigués, les canonniers des forts!*—and why? Because there was no more powder?—Ay, truly, there *was* no more powder.

There was no more powder, no more guns, no more gunners, no more forts, no more nothing. *The forts had blown each other up.* The battle-roar ceased. The battle-clouds rolled off. The silver moon, the twinkling stars, looked blandly down from the serene azure,—and all was peace—stillness—the stillness of death. Holy, holy silence!

Yes; the battle of Paris was over. And where were the combatants? All gone—not one left!—And where was Louis Philippe? The venerable Prince was a captive in the Tuileries. The Irish brigade was encamped around it. They had reached the palace a little too late; it was already occupied by the partisans of his Majesty Louis XVII.

That respectable monarch and his followers better knew the way to the Tuileries than the ignorant sons of Erin. They burst through the feeble barriers of the guards; they rushed triumphant into the kingly halls of the palace; they seated the seventeenth Louis on the throne of his ancestors; and the Parisians read in the *Journal des Débats* of the fifth of November, an important article, which proclaimed that the civil war was concluded.

"The troubles which distracted the greatest empire in the world are at an end. Europe, which marked with sorrow the disturbances which agitated the bosom of the Queen of Nations, the great leader of Civilisation, may now rest in peace. That monarch whom we have long been sighing for; whose image has lain hidden, and yet, oh! how passionately worshipped in every French heart, is with us once more. Blessings be on him; blessings—a thousand blessings upon the happy country which is at length restored to his beneficent, his legitimate, his reasonable sway!

"His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XVII., yesterday arrived at his palace of the Tuileries, accompanied by his august allies. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans has resigned his post as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and will return speedily to take up his abode at the Palais Royal. It is a great mercy that the children of his Royal Highness, who happened to be in the late forts round Paris, (before the bombardment which has so happily ended in their destruction,) had returned to their father before the commencement of the cannonading. They will continue, as heretofore, to be the most loyal supporters of order and the throne.

"None can read without tears in their eyes our august monarch's proclamation.

"'Louis, by &c.—

"'My children. After nine hundred and ninety-nine years of captivity, I am restored to you. The cycle of events predicted by the ancient magi, and the planetary convolutions mentioned in the lost Sibylline books, have fulfilled their respective idiosyncracies, and ended (as always in the depths of my dungeons I confidently expected) in the triumph of the good angel, and the utter discomfiture of the abominable Blue Dragon.

"'When the bombarding began, and the powers of darkness commenced their hellish gunpowder-evolutions, I was close by—in my palace of Charenton, three hundred and thirty-three thousand miles off, in the ring of Saturn—I witnessed your misery. My heart was affected by it, and I said, 'Is the multiplication table a fiction? are the signs of the Zodiac mere astronomers' prattle?'

"'I clapped chains, shrieking and darkness, on my physician, Dr. Pinel. The keepers I shall cause to be roasted alive. I summoned my allies round about me. The high contracting powers came to my bidding. Monarchs, from all parts of the earth; sovereigns, from the moon and other illumined orbits; the white necromancers, and the pale imprisoned genii: I whispered the mystic sign, and the doors flew open. We entered Paris in triumph, by the Charenton bridge. Our luggage was not examined at the Octroi. The bottle-green ones were scared at our shouts, and retreated, howling: they knew us, and trembled.

"'My faithful peers and deputies will rally around me. I have a friend in Turkey—the grand vizier of the Mussulmans—he was a Protestant once, Lord Brougham, by name. I have sent to him to legislate for us: he is wise in the law, and astrology, and all sciences; he shall aid my ministers in their councils. I have written to him by the post. There shall be no more infamous madhouses in France, where poor souls shiver in strait-waiscoats.'

"'I recognised Louis Philippe, my good

cousin. He was in his counting-house, counting out his money, as the old prophecy warned me. He gave me up the keys of his gold; I shall know well how to use it. Taught by adversity, I am not a spendthrift, neither am I a miser. I will endow the land with noble institutions instead of diabolical forts. I will have no more cannon founded. They are a curse, and shall be melted—the iron ones into railroads; the bronze ones into statues of beautiful saints, angels, and wise men; the copper ones into money, to be distributed among my poor. I was poor once, and I love them.

"There shall be no more poverty; no more wars; no more avarice; no more passports; no more custom-houses; no more lying; no more physic.

"'My Chambers will put the seal to these reforms. I will it. I am the King.

(Signed) 'LOUIS.'

"Some alarm was created yesterday by the arrival of a body of the English foot-guard under the Duke of JENKINS; they were at first about to sack the city, but on hearing that the banner of the lilies was once more raised in France, the Duke hastened to the Tuileries, and offered his allegiance to his Majesty. It was accepted: and the PLUSH-GUARD has been established in place of the Swiss, who waited on former sovereigns."

"The Irish brigade quartered in the Tuileries are to enter our service. Their commander states that they took every one of the forts round Paris, and having blown them up, were proceeding to release Louis XVII., when they found that august monarch, happily, free. News of their glorious victory has been conveyed to Dublin, to his Majesty the King of the Irish. It will be a new laurel to add to his green crown!"

And thus have we brought to a conclusion our history of the great French Revolution of 1834. It records the actions of great and various characters; the deeds of various valour: it narrates wonderful reverses of fortune; it affords the moralist scope for his philosophy; perhaps it gives amusement to the merely idle reader. Nor must the latter imagine, because there is not a precise moral affixed to the story, that its tendency is otherwise than good. He is a poor reader, for whom his author is obliged to supply a moral application. It is well in spelling-books and for children; it is needless for the reflecting spirit. The drama of *Punch* himself is not moral: but that drama has had audiences all over the world. Happy he, who in our dark times can cause a smile! Let us laugh then, and gladden in the sunshine, though it be but as the ray upon the pool, that flickers only over the cold black depths below!

A RIDE IN THE HOUNSLOW MAIL.

THE Hounslow Mail, as every one is aware, has the form of a common cab, but it is in spirit a government vehicle, owing allegiance to the Post-office. Urged by a love of adventure, we determined to have a ride in the Hounslow mail, and responded therefore to the earnest invitation of the driver, who is continually yelping and shouting along the road, until he obtains the "two insides," allowed him as perquisites. We could not help regarding it as rather disgraceful to the royal arms and the public service, that a cab emblazoned with the one and a man employed in the other, should be devoted to an unseemly rivalry with the ordinary omnibuses, and that an individual wearing HER MAJESTY'S livery should be roaring out "C'ty, B'nk," "Take yer for the same as the bus," while the whole correspondence of Hounslow was under his care, and should have engrossed the whole of his attention.

Having been hailed by the driver we entered the Hounslow Mail, the interior of which is built on the model of a double sedan chair, while the roof is inscribed with a sort of Government proclamation intimating that the vehicle is "constructed for two insides," a fact which is enforced by a crown and the royal initials being placed immediately over it.

Nothing particular occurred in the early part of the journey. We had got in at the two-mile stone, and passed the celebrated Half-way house, at which STEELE is said to have written the tenth number of the *Tatler*, and JOHNSON is supposed to have dined at the expense of BOSWELL, after the memorable advance made by the latter on the strength of the subscriptions to the Dictionary. We continued wrapped in silent contemplation—on the subject, no doubt, of the Half-way house—when suddenly the Hounslow Mail made a precipitate bolt to the right, and we found ourselves whirled along a sort of ravine of iron railings, terminating in a species of military outpost, where the mail stopped short, and the door of an adjacent out-house being thrown open, a scene of almost painful interest presented itself.

Before a rudely-constructed bench, consisting of a deal plank elevated on a couple of tressels, were a number of men, two of whom had gold hat-bands, while one who seemed the chief wore the red collar of the order of St. Martin's-le-Grand. They were all engaged in sorting letters, and as the rays of the sun fell through the skylight upon that busy group, we thought that if Rembrandt had resided in Trevor Square, or if Carlo Dolce had lodged at Knightsbridge, "the letter-sorters" might have been immortalised in the Galleries of the Louvre, or on the walls of the Vatican. Our driver now became impatient; he shouted lustily for the bags, when a curious alternative was offered to him by a person within, who politely desired to know whether he (the driver of the Mail) would have the bags at once, or wait till he got them. To this no answer was returned in words, though in effect there was a reply, for the driver did wait till the bags were brought, and then he galloped off in a southerly direction for a couple of yards, when he again plunged to the east, a fact which we ascertained by comparing our course with an adjacent weather-cock. The rest of the land we travelled over is too well known to need description. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, speaks of Cis-Alpine Gaul, which means that part of Gaul which is on this side of the Alps. We, however, do not think it necessary to say anything about Cis-Knightsbridgian London, or London on this side of Knightsbridge.

Such was our ride in the Hounslow Mail. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that though every mail is bound to carry fire-arms, the Hounslow Mail is wholly unprotected by any weapon except the whip, and as there is no room for the guard, he meets the vehicle on its arrival, the other guard having been present at its starting, so that one seeing it safe off, and the other seeing it safe in, renders its security complete, without troubling any one to take the journey.

PITCH AND TOSS AND THE TURF.

AN immoral movement was very summarily suppressed at Stepney Fair, on Easter Monday. PETER DRAPER, a speculative pieman, and THOMAS WELLING, a boy, were taken in the act of performing pitch and toss; and, brought up at the Thames police, were sentenced for the iniquity to seven days' imprisonment. This reckless gambling for pies it is very proper to put down; the best interests of society demand its suppression; the more especially as, at the forthcoming Derby, there will, we understand, be a large body of police at Epsom to take into custody any noblemen or gentlemen who may desire to try their luck at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. If piemen are to be punished, peers, of course, cannot be allowed to escape. However, we cannot, for more than one reason, regret the incarceration of the pieman and the boy gambler, such circumstance having awakened the sympathy of several illustrious individuals known to the turf. We understand that the DUKE OF RICHMOND, COLONEL PEEL, and others, lost no time in paying a visit of condolence to the pieman and the boy, who having, doubtless in their ignorance, broken the law, had not sufficient interest to have it tinkered anew for their especial advantage. The noble duke and gallant colonel left at the prison very substantial evidence of their sympathy; namely, a large pigeon pie, with a ten pound note for their unfortunate brethren, the sporting gamblers of Stepney. This is as it should be.

ΕΣΤΙΑ ΠΕΡΙ ΝΕΚΡΟΥ ΡΩΙΔΕΟΣ.

α.

Εν Εβλανῃ δοξης και πλουτῶν τῃ πολει,
Εθαν' ιχθυοπωλης γενω Ρωΐδει,
Γειτονες δ' ωλολυξαν και εβησαν ἅμα
Παραπεμπειν προς ταφον τον τεθνεωτα.

Ἠνιοχος Δογέρτιαδης αυτικα εκαλειτο. Κλυθι ω Δογέρτιαδε ἱπποδαμε, ἡμας και διφρηλατει προς εστιαν ὑπερ νεκρου Ρωΐδεος. Ναι μα Ζηνα ὡς τεθνηκε, δει ἡμων τον νεκρον επισκοπειν,—αλλως μεν γαρ ἀχθησεται. Ουν δη διφρηλατει ω γαθε—

Δεσποιναν Δηληνην, νυμφην τε και Δῶ,
Δεσποιναν και Βληνην συν τω Φηγηνω,—
Ὑπερ νεκρου αυτου βοαειν Ω! Ω!

β.

Τοις ἱματιοις καλοις ενδεδυμενοι
Φολκος νυμφη Δῶ και αλλοι τε πτωχοι,
Κλισιην αφικοντ' ες εν ᾧ Ρωΐδης
Κειτο— θυραν τ' ηραττε Δογέρτιαδης.

Προσερχεται τοτε Φηλιμος του νεκυος μητραδελφος, και λεγει, Χαιρετε, Χαιρετε ω γειτονες: ὁ ανεψιος εμου συν φιλοις εστιατοριω εστι, φευ! φευ! ὑστατα πιων. Αναβαντες την κλιμακα τον νεκρον τιματε—Ιούδη, Ιούδη, τους σανδαλους δρυπτε. ἰδου γαρ ἡ αριστοκρατεια! Εμον ανεψιον καθιζε παρα τοιχῳ—κεφαλον ταις προσθεταις κομαις κρυπτε, και εν στοματῳ εμβαλλε σωληνα. Αναβαινετε γυναικες. Νυν χρη μεθυσκειν.

γ.

Νοστουντες λυπης πληροι και ποθηνου
Ἠνιοχων μετα Δογέρτιαδου
Αριστου, τα πραγματα στρεψαν κυκλῳ
Θ' ὁμιλος κυλινδεται εν βορβορῳ.
Χασμα.

δ.

Εις οικον Δογέρτιαδου τοτ' ουτοι
Θολεροι αφικοντο και μεθυστικοι,—
Θρηνηται τοιουτοι προ τουτου κρονου
Ὁρωντο μηδεποτε περι νεκρου.

Ω Ζευ Δογέρτιαδε τι ουν τοσουτους διαβολους επαναγεις; Ἦ, ἡ σιωπα· μηδεν ειπης νηπιον, και παντα ακουσεις· Αλλα πρωτον Ιούδη δει νιπτειν και στρωννυναι κλινην τουτοις—λεγω:

Δεσποιναν Δηληνην, νυμφην τε και Δῶ,
Δεσποιναν και Βληνην, συν τῳ Φηγηνῳ,
Οινοβαρους ανα Ρωΐδει νεκρῳ.

THE WAKE OF TEDDY ROE.

I.

In Dublin, that city of riches and fame,
A fishmonger lived, Teddy Roe was his name;
The neighbours all grieved, rich, poor, high, or low,
And to wake with poor Teddy they resolved to go.

Mr. O'Dogherty, the coachman, was sent for immediately. Now you see, Dogherty, we want you to drive us clean and decently to Teddy Roe's wake. By the powers he has taken it into his head to die, so he would not be very well pleased if we neglected calling on him, so drive away with the most beautiful

Mistress Delaney, Mistress Blaney,
Mister Fagan, and Miss Doe,
Who in a coach all went to wake with Teddy Roe.

II.

All bedizen'd so fine in their best Sunday clothes,
Miss Doe's squinting eyes, Mister Fagan's red nose,
At poor Ted's they arrived where they had been oft before,
And Dogherty gave a loud thump at the door.

Out hobbles Phelim, Teddy's uncle. Arrah, is it yourself that comes to wake with poor Ted?—he's up in the cock loft taking a parting glass of Innoshone with a few friends, so be after walking up the ladder if you please—Scrape your feet, Judy, Judy, the quality is come. Walk up, ladies, the punch will soon be ready, and we 'll all get drunk for sorrow.

III.

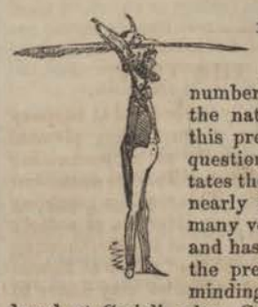
Returning a coach full of whisky and grief,
By old Dogherty driven, of coachmen the chief;
But objects turned round, and he could not tell how,
For he upset the quality all in a slough.
Hiatus valdè deflendus.

IV.

Then be-mudded without, and with whisky within,
They arrived at old Dogherty's, and all stagger'd in,
Such figures of fun 'twill be said for their sake,
Sure never before were seen at a wake.

Bless us, Dogherty, what are you bringing home? where did you pick 'em up, jewell? Oh, don't bother me, and you will get the whole account as clear as mud; but Judy, we must first wash the most beautiful, &c.

WHO IS TO BE THE CHIEF BARON?



This important question will perhaps be answered before this number of *Punch* gets into the nation's hands, but at this present writing it is a question which sadly agitates the waistcoats—we had nearly said the hearts—of many very eminent lawyers, and has fluttered the pens of the press to an extent reminding us of the effect produced at Corioli, when Coriolanus played the arduous character of the eagle to the doves of the Volscians. Almost every newspaper has had its pet chief baron—or its favourite attorney or solicitor-general.

Some suggest Pollock, and if it were put to a show of pens no doubt Sir Frederick would be at once appointed chief baron; but then some one else thinks one of the Puisnes ought to be promoted, and that either Parke, Alderson, or Rolfe ought to be taken out of the judicial chorus and raised to the dignity of *primo basso* at the Court of Exchequer. Parke has certainly a fine dignified appearance, and would "make up," as the theatrical phrase goes, uncommonly well for the part of chief baron. His voice too, which is a pleasant baritone, would be invaluable in a judgment on a motion for a rule to show cause; but for the less laboured passages of the judicial character, such as the light comedy bow of assent to an application for judgment as in case of a nonsuit, "upon the usual affidavit," we think that the style of Parke is hardly suitable. Mr. Baron Alderson would, we think, be found highly effective in what might be termed the light comedy of the judicial office. His keen relish for humour, and his occasional smartness—though with truly legal veneration for precedent, he seldom favours us with a pun that may not be found "in the books"—would render him very desirable as chief in some of those heavy questions between landlord and tenant, where a bare right is a most unexciting subject of discussion unless relieved by occasional jocularity from the bench—a cue that can only be properly given by the learned chief, when it is sure to be seized upon by the Puisnes and the bar with due alacrity. Mr. Baron Rolfe is a very valuable acquisition to any company of judicial performers. He is always very perfect in his part, knows his business uncommonly well, and is remarkable, not for "suiting the action to the word," for he never strains the case to meet the letter of the law, which is what Shakspeare evidently had in his eye; but he always "suits the word to the action," that is to say, he invariably adapts the judgment to the merits.

With regard to the Solicitor-Generalship, Kelly was unquestionably the favourite, but some recommended Mr. Thesiger, on account of his elegance; and others urged the claims of Mr. Wortley, because he is likely to know the law when he has learnt it, and because he is already the son of Lord Wharncliffe. The elegance of Mr. Thesiger certainly points him out as a proper person for the part of Solicitor-General, supposing the "making up" to be of paramount importance.

The pretensions of Mr. Wortley are not quite so palpable to us. We have no doubt that the Solicitor-Generalship would be a capital school for any gentleman desirous of learning the law; but then, unfortunately, there are two parties to a case of this kind—the gentlemen anxious to learn, and the public, desirous of having an efficient officer. If the Solicitor-General might begin with small motions, asking for computes, perhaps for the first year of office, and getting gradually up into applications for distringases, passing through the ordeal of having occasionally to show cause instead of simply to "hand in," then we should say that a Lord's son, "likely to become a good lawyer when he should have learnt the law," might be a very proper person for the office of Attorney-General.

The Polka Mania.

The *Times* teems with the advertisements of individuals who are prepared to instruct the public in the mysteries of the Polka. Every Professor of the Terpsichorean art has got hold of a version of this dance, which he declares to be the only genuine edition. One has been to Paris on purpose to learn it; another has acquired it in Germany; and a third, a young lady, has been taught the dance by a Bohemian nobleman. We know that noblemen sometimes cut very odd capers; but fancy an English Peer going over to Germany to teach "Sir Roger de Coverley," or a Professor in one of our Universities visiting Bohemia for the purpose of introducing the College hornpipe.

Theatrical Intelligence.

We are happy to announce that a Private Box for the Season at Miss Kelly's Theatre has been secured by the passenger in Wimbush's Omnibus, who will thus have an opportunity of, at the same time, patronising the drama, and gratifying his incurable passion for solitude. The same individual attended Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday during the performance of the "*Tale of Mystery*," but was much disappointed at finding his seclusion partially disturbed by the presence of nearly thirty individuals.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Assuredly the fact is not so well known as it deserves to be, that Napoleon,—who by the act shewed himself a miserable dwarf indeed—bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, the sum of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) to a man charged with an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. We subjoin the extract from the will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons on the payment of one shilling. The codicil bears date, April 25, 1821, and the magnanimous testator died on the 5th of May, ten days afterwards; dying, as he declared in the preamble to his last testament, "in the Apostolical and Catholic Church!" Here is the proof of his Christianity,—

"5. *idem* (10,000) Dix mille francs au sous-officier Cantillon, qui a essuyé un procès comme prévenu d'avoir voulu assassiner Lord Wellington, ce dont il a été déclaré innocent. Cantillon avait autant de droit d'assassiner cet oligarque, que celui-ci à m'envoyer pour périr sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène. Wellington, qui a proposé cet attentat, cherchait à le justifier sur l'intérêt de la Grande-Bretagne. Cantillon, si vraiment il eût assassiné le lord, se serait couvert et aurait été justifié par les mêmes motifs: l'intérêt de la France de se défaire d'un général, qui d'ailleurs avait violé la capitulation de Paris, et par là s'était rendu responsable du sang des martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c., et du crime d'avoir dépouillé les musées, contre le texte des traités."

We subjoin a translation:—

"Ten thousand francs to the subaltern Cantillon, who underwent a trial charged with an attempt to assassinate Lord Wellington, and of which he was declared innocent. Cantillon *had as good right to assassinate the oligarch*, as he himself to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this iniquity, sought to justify it by the interests of Great Britain. Cantillon, *if he had really assassinated his lordship, would have been excused and justified by the like motives*—the interest of France to rid herself of a general who had violated the treaty of the capitulation of Paris, and by that act had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c.; and for the crime of despoiling the museums, contrary to the text of treaties!"

Is there not Dwarf—miserable *homunculus*—in every line of this? We subjoin, by way of contrast, the reply of the Duke of Wellington, when the death of Napoleon was proposed to his grace.

"—— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate: I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in those transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."—*Vide Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood's Selections from the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, No.* 965, p. 870.

Be it understood that we are not blind idolators of the Duke of Wellington. He has made his political blunders, and in his time talked political nonsense as well as his inferiors. Moreover, he exhibits a defective sympathy with the people; as the *Examiner* has admirably said of him, he looks upon them as a mere *appanage* to the Crown. Certainly, the "iron Duke" wants a little kindly expansion towards the masses. Nevertheless, contrasting Wellington's answer to the proposed death of the ex-Emperor, with Napoleon's reward of the would-be assassin of the General, need we ask which is the Giant, and which the Dwarf?

Punch at the Play.

We cannot forbear calling on the public to admire the praiseworthy effort of Mr. Keeley to distinguish himself in a new line of his profession by sustaining the melodramatic part of *Hassarac* in the Forty Thieves, a piece about which we have our own opinion, of course—"but," as the printer says when we are short of copy, "no matter."

Mr. Keeley is the modern Garrick—for, while Comedy has collared him on one side, Tragedy is tugging at the skirt of his coat on the other. His Hassarac is one of the most impressive pieces of acting ever seen on the British planks, or illuminated by the British footlights. From the moment of his entrance on his courser, he seems to be the desperate but conscious-stricken bandit, and his retiring to lean against the proscenium after his deadly combat with *Abdallah*, is a touch of nature, at least a touch of that nature that few could imitate. It seems to say, "Yes; I am rightly served, for guilt like the wasp has always a sting!" And again, in the second act, when he appears as the merchant, his confusion at being detected with the carving knife up his sleeve, is a glorious specimen of the working of disappointment in a mind already worn down by frequent foiling. His look when ultimately recognised as the bandit, tells in the glance of an eye the story of a life. He seems to revert to his days of boyhood with a fondness and a tender yearning that bespeak "the heart bowed down," as Mr. Bunn, comparing human feelings to a porter's knot, so elegantly expresses it. All who can appreciate true tragedy should see Mr. Keeley in *Hassarac*. The absence of Mr. Macready from England gives it at the present moment additional consequence, and we trust the sensation will subside before the return of the regular tragedian.

"PUNCH" TO THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

Punch presents his compliments to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and begs to refer him to his foreign leader of Monday last, in which the mountebank scoundrel Bravo is spoken of as "the editor of the Madrid *Punch*." Now, as *Punch* has never yet confounded the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* with Barnard Gregory of the *Satirist*, it is not too much to ask of the aforesaid daily writer a similar attention when alluding to the aforesaid Bravo. *Punch* has no more in common with Bravo's *Guiregay* than has the *Morning Chronicle* with Gregory's *Satirist*.

Literary Intelligence.

We understand a new edition of "How to Live on £50 a Year" will shortly be published. It will be dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Mayor, as being the best practical authority on the subject.

Alarming Circumstance.—Mr. Ferrand has "given up Sir Robert Peel." Nevertheless, on inquiry at the Baronet's residence, we were happy to find him "as well as could be expected."

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

(DEDICATED TO MONSIEUR THIERS.)

QUESTIONS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

AUSCULTATION AND PERCUSSION.

Q. What is "Mediate Auscultation?"
A. Listening through a key-hole.

Q. When do you hear the "blowing respiration?"
A. In certain cab-horses after the ascent of Holborn Hill.

Q. Give an instance of the "Purring Tremor."
A. A cat in the fidgets.

Q. What is the "Bruit de Diable?
A. The squalling of your landlady's last and least.

Q. When is "Rhinophony" heard?
A. In tossing for Champagne.

Q. How is Percussion performed?
A. Ask Deaf Burke.

THE "STRONG WIND" IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

PUNCH has the pleasure to record an interesting event which occurred onTuesday, the 9th instant. NOT-EN-A-AKM, or "the Strong Wind," interpreter of the Ojibbeway Indians, was married to SARAH HAINES, which name, translated into the Ojibbeway language, means "the London Fog." The ceremony was performed in St. Martin's Church. The Ojibbeway Indians attended, and, with a fine sense of the struggles of matrimonial life, appeared in their war-paint.

Some folks have grumbled at this union; they know nothing of history. The truth is, as we will prove, we owe a large dividend of wives to American savages, and SARAH HAINES, or "the London Fog," is only the first instalment of a long-standing debt.

In April, 1613, PRINCESS POCAHONTAS gave her maiden hand to JOHN ROLFE, "a discreet young Englishman." Yes; "in the little church of Jamestown," says the historian, "which rested on pine columns fresh from the forest, and was in a style of rugged architecture, as wild, if not as frail, as an Indian wigwam," did the beautiful Virginian savage become MRS. JOHN ROLFE. This event happened two hundred and thirty-one years ago, and we have been in debt to the Indians ever since. We put it to MR. HUME, or any other subtle arithmetician, to calculate the amount of our liabilities. Multiply one wife by two hundred and thirty-one, adding thereto compound interest on the accumulating amount, and our debt to the savages must be something very serious. However, we have begun, though in a small manner, to liquidate it; we have given "the London Fog" to "the Strong Wind," and trust that Pennsylvanian bondholders will take example by our honesty.

We have a superabundant female population. This fact is on all hands allowed and deplored. We see an easy remedy for this. Let parties of Indians be imported. Let us have samples of the Chippewas, the Dog-Ribbed, the Sioux, the Chactaws—indeed, a company of every tribe of wild men, from Hottentots to Greenlanders—and let them be let loose in our various towns for the sole purpose of captivating the hearts, and so carrying away in lawful wedlock, our superabundant females. By this means we shall honestly liquidate our long-standing debt to the savage, and shall, at the same time, relieve ourselves of over-populousness. War-paint, glass beads, tattoo-work, and tomahawks, have a sweet and proper influence on the female mind. What says the splenetic *Philip Van Artevelde?*—

> "———the women's heaven
> Is vanity, and that is over all.
> What 's friest still finds favour in their eyes;
> What 's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears;
> The noise and blaze of arms enchants them most.
> Wit, too, and wisdom, that 's admired of all,
> They can admire—the glory, not the thing.
> *An unreflected light did never yet*
> *Dazzle the vision feminine.*"

From which caustic philosophy we may gather this fact, that a savage, to be considered "quite a love" by a civilised maiden, must first be exhibited in front of the lamps.

However, as the romantic devotion shown by MISS SARAH HAINES, or, "the London Fog," for NOT-EN-A-AKM, or "the Strong Wind," will doubtless become a fashion among our too susceptible countrywomen, we only perform a public duty in enumerating a few of the accomplishments required by a North American Indian of his wife or squaw. She tills the ground, she digs, she sows, she reaps: she pounds the parched corn; she dries the buffalo meat; she carries home the game that her husband kills; she hews wood and draws the water; she builds the wigwam, and in times of journeying carries the poles upon her shoulder. Think of this, young ladies, and say whether it is not more pleasant to hatch canary birds in white satin, and work puppies' heads in Berlin wool? However, for the ruder and more picturesque operations, "the London Fog" is, doubtless, duly prepared; and, therefore, let us return to the sacrifice of the bride, "attired in flowing white," with a "wreath of orange blossoms circling her hair," in St. Martin's Church.

The ceremony was particularly solemn. When "the London Fog" was asked if she would take "the Strong Wind" for her "wedded husband," she replied "*I will*," with an emphasis that showed she had duly weighed the responsibilities of hewing, and delving, and shouldering the wigwam poles. "The Strong Wind," in the most charming way, took the ring from his nose, and placed it on the finger of "the London Fog." He then in the "most graceful manner" kissed his bride, to the satisfaction of everybody, "the London Fog" included. MRS. ELLIS, we were happy to perceive, was in the church, and in the handsomest manner presented to MRS. "STRONG WIND" *The Wives of England*, bound in hymeneal white satin; with a copy of her forthcoming work, entitled *Can Woman make a Lobster-Salad?*

It will particularly gratify our female readers to learn that "the Strong Wind" has promised "the London Fog," on their return to

America, to take no other wife, but to remain constant, "solely to her." Should "the Strong Wind" break this pledge, of course "the London Fog" will have the readiest redress at any of the Ecclesiastical Courts to be found in the back woods.

When the bridegroom led the bride to her carriage, there was a shout from the multitude, evidently meant as an approval of the fine moral courage of a young lady, who gives up the sickly refinements of civilized life for the invigorating comforts of savage existence. When the carriage drove off, the crowd shouted again, and the crowd was right; for "the Strong Wind" had carried away, for good and all, "the London Fog."

"The Strong Wind" exhibited himself with his friends, the Ojibbeways, the day after his marriage; and it says much for the liberality of the keeper of the show, that the public were allowed to see the bridegroom without the charge of an additional sixpence. "The London Fog" was to have been visible at the Egyptian Hall, but was prevented by her friends. She ought to have exhibited; it would have been in complete keeping with the pure taste that dictated the marriage.

It is only due to MR. RANKIN, the showman, to observe that he managed the wedding with a fine eye to all advertising purposes.

EYES AND ASSES.

Mary Walsh is brought before Mr. Trail, at Union Hall, charged by John Campbell, with "stabbing him in the eye with a pair of scissors." The man is likely to lose the sight of the eye: the assault was unprovoked,—the woman running like a wild beast at the man, and she is fined, for inflicting a wound that may cause the loss of an eye, the sum of—forty shillings!

On the same day, at the same office, Francis Penny is charged with cruelty to a donkey. He beat it over its hinder quarters so as to make the blood run in streams. He was fined by Mr. Trail in the sum of—forty shillings.

Thus, John Campbell may look at the "hinder quarters" of an ass, and, upon the authority of a magistrate, know them to be as precious as the eye of a man; for both are labelled at Union Hall—"price, forty shillings."

Now, in these days of commercial enterprise, it is well that a man should know his own value; we mean that he should be minutely acquainted with the price which the law sets upon his organs and members. In many instances this knowledge may operate in the most beneficial manner, taking the spot of conceit out of a man's mind as surely as the best chemical compound will remove grease or claret stains. Now, reader, you who bend your orbs upon this our starry type—what think you, weighed in the balance of a police-office, your eyes are worth? They may have a squint in them—they may be poor, dull, inexpressive, dreamy eyes, yet of the first value to you; certainly you would not part with them for diamonds, no, not for the famous Mountain of Light, could it be paired. Or your eyes may be of inimitable brightness, making women put up their parasols as they come near them—eyes, murderous of hearts; mortal to the peace of families. Well, sir, and what think you,—weighed by a sworn magistrate,—those eyes are worth? Why, you find, just so much bruised and bleeding ass's flesh; there is no difference in the eye of the law—(by the way, judges always talk of the eye of the law, although justice is said to be blind; a proof that law and justice cannot be the same thing,)—between your visual organs and an ass's hind quarters.

Certainly, we would not have those who ill-treat the beast go unpunished; but in the police markets, is it quite right to value the quarters of an ass at the same rate as the eyes of a man?

"THE CUCKOO'S NEST,"

OR, THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

unch,—As a member of the British and Foreign Institute, allow me to remonstrate with you on the tone of very heartless banter pervading your articles on a most admirable institution, and on a most indefatigable and excellent person, the parent thereof; by the parent, understand me, I mean Mr. Silk Buckingham—yes, sir, Silk, and not Cuckoo Buckingham, as, since the appearance of your articles, I have heard that gentleman denominated by the risible and the unthinking.

It is pleasant, sir, to me, to recall an ungrateful world to a due sense of the merits of Mr. Buckingham. What that gentleman has, by the gentle force of a constitutional modesty, done for the world, who can tell? I pass, sir, his services in India—they were immense; and by no means overpaid by the subscription raised in England. But, sir, is it possible for even a giddy, heartless metropolis to forget that gigantic project of Mr. Buckingham, when (I have the prospectus before me,) he proposed, upon the sale of a certain number of shares, to buy or hire a line-of-battle ship, in which families might safely circumnavigate the globe! Who can imagine the benefits to science promised by such a scheme! The heretofore unknown animals discovered—the new medicinal plants and gums added to our Pharmacopœia—a phœnix caught, for what we could tell—and unicorns shipped for a royal present! What glorious visions arose from that prospectus—what day-dreams of beauty, and utility, and power!

Among other touching invitations to families to circumnavigate the globe, was the advantage of education for the younger branches. At various countries, the ship was to lay at anchor, whilst the children went ashore and learned the language and the customs of the place! The sports and pastimes were also to be observed; the throwing of the bomerang, among others, and the pulling of the long-bow, which last accomplishment, by the way, was to be taught by a sufficient master aboard the ship. The project came to nothing, albeit money was subscribed, and, of course, duly accounted for; but everything was arranged for the voyage, even to the purchase of buckets and wash-hand basins, with the hiring of wet-nurses, when, unfortunately, the ill-health of Mr. Buckingham—stopt the voyage.

After this, Mr. Buckingham retired into the graceful seclusion of private life; but he was made for the world, and the world for him. Therefore, Mr. Buckingham, animated by the purest philanthropy, beset himself to found the British and Foreign Institute! Ye Gods, how he laboured at the noble endeavour! Well, Mr. Punch, he gained the patronage of that very estimable nobleman, the Earl of Devon—he founded the Club—he opened it—and, what is more, by some peculiar charm of manner, he induced Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, to come to his house-warming!

Now, sir, a thoughtless world may sneer, but I say a man who can do all this—a man who is not heard of one month, and in little more than a month after is, as it were, a king, in a palace of his own in

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Hanover-square—a palace hired, furnished, and appointed for him by other people, (his most obedient subjects,) such a man, sir, is, I declare, a genius—an absolute genius; a Napoleon, sir—yea, a Napoleon of the breeches' pocket.

Therefore, Mr. Punch, it is with some contempt for you, and with unbounded admiration for Mr. Silk Buckingham, that I subscribe myself,

Your obedient Servant,
A Member of the Institute,
And therefore a Patron of Cuckoos.

[We have, of course, given insertion to this letter, and can only regret that our correspondent should have mistaken for an instant our feelings towards Mr. Buckingham. We have the greatest veneration for that gentleman's talents; in proof of which we intend to give a plan of the British and Foreign Institute, (Mr. Buckingham's palace,) duly marking the rooms devoted to the members, and the rooms occupied by Mr. Buckingham. We think it impossible to shew a stronger sense of that gentleman's vast and vigorous genius.—Punch.]

Gibbs, for Mayor.

Alderman Gibbs, in the handsomest way, and to save the Court of Aldermen any trouble, has already elected himself Lord Mayor, and will on the 9th of November proceed per fourpenny steamer to Westminster, and swear himself in.

AMERICAN MERCY.

Jonathan's heart of dollars has somewhat relented. The white man, sentenced to be hanged in Louisiana for aiding the Quadroon slave in an attempt to escape from bondage is not, it seems, to be executed. He is only to be *publicly whipped*. Hence, the American flag may retain its significant stripes.

Royalty and the Fine Arts.

We have been very much astonished, have been very indignant at an account published throughout the press, of the funeral of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, who was buried at Copenhagen on the 30th ult., their Majesties of Denmark attending the ceremony. Yes; royalty, "in deep mourning," received the body of a dead sculptor. If anything can bring the kingly office into disregard, it must be such unseemly acts as these. "At the entry of the church, his Majesty, in deep mourning, received the corpse!" We trust that, for this forgetfulness of his high function, the King of Denmark will be sent to Coventry by all his brother and sister potentates. Let us bless and thank our stars that we have no such doings in England! In happy, sea-girt Britain, the "envy of surrounding nations," royalty never makes itself familiar with mere sculptors, painters, poets, and such people. Certainly not; they are kept in their proper places, and are never suffered to run about palaces as, we regret to state, they most certainly do on the benighted Continent. Imagine, for a moment, English royalty "in deep mourning" for departed genius! A low man that King of Denmark!

PUBLIC MEETING IN THE STRAND.

A Public Meeting was held in the Strand, on Saturday last, to take into consideration the state of the chimney of Mr. Deville, the lamp-dealer in general, and phrenologist in particular. The meeting was held on the foot-pavement, immediately in front of the house, and was attended by the street-keeper, who wore the gold leather insignia of the order of the collar and hat-band, supported by the sweep, who carried in his hands the wands and brushes of the fraternity of Ramoneurs, the turncock, in the glazed hat of the brotherhood of the Grand Junction, together with the firemen, and several boys, whose names we were unable to catch, but who were, no doubt, highly influential in collecting the crowd that assembled.

The street-keeper opened the proceedings by briefly knocking at the shop-door, and demanding the usual reward for bringing the engines, a motion which was seconded in a neat speech by the officer in command of the County.

After a few observations from the sweep on the inconvenience of Ramoneurs, and a constitutional allusion to the old climbing-boy institutions of the country, the street-keeper appealed very powerfully to the boys, as to the fact of sparks having been seen to issue from the chimney, an appeal that was responded to with great warmth by his auditors. The turncock now begged to make a few observations. He had been there to turn the water on, and though it was not wanted, he thought he deserved a portion of the reward; but upon a motion of the firemen, seconded by the sweep, the proposition was negatived.

THE BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

No answer having been returned from the house, the following resolutions were put and carried:—It was moved by the fireman and seconded by the sweep, that if they had not come to the spot the premises would have gone to blazes; and in future they might go to blazes, unless the reward was paid. It was moved by the street-keeper and seconded by the sweep, that the pretensions of the Ramoneur are superior to those of the key of the plug-hole, and that the turncock be requested to withdraw. It was moved by the Ramoneur and seconded by the fireman, that the turncock, by refusing to withdraw, has forfeited the confidence of this meeting. Something else was about to be moved, when a policeman came by, and ordered all the party to move on, when the meeting separated.

A LEAF FROM FUTURE "HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN."

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

At this time (April, 1844) it was that two lieutenancies of counties became vacant. Will it be believed — can it be conceived—imagined—entertained by the brain of any rational human being, that both these lieutenancies were conferred upon one man—Lord Lonsdale? And at this time there was a statesman, who, in addition to the inborn claims of a gigantic intellect, had a local claim upon at least one of these counties. Can it be believed that Ministers were so treacherous, base, stupid, crass, and so ignominiously unmindful of the services of that great and distinguished man as to pass him over in silence, heaping an overflowing measure of honour upon, forsooth, Lord Lonsdale? Did they, after this, deserve the support of a man whose fame was cosmopolite, whose vastitude of intellect, like the bow of heaven, was many-coloured and spanned the earth? A man of such variety of accomplishments, of such intensity of purpose, that all civilized Europe stood bare-headed at the very thought of him? Yet this man—whose name I will not write, for it is as bright, lucent, and visible to men as are the stars of heaven—this man had no lieutenancy! Lest, however, there may be some unfortunate and darkened person who may not immediately recognise the exalted individual, so shamefully, so recklessly, so insultingly neglected, this much I will say of him—his name begins with a B.

SONGS OF THE HEARTH-RUG.

THE DISGUSTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

You promised to leave off your smoking,
The day I consented to wed.
How little I thought you were joking:
How fondly believed what you said!
Then, alas! how completely you sold me,
With blandishments artful and vain;
When you emptied your snuff-box, and told me
You never would fill it again!

Those fumes, so oppressive, from puffing,
Say, what is the solace that flows?
And whence the enjoyment of stuffing
A parcel of dust in your nose?
By the habits you thus are pursuing
There *can* be no pleasure conferr'd;
How irrational, then, is so doing!
Now *is* it not *very* absurd?

Cigars come to three-pence each, nearly,
And sixpence an ounce is your snuff;
Consider how much, then, you yearly
Must waste on that horrible stuff.
Why the sums in tobacco you spend, love,
The wealth in your snuff-box you sink,
Would procure me of dresses no end, love,
And keep me in gloves; only think!

What 's worse, for your person I tremble,
'Tis going as fast as it can;
Oh! how should you like to resemble
A smoky and snuffy old man?
Then resign, at the call of Affection,
The habits I cannot endure;
Or you 'll spoil both your nose and complexion,
And ruin your teeth, I am sure.

The "Tale of Mystery" at Drury-Lane.

This glorious old melodrama was revived on Easter Monday at Drury Lane, by *particular* desire of the Antiquarian Society. The combat, in which Mr. Cooper took part, was remarkable for its quiet unobtrusiveness; and his attempts to catch an occasional glimpse at his own sword, by means of an eye-glass concealed in his left hand, were exceedingly effective. It is a remarkable fact, that the audience did—though Mr. Cooper could not—see the point of it.

"The Cuckoo's Nest."

The subscription of books to the library of "The Cuckoo's Nest," or the British and Foreign Institute, goes on very prosperously. We understand that responding to Mr. Silk Buckingham's circular, Mr. Catnach, of Seven Dials, has forwarded to that gentleman a copy of *Raising the Wind* and the *Beggar's Petition*.

THE NEW POLICE HAT.

This ingenious invention bids fair to rival the celebrated Albert Hat in popularity. The moment His Royal Highness of Gotha became acquainted with the fact that the Police were to wear a ventilating hat, he declared his gracious intention to devote his head to it, for the purpose of suggesting further improvements. The Prince at length succeeded in concocting the very elaborate head-gear, of which our engraving furnishes a fac-simile. The original design was very meagre, consisting of the insertion of a common ventilator in the front of an ordinary hat; but the sagacity of the Prince immediately saw that the ventilator could not be always kept going without the aid of a windmill, which was consequently added. In order, however, to counterbalance the weight of the windmill, it was thought desirable to add something to the other side of the hat; and the Prince, after much patient reflection, at length hit upon a weathercock, because the duty of a policeman is to know what is in the wind—a knowledge he is sure to acquire with such aids as a ventilator, a windmill, and a weathercock. It is also evident that the hat, as altered by his Royal Highness, must keep the police constantly alive to any breeze that may be springing up; and the points of the compass being indicated on the weathercock, will enable them to steer their course in the right direction.

MUSIC AND THE MILL.

We understand that an entirely new description of Treadmill is about to be introduced into the Model Prisons. The existing Treadmills are unproductive; it having been considered inexpedient to render penal labour an interference with honest industry. Now, it has been agreed, the Treadmill, if it ground nothing else, might as well grind music; and accordingly, it has been proposed to connect the Mill with a large musical instrument of the nature of the street-organ, but, on a grand scale; in fact, with a species of Apollonicon. Music, we know, has charms of a motive influence on the savage breast; and no doubt the savage breasts of the poacher, the housebreaker, and the footpad, might be influenced beneficially by music. On this account, we hear, the tunes ground will be principally of a serious character; to which the only objection is, that being for the most part slow, they would hardly give the convicts work enough. But, then, on the other hand, the fellows might be employed on Sundays. However, by way of a boon to the Million, in the shape of music which they could hear in no other way, the Mill, on certain week-days, will work Lanner's, Strauss's, and Labitzsky's Waltzes, and the principal popular airs of the day; except when these, like "Nix my dolly, pals," or, "Jolly Nose," chance to be inappropriate.

We have not heard the new instrument; but we are told that its performance of the Rogue's March is something quite wonderful.

EDINBURGH.

NOTICE.—The Highest Price will be given for old or used-up Melodramatic Orders of Merit, Waterloo or other Medals, Officers' Epaulettes, Military Buttons and Sashes, &c. &c., by applying to H.R.H. John Sobieski, at Mrs. Flora McDonald's, Laigh Calton, Edinburgh.

N.B. Holders of Agricultural Society's Medals for excellence in cheese-making, need not apply.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE CHIEF BARONSHIP.

Lord Brougham every one pointed, directly it was known that the above judicial dignity was vacant, as one of the most eager, if not the most successful of candidates. The activity of his friends may be judged of by the following testimonials, that were immediately sent in to the Treasury:—

Testimonial No. 1, from Earl Grey.

The bearer, Henry Brougham, was in my service a short time. I found him a very useful person while he remained with me, but he was unsteady, and always wishing to better himself. Having been out of place a long time, I think he will be found to have got over this defect. At all events, I would suggest that there could be no harm in trying him.

(Signed) Grey.

Testimonial No. 2, from the Duke of Wellington.

My dear Peel,—I think you know Brougham almost as well as myself. I think something ought to be done for him, for he has really shown himself a very useful fellow for our purposes. It is true that the Chief Baronship of the Exchequer requires a cool head, a temperate manner, and a few other things which our friend is not remarkable for; but Parke is a steady hand to have at his side, and will keep him from going very far wrong.

My only objection to Brougham is, that I 'm afraid public opinion would pronounce us "too bad" for giving him the appointment, for it is already said that it is rather "too good" of Brougham to ask for it.

If the Privy Council business is not quite off, perhaps it would be better to let him have his own office of his own creation; for it is so difficult to find out what he really wants, that perhaps his own bill will be the best guide to his wishes. However, do what you think best, and believe me,

Always yours,

Wellington.

Testimonial No. 3, from Lord Lyndhurst.

My dear Peel,—For Heaven's sake, give Brougham the Chief Baronship if you can. I find him such a bore on the woolsack, that I shall lose all patience with him, and say something that will make an enemy of him.

Yours in haste,

Lyndhurst.

Testimonial No. 4, from Louis Philippe.

I know Henry Brougham, and think he would be a very good judge if he accepted the Chief Baronship of the Exchequer.

Louis Philippe.

Testimonial No. 5, from Lord Melbourne.

Henry Brougham is, in my opinion, a very fit person to be appointed Chief Baron, for he is always sure to look at both sides, and adhere to that which can give him the best and weightiest reasons for doing so.

(Signed) Melbourne.

Testimonial No. 6, from Baron Nathan.

Mr. Baron Nathan presents his compliments to Sir Robert Peel, and feeling that he, Baron Nathan, is likely to clash with the pretensions of another Baron, begs leave to resign, in favour of Baron Brougham and Vaux, all claims to the Chief Baronship of the Exchequer.

Mr. Baron Nathan is sure that his brother, Baron Brougham, can have no other competitor that can at all be put in comparison with him but Baron Nathan, who flatters himself, therefore, that by thus resigning, he at once settles the question.

The Gibbs' Money-Box.

A very ingenious money-box has been sent to us for inspection. The clever contriver has, in its formation, very minutely studied the moral and anatomical beauties of Mr. Alderman Gibbs. Thus, you have only to drop the coin into the box, and no power (not even that of Chancery) can get it back again. It is called the "Family Gibbs."

MANSION HOUSE FESTIVITIES.

We understand that the Lord Mayor intends giving a feast at the Mansion House on the same liberal scale as the feast of Lanterns, which is taking place every evening at the Chinese Exhibition.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex—Saturday, April 20, 1844.

"THE CUCKOO'S NEST;"

Or, THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

Mr. Silk Buckingham, (surnamed the Cuckoo), must certainly be a descendant of that Duke of Buckingham who was always bothering Richard III. on the subject of certain "moveables," which he, Buckingham, had set his heart upon.

The British and Foreign Institute was originated to unite the advantages of a private house and a club; the private house being for the benefit of Buckingham, and the club arrangements, such as they are, being for the accommodation of all the members.

The ordinary clubs comprehend—

1. A coffee-room.
2. A dining-room.
3. A drawing-room.
4. A billiard-room.
5. A smoking-room.
6. A library or reading-room.
7. A strangers' room.
8. Dressing-rooms.

Now the British and Foreign Institute, or rather the British and Foreign Destitute, comprises two out of these eight apartments; one of which, the library or reading-room, is devoted to members, while the other, the drawing-room, is thrown open once a week for Silk to bore the members to death about the Holy Land.

It may be urged that a coffee-room is not wanted, because, as there is no coffee, a mere coffee-room would partake of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. The rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and the coffee at any other house in the neighbourhood would be as acceptable. Certain it is that "Coffee me no Coffees" is practically the motto of Buckingham.

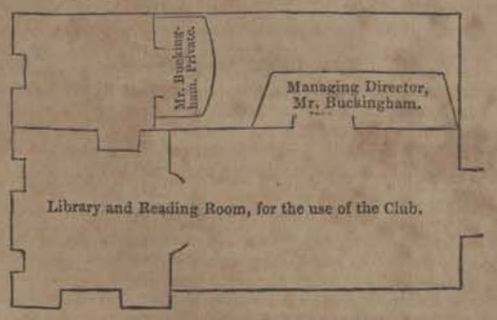
We now come to the dining-room, or rather we can't come to it, because there is none. A dining-room without a dinner would be almost as miserable as a mountebank without a victim; and that would never suit Buckingham.

The drawing-rooms, as we have already said, are open to the Subscribers—once a week—when members are afforded an opportunity of comparing the living Buckingham with his portrait (in oil and a turban,) which is exhibited on the walls, surrounded by the young B.'s, who if they resemble the elder "busy busy B.," will, of course, know how "to improve the shining hour."

As to a billiard-room, or a smoking-room, who can require such apartments in such a place? Buckingham himself being "an immense cigar," if smoking were allowed, he would inevitably be smoked, and there would be an end of the Cuckoo's Nest.

It is, perhaps, rather an inconvenience to members to feel themselves in the position of trespassers on the premises in George-street; but, yet, how delicate are the precautions taken by Mr. Buckingham to prevent them from intruding where they have no right, and thus feeling themselves *de trop* in the British and Foreign Destitute. On nearly every door there is a brass plate,—for James Silk can appreciate the value of brass—inscribed with the words, "Private—Mr. Buckingham:" words that are sufficient to act as repellants at once, and thus the subscriber involuntarily turns aside from the room he has no business in. The reading-room, it is true, is very narrow—but, as no one who has been there once wishes to go again, it may be pronounced to be "as broad as it is long," and Buckingham is sure to allow himself, if not his subscribers, plenty of latitude.

The following plans of the ground and first floors will indicate the



caution with which the words "Private—Mr. Buckingham," have been inscribed for the information of those who might otherwise have trespassed into rooms which they might have thought themselves entitled to enter, because they had paid for them.

The plans of the second and third floors may be greatly simplified, for the words "Private—Mr. Buckingham" will be a sufficient description of the uses they are devoted to.

The absence of dressing-rooms has been remarked upon; but any member, having a previous understanding with the housemaid, may take his turn at the jack-towel.

It has been objected that the absence of anything to eat detracts from the advantages of the Destitute; but to obviate this, the next door has been turned into a *restaurant*, combining the simple fare of the humblest eating-house with the prices of the Athenæum. This cook's shop is reached by a dilapidation of the party-wall, through a hole in which the members are let in at all hours.

By way of rendering the British and Foreign Destitute particularly select, it is arranged that the annual subscription for the first year shall be payable twice in the twelvemonth, a luxury which, however costly, is one that no other club can claim the advantage of.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

The Duke of Wellington, on entering the House, begged to call the attention of the few members present to a copy of Punch, which he now held in his hand. The noble Duke was understood to refer to the illustration of "The Giant and the Dwarf," and expressed his deep sense of the compliment that had been paid to him.

A messenger from the Commons now appeared at the Bar with various Bills from the Lower House.

Lord Strangford, in allusion to the document that the noble Duke (Wellington) now held in his hand, remarked that it was really admirable.

Lord Colchester inquired if it was not an excellent idea?

Lord Strangford replied, Certainly.

The Earl of Winchelsea took the opportunity to observe that he thought it very good, and he (the Earl of Winchelsea) might add, very like also. (*A laugh.*)

Lord Colchester would ask the noble Duke to place in his (Lord Colchester's) hands a portion of the paper which the noble Duke now held in his possession. He (Lord Colchester) was always glad to take a leaf out of the Duke of Wellington's book.

The Duke of Wellington was unwilling to consent to a discussion. Besides there was other business now before their Lordships.

All the Bills having been forwarded a stage, the House adjourned.

CABINET NEWS.

General Tom Thumb has been so often sent for to the Palace, that a speedy change in the Cabinet is looked upon as inevitable. It is rumoured that the General has already written to Lord Brougham.

Enclosure of Waste Lands Bill.

A DONKEY'S PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOURABLE HOUSE,

YOUR Petitioner as a born Donkey, approaches you with a peculiar confidence, knowing the indulgence with which you are sometimes prone to listen to the words of his fellows. It would be the basest ingratitude in him not to feel a lively faith in your consideration, seeing with what tenderness, with what tolerance, the tribe of asses is frequently treated by your honourable body. Indeed, how much of the history of Parliament is no other than the indirect history of the ass!

How frequently, too, do many illustrious members of your House, despairing of rising to any sublimer height of eloquence, content themselves with imitating "the sweet voices of my fellows"—how many, not born to speak upon any question, can, nevertheless, (occasion serving) bray upon all!

Hence am I, a donkey, emboldened to approach your Honourable House, feeling that I already possess within it many sympathising friends, admirers and advocates; whose whole lives have, indeed, been so closely associated with my interests, that their names and my own have been pronounced as one. Indeed, and indeed, how often have M.P. and A.S.S. met in the same individual!

It having, therefore, been made known to me by an intimate friend from among your body, that a Bill is now before your Honourable House for the purpose of legalising the Enclosure of Commons and Waste Lands, and thereby depriving poor men's asses, cows, geese, fowls, &c., of their born rights,—your Petitioner, with most respectful humility, prays that you will again and again consider the true object of such measure, ere you shall give to it the mischief of a law.

The rights of property! Consider, gentlemen, the solemnity of these words—digest the awful meaning of the syllables. Does not your Honourable House, in its deep devotion to the words, transport forgers, burglars, pickpockets! Does it not read them even in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, value fourpence? Indeed, is there anything beneath the sky, that is not, by the philosophy of Parliament dignified, made sacred by the syllables!

Do not landlords' hares run about with "rights of property" marked in their skins? Are not the syllables among the golden plumage of the pheasant? Lurk they not in the sober feathers of the partridge? Grow they not in every piece of turf—on every hedge? And if, indeed, "Rights of Property" is not to be read in the eternal sun, moon, and stars, it is only because, unfortunately, an Act of Parliament will not reach them!

Then is it by the devotion, the religion of your Honourable House to "Rights of Property" that your Petitioner conjures you to respect them when vested in the poor man. The common is *his* birthright; it is one of the few spots of this planet left by the shamefaced humanity of grudging wealth to the poor. "The Rights of Property!" May it please your Honourable House, for a brief breathing-time, to give ear to, ponder upon, and take to heart the "Rights of *Poverty*!"

Very many of your Honourable House were born heirs to lands. Thousands of acres acknowledged ye, at your first baby wail, their lords and masters. "Rights of Property," in a golden halo, shone around your cradles! And far about and loud was the rejoicing at the birth of the young heir. Ale-casks foamed, whole oxen roasted at the fire—the flesh-pots were set before all comers—and the whole neighbourhood made merry at the glad advent of the lucky babe, for whom corn-fields waved their golden treasures—to whom ten thousand oaks bowed homage! Nay, the domestic animals—so old wives have declared—showed strange sympathy with the human happiness around them. The turnspit at the fire did its duty, as it were a labour of love—the peacock on the lawn screamed a note of triumph, and showed the glory of its tail with new delight. And all these doings, sounds and sights of merriment, were the proper, the customary homage to the "Rights of Property."

Your petitioner's master was born when your petitioner was a rough, happy, milk-sucking foal. He was the sixth child of ROBIN HEDGESTAKE, farm-servant and day-labourer, who dwelt in a small cot on the edge of Gaggle Common. ROBIN had a bit of garden-ground, which, at over-hours, he cultivated, growing therein most miraculous cabbages. Besides his garden, ROBIN had his right of Common; and partook sufficingly of that right in the persons of my mother and myself, five geese and a gander, and I forget the number of cocks and hens. It was a fine thing to see ROBIN sometimes stroll upon the Common, treading the soil with the happy air of a proprietor. He had at least one bit of land from out the whole earth; he, himself, was born to *his* piece of turf—he had *his* right—the "Rights of Property," as inalienably his as the land won or stolen at the Conquest was the right of the squire. ROBIN might gaze with allowed complacency at his geese, fattening upon *his* land—his she-ass and foal cropping *his* grass. If he was not a lord of the soil, he was at least the owner of a patch of Common! And his last baby, too, the sixth—he, too, was born a landholder, and would have his ass, his geese, his fowls, picking their scanty food from the same earth that had helped to feed their progenitors, who shall say how many generations upwards.

Your petitioner has heard with dismay that it is the purpose and intention of your Honourable House to deprive all present and future peasantry of the rights enjoyed by such as ROBIN HEDGESTAKE. Your petitioner cannot, however, give full credence to this rumour, knowing the intense devotion of your Honourable House to the "Rights of Property;" knowing, that in defence of such rights you have hanged tens of thousands; and, at the present time, have in New South Wales, at the Bermudas, and on board of English hulks, other thousands of living felons, witnesses of your devotion to the high principle. Is it likely that your Honourable House, that hangs and transports the poor thief, would, in its turn, filch from the pauper? Your petitioner, even as a donkey, cannot believe it.

Had ROBIN HEDGESTAKE driven my mother and myself into the pastures of the landholder, certain it is, the same ROBIN would have been put in the stocks—my dear mother and myself clapt in the pound—and heaven, or at least the parish attorney, only knows what further punishment might have been wreaked upon the evil-doer! And is it possible that the aforesaid landholder shall be permitted, under any plea, to enclose the poor man's common—to deprive his goose, his fowls, his ass, of their very birthright? Shall the poor man have no piece of earth that he can call his own? Barred as he is from the enjoyments of the rich, caged as he is by a hundred necessities, shall he not—even like a prisoned lark—have one bit of turf, whereon he may give blithe utterance to his spirit? Shall the "Rights of Property" be a carol only for the rich, sung to the chink of money-bags?

ROBIN HEDGESTAKE was an honest, worthy soul—his smock-frock to him as honourable as the fine Saxony of his landlord, Member for the County. Yet, allow your petitioner to suppose a case. Permit him for a moment to picture ROBIN HEDGESTAKE as a thief. Yes; ROBIN has broken into his landlord's stable, and defrauded his hunters of their hay and oats. ROBIN'S ass and poultry have devoured the stolen goods. In the good old hempen days, certain it is that ROBIN would have suffered asphyxia for the felony—in common sessions phrase, he would have been hanged by the neck until he was dead. In these better times, ROBIN would be transported: he would be a doomed felon, for seven, fourteen years, or for life, according to the bile and the fine sense of "the Rights of Property" of the judge who tried him. And serve ROBIN right, cry the laws; wherefore should he, the varlet, steal hay and oats?

And may your petitioner ask of your Honourable House, wherefore should you steal the poor man's pasture? Wherefore should you defraud his geese and poultry of their few and hard-gained pickings? Why rob his ass of a few mouthfuls of short, hard grass—why rob him of his pungent thistle? Your Honourable House will not do

this, simply because you have the power to do so. It is the wickedest work of man when he hammers might into right: it is—take your Petitioner's and a donkey's word for it—unsafe work, too: for though it may seem to hold for a time, some day it is apt to snap, to the doing of much mischief to those who hammered it.

Wherefore, your Petitioner hopes your Honourable House will pause and ponder on the Enclosure of Waste Lands and Commons Bill, now before you, and (provided that you legislate for the combined Rights of Property and Poverty too)—

Your Petitioner will ever bray,
A DONKEY.

IMPORTANT.—TO THE LADIES.

THE great success which the "Strong Wind" has met with in the lottery of wedlock, has induced his companions in arms and paint—the Ojibbeway Indians—to advertise for English wives; and as the said Indians are very shortly about to leave the country, early applications on the part of the ladies are desirable. The Indians have already at least one wife, but they promise, even as "Strong Wind" promised, to remain constant to their new helpmates; a promise which, upon their return to the back woods, they will doubtless most honourably perform. We subjoin the advertisements:—

No. I.

"AH-QUE-WE-ZANTS—the Boy Chief. The advertiser is in his seventy-fifth year, and shall be happy to form a matrimonial engagement with any English lady of known property. The Boy Chief, in his admiration of the martial character of England, will have no objection to the widow of a general officer, if under forty. Her property must not be secured upon herself. She must know how to cure bear's flesh, to hoe, and rake, and dig, and reap. She must also be able to skin rabbits and clean pipes. Principals only treated with. Apply from 10 to 12.

"N.B.—The squaw must have been vaccinated."

No. II.

"PA-TAN-NA-QUET-A-WER-BE—the Driving Cloud. The advertiser is the War Chief, aged 51, of a remarkably placable and humorous disposition. He has no objection to treat with a young English lady; and will on a marriage settlement, secure to her all his scalps. The young lady must have been tenderly and affectionately brought up, as she will have to carry the wigwam poles of the Driving Cloud upon all journeys. She must bring a sufficient income to keep her husband in tobacco, rum, and laziness. English securities preferred: no holder of Pennsylvanian bonds will be treated with.

No. III.

"WE-NISH-KA-WEA-BE—Fly Gull and Hereditary Chief, is open to the offers of the Ladies of England. Having inherited his dignity, not won it by any deeds or virtues of his own, advertisers are confidently referred to the *Ojibbeway Peerage*, 4to. The birth of the Flying Gull will not allow him to treat with anybody below a baronet's daughter."

GISH-E-GOSH-E-GHEE, the Moonlight Night, and SAH-MA, Tobacco, in the most unblushing manner, also forwarded their advertisements; but as *Punch* discovered them to be both married men, with their wives here with them, he, with his known devotion to the proprieties, has of course refused to insert any such invitations to the connubial state.

Punch's Picture Gallery.

IN order to keep pace with some of our contemporaries, we purpose presenting all our subscribers on an early day with a magnificent representation of the City Fast, as a companion to the well-known picture of the Waterloo Banquet. The City Fast will consist of a single plate, with nothing on it. Proofs may be seen at the Mansion House during the whole of the present Mayoralty.

PHYSICIANS AND GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

A CONTROVERSY has been raised of late on the respective merits of the Physician and the General Practitioner. *Punch* will endeavour to settle it.

The Physician writes M.D. after his name. The General Practitioner M.R.C.S.

The General Practitioner might also subjoin L.A.C. to his name, if he chose, for Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company; but he usually waves this privilege.

Now hence, upon the long-established axiom that two and two make four, it is clear that the General Practitioner is a man of more letters than the Physician. The latter, notwithstanding, piques himself on his superior education, having generally been to Oxford or Cambridge, and there taken his degree. At the University, he is supposed to have acquired a familiarity with the dead languages, the importance whereof, in the cure of diseases, must be obvious.

The Physician's range of business is narrower. He takes a particular class of diseases, called "medical;" otherwise they are termed "internal;" the human body having been determined by the Faculty to have an inside and an outside, just like an omnibus, the laws of Nature with respect to each being different. Further, in the ailments which the Physician attends to there is a something which renders their treatment a more elevated, ennobling, gentlemanlike, and aristocratic occupation than that of others. A stomach-ache, for instance, is the province of the Physician; a broken shin that of the General Practitioner.

The Physician almost invariably dresses in black, and wears a white neckcloth. He also often affects smalls and gaiters; likewise, short frills. He appears, no doubt very properly, to be in perpetual mourning. The General Practitioner more frequently sports coloured clothes, as drab trousers and a figured waistcoat. With respect to features, the Roman nose, we think, is more characteristic of Physicians; while among General Practitioners, we should say the more common of the two was the snub.

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," ETC. ETC.

The General Practitioner and Physician often meet professionally; on which occasions their interests, as well as their opinions, are very apt to clash: whereupon an altercation ensues, which ends by the Physician's telling the General Practitioner that he is an "impudent quack," and the General Practitioner's replying to the Physician that he is "a contemptible humbug."

THE POLKA.

Lord Brougham, having seen numerous advertisements from various individuals, professing to teach

THE POLKA,

begs leave respectfully to inform his friends, the nobility and the public, that he has just returned from France with an entirely new version. Lord Brougham flatters himself that his

Very Extraordinary Steps

cannot very easily be acquired, except under the instructions of Lord Brougham himself, and begs leave to refer for the singular character of his *tours* to all the leading men of all the political parties in the kingdom, who have in turn taken lessons by which they have declared their intention to profit.

THE CITY CARTOONS.

In consequence of the desire of the Civic Authorities to ornament the New Royal Exchange with Cartoons, we beg leave to present, on behalf of the Vintners' Company, the following tableau of

OLD PORT INTRODUCING GOUT TO THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

The Port of London has long enjoyed a reputation for being "equal to any, and inferior to none," as was emphatically observed by Mr. Rowland, in one of his earlier treatises on Macassar. The genealogy of Gout may be summed up by stating briefly that it is got by port out of bottle—port being, as the wine-consumer is perhaps aware, frequently got by logwood out of sloe-juice.

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Earl of Lonsdale, late Lord Lowther, has presented the Rev. Henry Lowther to the trusteeship of the harbour of Whitehaven. The advantage of having a clergyman to look after the interests of the harbour, cannot be too highly appreciated; and the reverend incumbent will, no doubt, prepare the sailors for going aloft in the double meaning of the term. Whitehaven is remarkable for its oysters; the Earl of Lonsdale is perfectly justified in placing the harbour under the trusteeship of a reverend individual, whose attention to the cure of souls points him out as a fit person to look after the interests of the natives.

HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This splendid structure is said to be nearly completed, though there is nothing to be seen but a couple of brick buttresses; one at one end and the other at the other. How the proprietors intend to make both ends meet is at present a mystery. The bridge is designed for foot passengers only, and it is expected will be greatly patronised by the market-gardeners, who will, of course, leave their horses and carts on the other side of the river. It is calculated that all the persons employed at the brewery in Pedlar's Acre will use the Hungerford Suspension Bridge at least once a day. If the draymen occupy apartments at the west end of the town, it is possible that in the expected traffic from this source the shareholders will not be disappointed. It is to be hoped that the people of Lancaster-place will mix more than they have done hitherto with the inhabitants of the York-road; and thus Richmond's prediction as to the union of the houses of York (road) and Lancaster (place) will be literally verified. The white (washed) rows of the one, and the red (brick) rows of the other, are emblematical of the white and red roses which were entwined together on the field of Bosworth.

LEGAL CHANGES.

Sir Frederick Pollock was sworn in the other day as Chief Baron of the Exchequer, having been first admitted as a sergeant; a mystic ceremony, with which the public, generally, may not perhaps be familiar. The Sergeant elect enters the Court of Common Pleas, when the whole of the Sergeants dart at him a glance of recognition, exclaiming, "I spy a brother;" and the "brother" having paid nine hundred pounds for the relationship, becomes a sergeant accordingly. The sergeant elect then takes out of his pocket a small paper parcel containing a coif, which he places on the top of his head, and gives his old, worn-out, utter barrister's wig to his clerk, to be taken back to his chambers. This interesting ceremony went off with considerable *éclat* on the occasion of Sir Frederick Pollock's investiture with the insignia of sergeancy.

Literary Announcements from Edinburgh.

Hints on Horsemanship, or Maxims and Methods; by which the art of Riding with *ease*, *elegance*, and *safety* may readily be obtained. By Robert Thomson, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Sheriff-Deputes for Scotland.

Ludovic, or the Last of the Calenders; a Manglesian Romaunt from the Arabic. With Notes and Illustrations by Charles Fitzpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

Brougham, they say 's expected to become
A rival to the General Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb is small, but Brougham, all confess,
Continues daily growing less and less.

THE POLKA.

(A NEW DANCE, INTRODUCING THE OLD DOUBLE SHUFFLE.)

THE GREAT KING OF TROYNOVANT.

THE following legend respecting Troynovant, as London was anciently called, has been extracted, at a frightful expense, from the Chronicle of HUKERIUS VALKERIUS.]

The vast city of Troynovant was governed by a king, whom the natives called the "Meir," or "Mare." His palace, or mansion as it was termed, was built by a hill famous for its luxuriant corn; and the size of the poultry-yard, which was adjacent to it, attracted the admiration of all beholders. He had another palace more peculiarly royal, as the street which it commanded was called the "King's Street." This was guarded by two enormous giants, many hundred years old, who were in the habit of leaving their posts, and coming to take refreshment, whenever they heard the clock strike one. This movement of the giants was always anticipated by those who came from distant parts, with great curiosity, but few were eventually much gratified by the exhibition. So vast was the city, and so great was the might of the king, that the constitution provided that he should only reign for a single year, taking the same precaution against the accumulation of power in one individual that the Romans did with regard to their consuls. On the 9th of every November the new king was enthroned, and on the 5th preceding the effigies of the old king were burned in derision, being called a "Gye."

There was once a king of Troynovant, whose reign was marked by a magnificence unequalled in the memory even of the oldest men. The name of this splendid king was OMFRIUS; and nothing was talked of, in his day, but the abundant feasts which he gave. All sorts and conditions of men were invited to these stupendous festivals; and a herald used to blow a trumpet, whenever one of them took place, and to cry out, "KING OMFRIUS will feast to-day; welcome, all ye good citizens of Troynovant."

Now in the days of OMFRIUS the beasts and birds had not lost the faculty of speech, but could converse as wisely and discreetly as those of whom mention is made by the sage historian ÆSOP. Seeing their numbers greatly diminished by the frequent banquets, they held a great council to determine what course they should pursue. They there admitted that they were by the destinies so far subjected to man, that he might slaughter and eat them in moderation, without their having a right to raise a voice against it. There were, however, limits to the work of consumption, and these limits had certainly been passed by King OMFRIUS. An occasional festivity they did not mind; indeed, it served to check a surplus population; but this uninterrupted series of feasts threatened absolute annihilation. The beasts and birds therefore resolved to make war on Troynovant, and sweep it from the surface of the earth, and they were joined in their resolution by the fishes, who peeped up from the river, and expressed their hearty concurrence in the views they had overheard. The cattle were to rush in a body to the corn hill, and gore to death all whom they met; the birds were to swarm in the air so thickly, as to cut off the light of heaven from the citizens; and the fish were to block up the Thames, so as to render all escape by water utterly impossible.

However, just as they were about to make preparations for the attack, a stranger suddenly appeared before them on the part of the city, requesting them to desist, as he had terms of peace to propose. The birds, beasts, and fishes paused in anxious curiosity. "Omfrius," said the stranger, "whose excesses awakened your just indignation, has ceased, and I am sovereign of Troynovant. Desist from your hostile purpose, and lo! here I solemnly promise that I and the members of my house will be satisfied with an occasional mutton chop, and that I will give no feastings to my voracious subjects." When the animals heard this they applauded greatly, and cried with one voice, "Long live the new king of Troynovant! may his reign last for ever! While he is on the throne we will make no attack on his ancient city." So they retired to their several homes. And the king kept his word, for his reign was distinguished for the great abstemiousness of the court.

Because the successor of OMFRIUS had thus saved Troynovant, the citizens in gratitude gave him the name of "Magnus," which in the Latin tongue signifies "great." But, nevertheless, some of the old men would shake their heads doubtfully and say, "Whatever were the faults of OMFRIUS, truly his reign was a merry one after all!"

A VOICE FROM THE RIVER.

You take your wife to Putney, when she 's ailing,
To reap the benefit of fresher air;
She thinks of shipwreck, and, her spirits failing,
Most heartily she wishes you were there.

While to her better sense you are appealing,
And doing all you can in vain to please her;
Ah! little dreams that captain of your feeling,
As from the paddle-box he bawls out—"Ease her!"

CONCILIATION HALL.

[From our own Reporter]

R. O'CONNELL stated that sympathy was spreading more and more. Communications had reached him from the Moon, and it appeared that meetings are about to be held in both Horns, as well as in its other quarters, and that there is not the shadow of a doubt that large remittances may be expected. Many think that there will be an aggregate Monster Meeting in one of the Central Planets, and that it is not too much to expect that Delegates from the Georgium Sidus will attend; and as the brightness of that luminary exceeds anything noticed elsewhere, it is rational to suppose that its surface is composed of precious metal—a very encouraging idea to Repealers.

MR. O'CONNELL read a communication from the Secretary of a Repeal Association in a place situated near the northern horn of the Moon, inclosing a draught for 100*l*. He also announced the receipt of 20*l*. from a tribe of Esquimaux, Parry's Cove, Hudson's Bay. He begged to conclude his remarks by singing a song of his own composing.

THE PATRIOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

My countrymen! Liberty calls you,
She gives you an Irish broad hint;
Arise and respond to her watchword—
"Be sure and remember the Rint."

Long time have oppressors enslaved you,
Who never thro' pity ralint;
But now is the hour of deliv'rance:
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Your tyrants still wish to enthrall you,
Their hearts are as hard as a flint;
You may laugh them to scorn and despise them,
If you only remember the Rint.

My countrymen! Victory 'waits you—
Bright Fame, in a glorious tint,
Will paint forth your actions in story:
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Your fathers have fought and have conquered,
Their names are recorded in print:
So eclipse their bold prowess in battle;
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Our hands shall be freed from the tyrant,
Each hero be rich as the Mint;
What blessings and comforts await ye,
If you will but remember the Rint.

What foe can expect to oppose ye,
Or the growth of your power to stint,
If you only will do what I tell ye,
And be sure to remember the Rint?

For myself he may send me to prison,
I scorn his ferocious intint,
And I care not a straw for his malice,
If you will but remember the Rint.

In this glorious cause I have laboured,
For this my best days I have spint,
You cannot now mean to forsake me.
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Oh! son of this great, this *green* island,
I only just give you a hint,
That I always will stick to my country,
If she will but remember the Rint.

The Association then adjourned.

Private Theatricals at Buckingham Palace.

THE farce of TOM THUMB was repeated on Friday afternoon for the third time, at Buckingham Palace. TOM THUMB enacted his original character, supported by the KING of the BELGIANS, as Noodle, his Serene Highness the PRINCE of LEININGEN taking the insignificant part of Doodle. The prologue was spoken by Mr. BARNUM, the showman, disguised as a guardian.

At the end of the performance, TOM THUMB made his well-known bow, by Her MAJESTY'S command, and favoured the royal party with some gratuitous remarks on the furniture, which were not quite so successful.

LES PREMIÈRES ARMES DE MONTPENSIER;

OR, MUNCHAUSEN OUT-DONE.

FOR the following letter the French journals are indebted to COLONEL THIERY, the Aide-de-Camp, or tutor, or it may possibly be toady to the DUKE OF MONTPENSIER. The letter is to the Queen, on the young Prince's first affair :—

"I am happy to have the honour of giving to your Majesty some details regarding the conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of Montpensier, which he could not himself give but at *the expense of his modesty.*"

O fie!

"The Prince at length has found an occasion for showing that he could emulate his brothers in courage, charged to aid in the attack upon the village of Mechouneche with his guns. H.R.H. had to defile under the Arab fire at a very short distance from their guns; but his batteries were soon judiciously posted, and there the inauguration of *the royal artillery-man* (HOW PRETTY!) took place in the face of the whole army, by a brisk cannonade, the effects of which contributed greatly to the success of the first part of the air. The Prince from this position fired his howitzers and wall-guns, the discharge of which brought *several* Arabs to the ground. I applauded this *début*. I considered it as sufficient: but there was still better fortune in store for the two Princes.

"On another point our attacks had not been so successful. A column of infantry had met with *such difficulties of ground* (only DIFFICULTIES OF GROUND, OF COURSE,) that it began to falter; and the audacity of the Arabs had increased in a menacing manner. The Duke of Aumale thought proper to put an end to this by moving forward in person at the head of the grenadiers. The Duke of Montpensier felt that his place was no longer there, where the perils he was to encounter were less than those which his brother was facing; and, by an inspiration, of which the merit belongs entirely to himself, he gave up the command of the guns to the lieutenants under him, and followed across a shower of balls by the side of the Duke of Aumale.

"His devotedness was near costing him dear. He was one of the privileged in the group which followed the Princes. A ball tore the upper eyelid of his left eye. Although the pain was severe, and the blood which issued from this slight wound was at first sight alarming, H.R.H. never paused in his course; but, with his brother, was among the first to reach the height crowned by the Arabs, and considered by them as so impregnable, that those natives who were not witnesses of the action, INSIST ON ITS BEING ATTESTED TO THEM BY OATH!

"The Duke of Aumale's resolution was heroic, and success justified his temerity, although it was great. The Princes were not followed by twenty soldiers, worn out by fatigue when they reached the crest of the hill occupied by SEVERAL HUNDRED of the enemy. Among them were several regulars, who were at our approach *seized with a panic*, which was quite unexpected.

"The Duke's wound has been so slight that it will not leave the honour of a scar. His sight was never affected for a moment. As for the health of the Princes it never was more satisfactory.

Signed, "THIERY."

THIERY having thus addressed his Queen: let the admiring PUNCH be allowed to address THIERY.

Now, dear THIERY, we have finished that veracious History of the Next French Revolution (the extraordinary accuracy of which narrative will be proved when the Revolution shall come to pass), we are prepared to offer you a handsome salary to write a History of the African war.

Our historiographer is a smart chap, but without a doubt, dear Colonel, you are a better man, and we shall dispossess him and appoint you.

Beloved THIERY! it is noble to see you, in fancy, following your Princes through the shower of balls! What admirable devotedness! There is nothing of a lickspittle about you—no flattery; every word you say seems Gospel true.

What, the whole column of infantry began to falter, did they? before Mechouneche, that pretty village. And the audacity of the Arabs grew menacing! And the Princes rushed forward with twenty men only (what a compliment to the gallantry of the rest of the army!), and with these twenty men upset several hundreds of the enemy, who were seized with an unaccountable panic!

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

Dear friend, it must have been at the sight of the young PRINCE OF MONTPENSIER, with his left upper eyelid bleeding—*bon Dieu*, what a ghastly royal artilleryman! what a blood-stained young bombardier of a Prince he must have looked!

But what was the ball which tore the eyelid, dear Sir—was it a cannon ball? a great whacking, thundering, whizzing, eighty-four pounder; or perhaps a bomb that went off and lodged there; or, perhaps, a Congreve rocket that whisked off an eyelash—Heavens, what an escape it was. Explain it to us, dear truthteller, more accurately in your next charming letter. Let us know how it was that the ball hit the dear PRINCE in the eyelid, and how it was that his nose got off unhurt, and his forehead; and how the wound which bled so terrifically, and was so painful, won't even leave a scar.

Perhaps the ball respected the PRINCE—was seized with an unaccountable panic, like the several hundred regulars, at sight of his Royal Highness's face, and bounded back quite astonished. Amiable friend, why should not this be true? Tell us about it in your next, and mention the name of the Arabs who were killed by the rebound.

Don't say if the ball which touched the eyelid of the Royal Bombarders was only his eyeball:—it is much better as it stands—or let us say at once that it was a red-hot shot; you picked it up, cooled it, and intend to send it as a present to the QUEEN.

That is a great stroke, dear friend, about the Arabs (who did not witness the action of the Princes, and their twenty men frightening away the several hundreds)—forcing YOU TO SWEAR TO THE FACT before they will believe it. Will they believe it when you DO swear? O those benighted followers of ABD-EL-KADER!

Dear friend, we have some like you in England, but none *quite* so great. Our Court Circulars contain humbug and flattery, which are pretty sickening and slavish in their way; but I think we have never come near *you*, dear THIERY. We never sneered at a whole army, to exalt the bravery of two young men. His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT has undergone some handsome dangers in his time, but he never had his eyelid torn by a cannon-ball. Be yours the palm—yours, and the country which owns you.

Let us hope, dear Sir, that in the approaching visit of the French King to this country, we may see you following at his august back. If you come to the Strand, come, and see us. Come, and we will introduce you to some similar English worthies.

And we will institute an order, and it shall be called the Order of the Long Bow, and COLONEL THIERY shall have the first Grand Cordon. Come; and, in the meantime, write more letters, dear THIERY,

To your wondering and loving

PUNCH.

METAPHYSICAL MYSTERIES.

Q. WHAT is an abstract idea?
A. Mr. Baring's membership for the city of London.
Q. What is a *vivid* impression?
A. Lord Brougham's craving for the woolsack.
Q. What are mental phenomena?
A. Members of parliament.

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

(From our own Reporter.)

His Royal Highness, in his capacity of one of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts, paid a visit on Saturday afternoon to the New Houses of Parliament. He was met at the door by Mr. Barry, the architect, and Mr. Grissell, the builder, to whom His Royal Highness was pleased to remark, that whenever he met with Grissell, he was sure there was some pleasure in *peto* for him. Colonel Bouverie having explained to the bystanders the fact of Mr. Grissell being in partnership with a gentleman of the name of *Peto*, the whole party laughed very heartily.

His Royal Highness, on entering the porch, was told it was built of free-stone, upon which he emphatically remarked, that the stone *ought* to be free, which was used in the construction of the Houses of Parliament of a free people. Lord Palmerston, who was of the party, added, that no doubt Shakespeare, when he asserted that there were sermons in stones, alluded particularly to "free-stones," an observation that was not particularly well received by the rest of the company.

During the inspection of the lower part of the Victoria Tower it was stated to his Royal Highness that the niches in the wall were to be filled with statues of the Kings and Queens of England, when the Prince expressed considerable anxiety to have some idea of the effect that would be produced by such an arrangement. After a good deal of joking as to which of the party would best become the niche, one of the masons was pounced upon and hoisted into the space amid much merriment, which was greatly increased by Prince Albert remarking that as the man was in his working dress, which was rather black, (it being Saturday,) he looked more like King Coal than any other sovereign.

It was explained to the Prince that the Houses would be ventilated by a tower, 300 feet high, rising far above the ascent of smoke; upon which the Prince observed, he did not see why the legislature should not be made to consume its own smoke, instead of pouring it out in dense volumes on the metropolis. After having scrambled up and down temporary staircases, and along temporary scaffolds, till a quarter past six, the whole party quitted the premises, highly delighted at having got safely out of them.

A PAROCHIAL OPERA.

Scene.—*The Vestry Room of St. Stephen's Walbrook.* Parishioners *grouped in various parts.*

Chorus of Parishioners.

Oh! where and oh! where is the parish money gone?
Oh! where and oh! where is the parish money gone?
It's gone in a way that to Gibbs is only known.
And it's oh! in our hearts that he'd tell us where 'tis flown.

(*Enter* Alderman Gibbs *and* Mr. Eddison.)

Gibbs (*Recitative*).
What mean these noisy and seditious sounds?
The parish owes me eighteen hundred pounds.

Chorus of Parishioners.
Andante.
Walker!

Eddison.
To meet you here we never could expect.
(*Con molto expressione*).
I and my colleague come as the select.

Gibbs *(affettuoso.)*
(*To* Eddison *con tenerezza.*
Such great intrusiveness I never saw.
My worthy colleague let us both withdraw.

Parishioners *(Un poco piu allegro.)*
They threaten to leave us,
They shall not deceive us,
How dare they bereave us
Of that which we seek.
'Tis gammon and roley,
And spinach and poley,
We call upon Croly,
Our rector to speak.

Trio.
Croly, Gibbs *and* Eddison.

Croly.
Since on me to speak they call,
I a few brief words will say.

Gibbs *and* Eddison.
This don't suit our views at all,
Let us quickly hence away.

Croly *(Con molto sorpreso.)*
Nay, nay, nay,
You mean not what you say,
You will not hence away.

Gibbs *and* Eddison.
Yea—yea—yea,
We mean just what we say,
And we will hence away.
Away! yea! away!
Exeunt Gibbs *and* Eddison

Croly *and* Chorus.
Well, well—did you ever!
Oh really, I never
Such shamelessness saw.
They think themselves clever,
But we will endeavour
To teach them the law.

Croly (*allegro*).
Yes, we will endeavour
Parishioners (*fortissimo*).
To teach them the law.

The curtain falls.

The Prince of Wales and the Blue-coat School.

We perceive by a printed circular from Christ's Hospital, that it is in contemplation to appoint the Prince of Wales a governor of that excellent institution. We are not aware what style of government his Royal Highness will adopt; but we are quite sure that the grotesque appearance of the boys in their yellow stockings will afford much amusement to the illustrious prince who will henceforth have to govern the hospital. We have been given to understand that a blue-coat boy having been seen by the heir to the throne, during a ride in Windsor Park, was pleased to exclaim, "Oh, dok dere," which is the infantine term for "look there;" and it was immediately resolved to make the royal infant a governor of the school—a pupil of which he had so patronisingly condescended to notice.

STATE OF THE STREETS.

Mr. Silk Buckingham, a few days ago, attended at the Mansion-House, as one of a deputation to settle the mode of cleansing the streets. May we direct Mr. Buckingham's attention to Hanover-square? It is said that there is great employment for workers in dirt not far from the English and Foreign Institute.

THE POTATO PANIC.

We cannot sufficiently reprehend the excitement that some timid or interested parties have been endeavouring to get up on the subject of this humble, but wholesome esculent. A wild shout has gone forth from the west of Scotland, that potatoes are scarce. The cry has been borne along the western islands, bounding over the hills, and reverberating through the valleys, till it has reached the very walls of the Metropolis. Happily, the cry has proved to be false; and the apple of the earth—the *pomme* which our Gallic neighbours so expressively describe as *de terre*,—is abundant in the cellars of our wholesale dealers, the sheds of our retailers, and the smacks, the sloops, or the brigs of our shippers.

We need hardly impress upon our readers the satisfaction we experience at finding that the potato panic is an idle vision, that has vanished into thin—ay, the very thinnest—air. From the time that Raleigh first landed at the Custom-house with a sack of the nutritious vegatable, the potato has been a welcome guest at the British dinner-table. Our fathers have boiled it, and our mothers have mashed it for ages. Art has done for the potato what nature alone never could have accomplished. French ingenuity has smothered the salubrious root in parsley and butter, to render it worthy of the head of the household—the *maître d'hôtel*; while British benevolence has baked it for the hungry poor who throng the streets of the great Metropolis. Is it not natural that we should feel a flush of satisfaction prevading our bosoms at the thought that among the other blessings with which this country is surrounded under its venerable institutions, we have still to number, for the present year at least, the potato as one.

University Intelligence.

Oxford.

The new Proctors have caught nothing yet but severe colds, whilst their predecessors have retired from office with the affectionate regard of all those who are undergoing rustication.

The Professor of Self-Defence will commence his Lectures on the 1st section of Fistiana early next week.

The Professor of Poetry is in town, endeavouring to master the intricacies of the Polka.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

Moving Mr. Punch,—Will you explain to me the mystery of a little bit of dignity adopted by the showman of these gardens? Until very recently there was no admission except by ticket—which ticket, on payment of a shilling, was certainly to be obtained at any of the neighbouring public-houses (the York and Albany for one), by which a little pleasant tippling was indirectly encouraged. Now, there is no necessity for a ticket; but upon laying down your shilling, the following queries are put by the money-taker:—

"Have you no ticket?"

"No."

"What is your name?"

"Smith."

"That will do. Pass on."

On you go, the money-taker never booking the name of Smith—never taking Smith's address, in case he should carry off the Brahmin bull or the rhinoceros; but merely asking these questions as a sort of coquetry with the dignity of the society, that, it would seem, does not like at once to come down to the vulgarity of ready-money. Can you, Mr. Punch, tell me and many others the reason of this?

Yours,

John Smith.

[We think that John Smith has himself hit upon the reason; the dignified dallying of great folks—for there are even bishops among the fellows—who prefer to do the plainest business in the most round-about way. Like their own elephant, they cannot even take a shilling without making a tortuous movement to lay hold of it.—Punch.]

Official Rumours.

It is generally understood in official circles, that the Ministers intend making a strenuous effort to buy off the opposition of Mr. Hume. If the Honourable economist is placed in a position for which he is adapted by his peculiar talent, he will be offered the command of a revenue cutter—for his tact in cutting down the revenue must be, on all hands, admitted.

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

TO HUSBANDS.

Keep up the practice of reading the paper during the whole of breakfast time; of allowing yourself to be spoken to half-a-dozen times before you answer, and then of asking your wife what it was that she said. Upon her telling you, make some reply which is nothing to the purpose, as if you were thinking of something else.

Having been out over night at an evening party, which your wife was prevented from going to by indisposition, entertain her the next morning by a minute description of the young lady you danced with, descanting on every point as enthusiastically as possible.

Take frequent opportunities of praising features and personal peculiarities which are as different as possible from your wife's. For instance, if she has blue eyes, say how you like black; if dark hair, how much you admire light: if she is tall, remark that you prefer a moderate height; and if short, be constantly quoting Byron, to the effect that you "hate a dumpy woman."

Some wives are very particular about their fenders. Should this be the case with yours, always use it for your footstool. When fresh drugget has been laid down on the stairs, particularly if it is a rainy day, invariably forget to scrape your shoes.

Discover, frequently, on a cold raw morning, that the room is close, and insist on having the windows open. On the other hand, be as often, during the height of the dog-days, affected with a chilliness, which shall oblige you to keep them shut.

Very often order dinner punctually at five, and very seldom come home till a quarter to six. Occasionally, however, return at the appointed hour, and, not finding things ready, complain that you are never attended to.

If your fish, your joint, or your vegetables, should happen accidentally to be a little under or over done, never smother your disappointment like some people, but express it as markedly as you can, and remain in an ill humour for the rest of the evening. Be never quite satisfied with what is set before you; but, if possible, find some fault with every dish: or if not, quarrel with the arrangements of the table. If you can find nothing else to grumble at, think of something that you would have liked better than what has been got for you, and say so.

Wives occasionally make pies and puddings, with a view to a little approbation. Never bestow this, on any account; but always say you wished these things were left to the cook.

Knowing that there is nothing but cold meat in the house, bring home, every now and then, half-a-dozen men, unexpectedly, to take pot-luck with you. Your wife will probably sit at table flurried and uncomfortable; in which case, amuse them by joking at her expense.

Should you chance, after dinner, to be affected by a slight drowsiness, never resist it because your wife wishes to chat with you: do not mind her, but go quietly to sleep.

When you have an evening party at your house, come home to dress just as the company is beginning to arrive.

Should you find yourself at eleven o'clock at night among a set of bacheler friends, and be offered a cigar, always stay and smoke it, and another after it if you like, and, if you please, another after that; in fact, as many as you find agreeable; never troubling yourself for an instant about keeping your wife and the servants up.

In short, on all occasions consult studiously your own inclinations, and indulge, without the least restriction, your every whim and caprice; but never regard your wife's feelings at all; still less make the slightest allowance for any weakness or peculiarity of her character; and your home will assuredly be as happy as you deserve that it should be.

THE ELECTIONS.

The recent law elevations and changes placed no less than three constituencies under the painful necessity of looking out for new representatives. Mr. Thesiger having been ousted from Woodstock, Mr. Humphrey instantly wrote to the electors, declaring himself quite equal to Thesiger; inasmuch as he was of the same profession, though not so distinguished a member of it; and of the same political opinions, though his political opinions were not so much known as those of Mr. Thesiger, nor of so much consequence.

Gazette Extraordinary!

HERALD'S COLLEGE.

The members of the British and Foreign Institute having applied for permission to use a crest, they are hereby authorised to wear on their coats of arms the device of a gull proper, as a symbol of their having been gulled most properly.

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ATROCIOUS CRUELTY IN NEWGATE.

THERE is nothing in the whole annals of Newgate barbarity—no act of atrocity of the Press-yard of by-gone days—more barbarous, more atrocious, more capriciously wicked in its recklessness of human suffering, than the "painful duty performed by MR. SHERIFF MUSGROVE" yesterday week in Newgate prison, under the especial direction of the Home Minister. Our readers know the case of MARY FURLEY; the public heart had sympathised with the terrible sorrows of that agonised woman; public feeling had revolted alike at the verdict of the jury that cast her guilty of murder, as at the sentence of MR. JUDGE MAULE—that "EROSTATUS of the Temple"—who held out no hope of mercy to the offender. Nevertheless, no man for a moment believed that the sentence would be carried into effect. The address of the judge was considered as only another of the ghastly mockeries acted by the judicial mummer in ermine, in the name of the law—a needless, agonising ceremony, but no more.

However, yesterday week, MR. SHERIFF MUSGROVE—to the astonishment and indignation of all men—was ordered to appoint the day of death.

"He appointed Monday, the 6th of May, at 8 o'clock A.M. He afterwards visited the unhappy woman, in company with the REV. JOHN DAVIS, Ordinary, and MR. COPE, the Governor. The prisoner received the announcement *in the greatest agony of mind, and in a few minutes became almost insensible from grief.*"

What, in four-and-twenty hours, follows?—

"*On Saturday afternoon, about 4 o'clock*, the sheriffs received a communication from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, stating that HER MAJESTY *had been pleased to respite the sentence* of death passed at the last assizes of the Central Criminal Court on MARY FURLEY during HER MAJESTY'S Royal pleasure."

In the name of outraged humanity, in the name of a most miserable woman, scourged to agony and madness by the cruelty of unmerited ill-fortune,—we ask SIR JAMES GRAHAM wherefore this atrocity was committed? Is human life held so cheap at the Home-Office that a culprit is ordered for execution *before* a full consideration of all the circumstances bearing on the case? Is it only *after* the criminal is thrown into the "greatest agony of mind," and "because several humane gentlemen interest themselves in her behalf," that the Home Minister ponders seriously on the subject? If there be aught solemn in the human heart—aught sacred in its woes and sufferings,—the public have a right to demand of SIR JAMES GRAHAM what were the circumstances which induced him to order MARY FURLEY to prepare for death, and then, in less than four-and-twenty hours, respited her during pleasure? Had not her case been sufficiently considered? Was the Home Minister ignorant of all the complicated woes, the maddening miseries that had urged the frantic woman to escape with her child from the crushing calamities around her? Did he not know the wretchedness, more complete in its horror than any laboured tale of fiction, that step by step had scourged the woman from the workhouse to the river's brink? Was it needful that she should be still further schooled in misery by the mock visit of the sheriff—was not her heart bruised enough, poor soul! that it should again be smitten, under the pharisaic plea of a great moral warning? Yesterday the woman is worthy of death as a murderess—to-day her sentence is respited, and "it is expected that she will undergo a very short imprisonment!" What a difference is here between the gallows and the Penitentiary! And again we ask, wherefore?

Was SIR JAMES GRAHAM so much occupied by his own reputation—menaced as it was by the Member for Knaresborough—was he so busily employed cleansing the fly-spots from his own white name, cast upon it by a FERRAND—that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the case of MARY FURLEY, and therefore the needless torture of the sheriff's visit was inflicted? Any way, public feeling demands an explanation; and we trust that, ere this shall appear, some Member in the Commons will have put SIR JAMES GRAHAM to his answer. At present, a heart-broken woman seems to have been unnecessarily tortured. Unless SIR JAMES GRAHAM can give a good reason for the visit of the sheriff and the quick reprieve that followed it,—the sword and balance of Newgate justice will become in the public eye no other than the knife and scales of a *Shylock*.

We shall again return to the case of MARY FURLEY. Poor, broken-hearted creature! GOD help her!

Q.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

HE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, in moving for all the papers connected with the conveyance of the Overland Mail to India, would be glad also to include copies of all the correspondence that had passed on the subject of the Hounslow Mail between Government and the *Punch* Office.

The EARL OF LONSDALE was glad to have it in his power to announce that the cab by which the Mail had formerly been conveyed, was taken off the station, and a regular mail cart placed in its stead. (*Loud cheers.*) He trusted that this course would prove satisfactory to the House, as well as to Hounslow and the country. (*Hear, hear.*) He presumed that he might now ask the noble MARQUIS (NORMANBY) to withdraw his motion. (*Much cheering.*)

The MARQUIS OF NORMANBY said—I am sure that after the very satisfactory statement of the noble Postmaster-General, I should be the last man in your Lordships' House to persist in a demand that might be embarrassing to the Government. (*Ministerial cheers.*) The cab has been withdrawn, and my opposition to it has ceased. To use the words of an eloquent and learned orator in the other House—"My enemy is dead—So is my enmity." The noble MARQUIS sat down amid enthusiastic cheering from both sides.

The Indian Mail Bag Bill having been forwarded a stage, the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. ROEBUCK rose to complain that he had been called to account for something he had said in that House, which he thought very hard, as he was in the habit of saying many things that there was really no accounting for. (*Hear.*) He had been very rudely attacked. He had been subjected to sarcasms on his being a Queen's Counsel: but why? Surely his being a Queen's Counsel injured no one—for no client was deprived of his services. (*Hear.*) Now he (MR. ROEBUCK) had received a letter signed G. SMYTHE, calling on him to appoint a friend, and, in fact, asking for satisfaction. Now he (MR. ROEBUCK) had no friends, and never gave satisfaction to anybody. (*Cheers and laughter.*) He therefore came down to the House, and hoped that the House would second him in his views, which were decidedly pacific. (*Hear*). My answer to the letter, was—

MR. SMYTHE. Stuff, sir, you never answered it at all. (*Order.*)

MR. ROEBUCK. I make no complaint. I merely wish——

MR. SMYTHE then said, Sir, wishing for an explanation of certain words of MR. ROEBUCK, I sent a friend to him, who could get no answer. The honourable member made no reply but, "I will send an answer." "He shall hear of this," and as I thought it a decided case of shirk (*laughter*), I gave up the idea, which I perhaps never ought to have entertained, of getting from MR. ROEBUCK the explanation due from one gentleman to another. (*Hear*).

SIR R. PEEL thought this discussion might be ended by each member promising the matter should go no further.

MR. ROEBUCK could not agree to this, because if he promised to do nothing, it would look as if he had intended to do something. (*A laugh.*) He came to the House as he would to a policeman, for protection.

The SPEAKER inquired if Mr. SMYTHE would promise it should go no further.

MR. SMYTHE said it was perfectly absurd. (*Loud laughter.*) The learned member for Bath was not likely to be excited to a breach of the peace. If he wants any assurance from me I can only say, he need not be afraid. "But," added MR. SMYTHE, "he certainly is the oddest person to deal with in an affair of——" (*Here the cries of order became so general that* MR. SMYTHE *sat down, and the conversation dropped.*)

REWARD OF MERIT.

WE understand that Messrs. MOORE, of Bond-street, are manufacturing a magnificent Cap and Bells (from the design of PRINCE ALBERT) for LORD BROUGHAM.

ADVERTISING BARRISTERS.

MR. WILKINS, of the Old Bailey Bar, has recently set the example of advertising in the *Times*, and we believe we are correct in stating that the present is the first instance of a Barrister having addressed the public in the manner alluded to.

MR. WILKINS is a man of very original mind, though there is nothing very original in doing that which WARREN the blacking-maker, or ROWLAND, the Macassar oil-merchant, are in the daily practice of. Nevertheless, it is something quite new for a counsel to have recourse to the advertising columns of the *Times*; and we must give MR. WILKINS the credit of being the first member of the bar who has openly availed himself of an advertisement for purposes connected with his profession. Some, who are believed to be envious of MR. WILKINS—which is possible, for envy often arises on the very smallest grounds—have tried to give to the fact of his advertising an appearance of impropriety. Nothing, however, could be more absurd. MR. WILKINS has received 400 letters about a case in which he appeared as counsel; and, as he can't answer them in writing, what can be more reasonable than to invite the whole 400, and as many more as like to come, to pay him a visit at his chambers and talk the matter over.

The learned gentleman, in his advertisement, "requests all who can furnish any information, &c., to call on him as early as possible, at the Temple." It is to be hoped that the public, after this polite invitation, will "please to copy the address."

The prejudice which has hitherto prevailed among the "gentlemen of the bar" to prevent them from advertising, is, we presume, now to be considered as broken through, and the practice of hiding legal lights under certain bushels—bushels not only of Coke, but of Lyttleton—may be regarded as abandoned. And why not? There is no reason why, of all quacks in the world, legal quacks should be denied the benefit of advertisements. We suggest a form, for the guidance of any learned friend, who is bold enough to pursue the track so gallantly chalked out by MR. WILKINS. It is only the *premier pas qui coute*, and the ice of etiquette once broken, the briefless barristers may plunge headlong into all the depths of "Alarming Sacrifice," "Frightful Reduction," "Dreadful State of the Brief Market," and "Horrible Depression amongst the Gentlemen of the Long Robe." The following may be found useful to counsel desirous of increasing their connection:—

PANIC IN WESTMINSTER HALL.—The extreme competition in the legal world has determined Mr. TIMKINS, of the Common Law Bar, to take briefs at a greatly reduced scale of charges. Computes usually charged 10*s.* 6*d.*, with an extra guinea for making the rules absolute, will in future be taken by Mr. TIMKINS for one pound, and other motions will be low in proportion. A strong *mandamus*, equal to Follett in style and workmanship—for thirty shillings; and Mr. TIMKINS calls particular attention to his well-known guinea bill cases, one guinea being all that he asks for any case on a bill of exchange, whatever the amount or however great the number of witnesses. Declarations in debt always ready; pleadings accurately made up, and a large assortment of demurrers always on hand, with the prices marked upon them according to length, but none exceeding fifty shillings. MR. TIMKINS, preferring to attend personally to the interests of his client, keeps no clerk, and the half-crown is therefore never charged upon any brief of any description. An agent of MR. TIMKINS attends at the door of the court in which MR. TIMKINS may happen to be, and MR. T. allows a handsome commission to occasional touters.

Extraordinary Sittings in Banco.

THIS was a case of Turtle, in which the parties were Mock and Real. It came on for argument at the Mansion-house Sittings after Easter, at the dinner given by MAGNAY (Mayor) to the Judges.

The facts of the case were briefly these—

PUNCH, as Counsel for the Public, had obtained a rule calling on MAGNAY to show cause why he did not give a dinner, when MAGNAY not appearing, the rule was made absolute. MAGNAY being thus in contempt, endeavoured to purge himself from the contempt by giving what he termed a dinner to the Judges, on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday. Another question then arose, as to whether the Turtle was real or mock, and the point was reserved for the opinion of all the Judges.

DENMAN (C. J.), now delivered the judgment of their Lordships, in the following words:—

"This is a case of a decided *damnum*, but I don't know whether we can call it a *damnum absque injuriâ*. My learned brother ALDERSON has reminded me that the soup which is now in discussion was a *malum in se*—for it was bad in itself—but it was not a *malum prohibitum*—though it really should have been. There is a case in the books, where a customer having gone into a soup-house, and having some inferior soup given him, threw it in the landlord's face.—*Shower*. I don't know whether we can go the whole length of that case, but I am sure that the boy who did such a thing could not be blamed, for it would come under Chitty's Practice. On the whole, I think this soup ought to be discharged—with costs."

ALDERSON, B.—"I am of the same opinion. Here is a decoction which is merely colourable; and it is a settled rule, that colour alone does not constitute a good title. If this soup had appeared on the record to be mock, the question of its being real could not have been raised. It is true that there was no application to amend, and if there had been, I hardly see how it could have been attended to. The soup must be discharged."

WILLIAMS, J.—"This is a very bad case indeed; and it savours of covin. My brother ALDERSON laid some stress upon colour; but I cannot see how colour bears on the present point. Colour must not be thrust down the throats of the Court; and I, for one, will never consent to it. The soup cannot stand."

PATTESON, J.—"I, at first, had some doubts on this case; but I had then only skimmed it. Since I have gone into it, I am quite satisfied on the subject. The soup is defective in title. It stands on the record as simply turtle; but it should have been described as mock, because the delusive nature of the thing is evident. We must discharge it, and, as my brother DENMAN has stated, with costs."

The other judges having given their opinions *seriatim* to the same effect, the Court rose.

JENKINS!

LETTERS, "thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa," come upon us, demanding the whereabout of JENKINS? Some of the writers—we forgive the slander—boldly aver that we, *Punch*, have killed, murdered outright, the said JENKINS. We loved him too much; too deeply were we indebted to him to slay the flunky: no, the man was serviceable to us. Nevertheless, we ourselves have been puzzled to know what has become of JENKINS. Again and again, since the opera opened, have we looked in the *Post*, but JENKINS was no longer there. No, his flourishes are gone—his fine, subtle, very long ear for music is not to be seen. We no longer roar over the criticisms of the opera; once they were fine and volant as dragonflies, and now are they flat as flat-fish. JENKINS is departed!

However, not to leave the reader in despair—no longer to torture him, we state, for his comfort, that we have found JENKINS. But how? *Quantum mutatus*—as JENKINS himself would say. Let us narrate our adventure.

On Saturday last we attended the opera. Coming out, we looked around in the hope of espying JENKINS. A linkman—with the fine sense belonging to "his order"—interpreted our wish. He sidled up to us, and in few words told us the fate of JENKINS.

He had been mesmerised past hope of recovery at a neighbouring pot-house. We saw him, and immediately put him on paper. Yes, gentle reader, JENKINS, who has so oft delighted you, is in a trance. Should he, however, recover—should he by any accident return to pen and ink—depend upon it you shall have the earliest notice of his doings. In the meanwhile, JENKINS, "rosy dreams and slumbers light." Farewell, JENKINS.

Grave Question.

ART-UNIONS, it seems, are illegal, as coming under the denomination of Lotteries. Marriage is a Lottery. Are not Matrimonial Unions, therefore, unlawful too?—*Punch* respectfully asks LORD BROUGHAM, and the other Law Lords, what they have to say to this?

GREAT NEWS! WONDERFUL NEWS!

SHAKSPEARE COMPRESSED.

Punch wondereth that Shakspeare hath at length appeared before ye Queene.

WHAT wonderful news from the Court,
Old Will's at the palace a guest,
The Queen and her Royal Consort
Have received him "a little compressed."

Ye saith her Grace will heare no more Italians nor Almayne fiddlers, but take the right Englishe waye.

Who 'll venture to whisper henceforth
Her Grace loves the Opera best?
Our QUEEN has acknowledged to the worth
Of SHAKSPEARE a little compress'd.

Neither will her Grace see Amburgh his beastes never no mo.

Who 'll talk of VAN AMBURGH again?
No more are his beasts in request;
They're good but for poor Drury Lane,
At home She has SHAKSPEARE compressed.

Nor ye littel Thumbe (a stillie paine fellowe).

Away with the tiny TOM THUMB,
Like mighty NAPOLEON dress'd;
For SHAKSPEARE a courting has come,
Like TOMMY "a little compressed."

Punch sees (in Imaggnacion) the courte assemble, and Master Kemble the Player with his boke.

The Court in its splendour assembles,
(The play gives its dullness a zest),
And the last of the Royal old KEMBLES
Reads SHAKSPEARE a little compressed.

They forme round Master Kemble a ring royall, and ting, ding, ding! ye Playe beginneth.

Behold them all diamonds and jewels,
Our QUEEN and our PRINCE, and the rest;
As they sit upon gilded fauteuils,
And listen to SHAKSPEARE compress'd.

Ye firste Acte.

ACT I.

(After this ye serdants hand muffinnes abowte.)

Great CYMBELINE'S Court 's in a gloom,
Rash POSTHUMUS' flame is confess'd;
Poor IMOGEN 's locked in her room,
And her love is a little compressed.

Ye seconde Acte.

ACT II.

After the which an Interlude of Ginger-beere.

Fair IMOGEN sleeps in her bed,
IACHIMO lurks in a chest;
What, locked in a drunk? the PRINCE said,
I think *he 's* a little gombress'd.

Ye thirde Acte.

ACT III.

A straunge incident of Imogen.
Flourish of Crumpets.

Now IMOGEN, flying the Court,
Appears in boys' trousers and vest;
O fie! Mr. KEMBLE stops short,
And the act is a little compress'd.

Ye fourthe Acte.

ACT IV.

Ye Queene's Grace weepeth for Imogen, poore mayde!

When the QUEEN heard how IMOGEN died,
(Poor child! like a dove in a nest),
She looked at the PRINCE at her side,
And her tears were a little compress'd.

ACT V.

Ye Queene's Grace rejoiceth that Imogen is not dedde.

But O! how HER MAJESTY laughed,
When she found 'twasn't dying she saw,
But fainting, brought on by a draught
From IMOGEN'S mother-in-law.

The Play draweth nigh to a close.
Virtue is rewarded.

And now come the Romans in force,
And POSTHUMUS comes in their train;
With their foot, and their chariots, and horse,
They come over England to reign.

Britannia ruleth ye wayves.
Ye play endeth.

Impossible! here says the QUEEN—
Our lady, with pride in her breast:
O bring me the lovers again,
And pray let the fight be compress'd.

Ye curtain falleth.

GRAND TABLEAU.

Master Kemble boweth.

The lovers are happy as just;
The lecturer closes his book,
And bows from the presence august,
Well paid with a smile and a look.

Punch Moralisyth.

Great Lady! the news of thy court
Poor *Punch* has oft read as a pest;
But with this he inclines not to sport,
As he solemnly here does attest.
If it please you our bard to cut short,
It doubtless is done for the best.
Be pleased, too, we pray, to exhort
SIR BOB with your royal behest
To shorten his speeches, and for 't
Your Grace shall be heartily blest;
And fiercely I'll joke and retort
On all who your peace would infest.
And, though joking is known as my forte,
I never will jibe or will jest,
If you'll list to our Poet immort-
Al, and love him complete or compress'd!

The Necessity of Duelling.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

HAPPEN lately, Sir, to have seen one or two numbers of your paper, which, I am sorry to find, is taken in by some who ought to know better. You have thought proper, I perceive, to make various ridiculous remarks upon the subject of duelling, which it is not possible that you should know anything about; and by these, and by a series of impertinent caricatures, you have been striving to bring it into contempt.

I desire, Sir, that you will desist, for the future, from the absurd observations above alluded to, and turn your disrespectful pencil to some other purpose.

In the first place, let me request you to take notice that your object is perfectly understood. You wish to deprive the aristocracy of a privilege which they have enjoyed from time immemorial, and thus to efface one of the chief distinctions which separate them from shoemakers, tinkers, tailors, low writers, and that sort of people. If you expect to succeed, I assure you you are very much mistaken. Gentlemen, I can tell you, are not going to be laughed out of their principles and opinions by you.

Duelling does not concern the common people. A duel is an affair of honour; and trades-persons, workmen, and so forth, have no honour to defend. It is of no consequence to them whether they are insulted or not; and if they have disputes, these may be easily settled by their fists, or by going to law. Among them, therefore, duelling is unnecessary, and recourse to it would be a presumptuous imitation of their superiors; on which account, so far as they are concerned, it unquestionably ought not to be suffered.

Honour is that quality in one gentleman which deters another from daring to breathe a syllable against his character; and which, consequently, keeps that character unsullied. Honour, then, you will say, is ferocity. Do not be impertinent, Sir. It is proper that you should be made aware that the preservation of an unsullied character is incumbent upon every gentleman.

The imputation of falsehood or dishonesty to a gentleman always renders it imperative that he should send a challenge. I imagine I hear you ask whether a refutation of the charge would not do as well? None of your vulgar sneering, Sir—No, it would not do as well. The gentleman owes it, as a duty, to the society to which he belongs, to go out and fight. In so doing, he asserts the principle that no gentleman can become the accuser of another, but at the risk of being shot. Whatever one gentleman may think of another, the institution of duelling tends to make him keep his thoughts to himself. In this manner are often prevented those painful exposures, which, when allowed to take place, are so highly prejudicial to the exclusive circles, and the general reputation of the world of Fashion is upheld. Again, I suppose you will have the audacity to demand whether the number of blacklegs, swindlers, seducers, and asserters of untruths, included in the Army and Navy and the ranks of the aristocracy in general, is really so alarmingly great as to render the protection of the duelling system indispensable to the existence of that august body. I will tell you what, Sir; your plebeian insolence deserves a severe chastisement, and I have only to add that you may consider yourself horsewhipped by

Your humble servant,

Horse Guards. SABRETASH.

THE BUDGET—MONDAY.

On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the House resolved itself into a committee on ways and means, and Mr. Greene, selected probably on account of his name, was voted into the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then rose and said,—"In bringing forward the present motion, Mr. Greene, I am anxious to explain how the country stands, or rather how it is going on. The last year I thought there was a deficiency, I ventured to hope much from industry, and I am happy to say that such has been the industry of the tax-gatherers, that we have a surplus instead of a deficiency. I am glad to say that there has been an increase upon the customs, which have been augmented by an unexpected consumption of corn, tea, and sugar. In my last calculation, I took forty millions of cups of tea, and allowing two lumps of sugar to each cup, which is above the average,—but I speak in round numbers—the duty would have been so much; but as I did not calculate that those cups might some of them be breakfast-cups instead of tea-cups, the surplus, on these articles is very naturally accounted for. (*Hear.*) With regard to the Post Office, I can only speak in round numbers, for I have not yet received all the returns. The Hounslow Mail of to-night must be added to the receipts in this department, in which I am glad to announce a decided improvement. (*Cheers.*) But while I have undercalculated the income, I must confess that I have also undercalculated the expenditure, which is more than I thought; and I will thus explain my error. (*Hear, hear.*) The Indian Government and the state of matters in the East, added to the decrease in particular items, and the falling off in special sources of revenue, have altogether acted in the fiscal condition of this country so as to make an excess of outlay. I hope the House sees what I mean; and as there is a surplus on the whole, I think it would be very hard to call on me to explain the *minutiæ* on which a deficiency has arisen. (*Cheers.*) I have had letters calling on me to take the taxes off everything; but as I cannot do this, I think the better way to deal with the surplus is, to pocket nearly the whole of it. (*Hear.*) Let us hope for a continuance of this excess of revenue over expenditure, and we are sure that this declaration will be satisfactory to a great, a free, a generous, and an enlightened people. (*Loud cheers.*) Some reductions may, however, be made, and the first article I propose to deal with is glass, which must be delicately touched, lest we should cut our fingers. (*Hear.*) The vast distinction between flint glass and bottle glass seems to be a remnant of that aristocratic feeling which is fast fading away, and I am anxious to place the bottle on the same footing as the decanter, though I know there may be some opposition to the project, particularly in the upper House of Parliament. (*Hear, and cries of* Cardigan.) I propose, therefore, to equalize bottles and decanters, and though I cannot offer the poor man a cheap glass of wine, I can give him a cheap wine-glass. (*Hear.*) From wine we naturally come to vinegar—and in dealing with vinegar, I beg that the learned member for Bath will favour me with his attention. (*Hear, from* Mr. Roebuck.) I propose to repeal the entire duty on that delicious acid; so that the salads of the poor may henceforth enjoy that dressing which high duties had hitherto denied to them. (*Cheers.*) I propose, in the next place, to deal with marine insurances, which will be reduced as a boon to the people, who, being interested in the maintenance of the grand principle that Britannia rules the waves, will, I am sure, regard as a blessing any reduction which enables the shipowner to keep up, cheaply, the great allegory alluded to. (*Loud cheers.*) The next reduction I propose is in currants. I am sure the House will agree with me, that the roast-beef of Old England is one of her bulwarks; and, perhaps, after the roast-beef, comes the plum-pudding. (*Hear.*) Currants, I need not inform the House, are of vital importance to the latter, and if I can give the people of England a clean and cheap currant, at four-and-a-half, for which they have hitherto been paying seven, I am sure that at the festive period of Christmas, blessings—mixed with currants—will be in the mouth of all who experience the boon that is offered them. (*Hear.*) There is only one more article I propose to deal with, and that is wool, the duty on which will be altogether repealed. On the advantage of cheap wool, I need not dilate; and at all events, if it does nothing else, it will enable certain aspirants to the Chancellorship to indulge in the luxury of a cheap woolsack at their own homes, where they may practise in private those judicial qualities of which they are not allowed to give the public the benefit. (*Hear.*)

Col. Sibthorp merely wished to ask, whether, in dealing with marine insurances, there was any intention of insuring the lives of the marines, who were often exposed to much danger. As the marines frequently got shot, or died off, the policies would of course become due, and then he (Col. Sibthorp) would be glad to know what was to be done with the money?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that when the money from that source came in he should be prepared to tell the gallant Colonel how he meant to dispose of it.

Sir Valentine Blake, in allusion to the reduction of the duty on tumblers, would be glad to know if the clowns, in pantomimes, who were a very deserving class, would be allowed the benefit.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not see what he had to do with the benefits of clowns; but he should be happy to satisfy Sir Valentine Blake if possible.

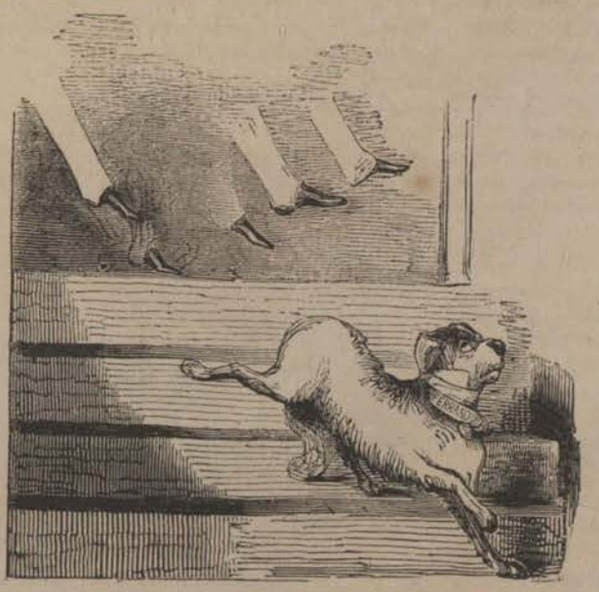
After some other business was disposed of, the House adjourned.

"THE LION-HEARTED FERRAND."

According to an old Persian story, a town was thrown into great perplexity by the stopping of the conduit that supplied it with water. Men and women were running hither and thither, comfortless and amazed. At length, it was discovered that the main pipe had been choked up by an old worthless slipper. The paltry impediment was removed with a feeling of angry contempt, and again the waters flowed on—again the people were at ease.

For three nights have the proceedings of the House of Commons been stopped by a Ferrand. The whole country, looking to Parliament for a supply of wholesome laws, for comfortable counsel, has been denied the blessing, and all in consequence of a—Ferrand! The case of the villanous old slipper is fully paralleled.

Ferrand—the "Lion-Hearted Ferrand," as Mr. Oastler calls him—charges Sir James Graham with base, dishonourable conduct; with, in fact, the subornation of forgery. He next accuses Mr. Hogg of nothing short of perjury. These charges Ferrand can in no way substantiate; nevertheless, it is his humour to believe in the truth of them; whereupon, the House of Commons by unanimous vote declares there is no truth whatever in the hon. member for Knaresborough. Mr. Ferrand will, doubtless, treat this vote with utter disregard. There are some men, says Burke, who are at once "contemptible and content."



To Mr. Roebuck the country is indebted for this last historical incident. The hon. gentleman is the self-installed keeper of the Commons' conscience. His love of truth, however, is occasionally a little perplexing. We shall be in no way surprised, if, suffering from an access of veracity, the hon. member for Bath some night moves for "a Committee of the whole House to inquire into the falsehoods nightly propounded in that House by such Honourable Members who wear wigs, and help their enunciation with false teeth."

Rowland Hill's Triumphal Entry into St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THE PENNY POST MEDALS.

We herewith present to the reader a graphic representation of the Penny Post Medal and its Obverse, ordered to be struck by *Punch*, in commemoration of an event much greater in its ultimate results on the happiness of England, than the Battle of Waterloo. Beautiful—much more beautiful to the eye of the philosopher, *Punch*—is the red coat of the Postman with his bundle of penny missives, than the scarlet coat of the Life Guardsman! For the Postman is the soldier of peace—the humanizing, benevolent distributor of records of hopes, affections, tenderest associations. He is the philanthropic go-between—the cheap and constant communicant betwixt man and man. Very fine, indeed, are the Park guns; very grand to some ears, to listen to their roaring throats, belching saltpetre in honour of victories, of royal births, and royal marriages. Yet, *Punch* thinks them worse than old iron, in comparison with the Postman's bell, whose five o'clock sound tells him that one of Rowland Hill's genii is in the street, who, for one penny, will make *Punch* hold sweet discourse with his friend in the Hebrides—who will bring the remotest part of the United Kingdom close to his own door-step for a couple of halfpence.

In the Penny Post Medal *Punch* has endeavoured to show the triumph of Rowland Hill—no Greek or Roman triumph e'er so great—carried in well-earned glory into the Post-office, Saint Martin's-le-Grand. If the beholder have any imagination, he will hear huzzaing shouts—he will hear all the street-door knockers of the kingdom for that moment instinct with joyous life, loudly knock, knock, knocking in thundering accord. Such is the triumph of Rowland Hill.

Turn we to the Obverse. It shows an old story; old as the ingratitude of man—old as the Old Serpent. Sir Robert Peel, the Tory Minister, no sooner gets into place than, in reward for the

Britannia Presenting Rowland Hill with the Sack.

services of Mr. Rowland Hill, he turns him from the Post-office; or as it is allegorically shown, he, as Britannia, presents him with—the sack.

After this, a subscription is set a foot—(on which we shall further descant)—to which Sir Robert, with Magdalen penitence, subscribes ten pounds! Ten pounds! It must be owned a very small plaister to heal so cruel a cut!

We know that some folks, philosophers of the Sibthorpean school—younger sons of *Encolyon* (see that glorious farthing epic *Orion*)—

> "——— smooth Encolyon,
> The son of Hermes, yet in all things slow,
> With sight oblique, and forehead slanting high,
> The dull retarder, chainer of the wheel,—"

We know that the Encolyons of our times bewail the Penny Post, and long for the good days of ninepenny, tenpenny, and shilling rates. Let them take heart and comfort themselves after this fashion. Let them never send a letter without affixing thereto as many penny portraits of Her Majesty as would make the good old postage price. By these means will their delicate bigotry be pleased, and the revenue be exalted.

But for those who consider the comfort, the sustaining comfort, the happiness, and humanising influence of the communication of mind with mind—let them—(even as good Catholics lift their hats at the vesper sound),—let them bless Rowland Hill at the postman's knock.

Reader, the postman, it is true, may bring a lawyer's letter. Never mind that. Still utter a benison for Rowland Hill; the very law in the letter will be the finer test of thy philosophy, thy gratitude!

EMMA AND ULPHO.

A Drama in Five Acts,

WRITTEN FOR EASTER, SANCTIONED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, BUT REJECTED BY ALL THE THEATRES.

ACT I.

(*A dark night. The Curtain rises, and discovers nobody on the Stage.*)

(*Ulpho speaks.*) "How dark it is."

(*He is answered by a hollow voice which is inaudible.*)

Ulpho. "I do not feel comfortable, nor as I once did." (*sighs.*)

(*The stage gradually fills till* ULPHO *is forced forward to the foot-lights, which go out. The crowd parts asunder suddenly, and a figure comes slowly forward.*)

Figure. (Says nothing.)

Ulpho. "I feel chilly."

(*Figure smiles contemptuously and puts his hands in his breeches' pockets. He then addresses* ULPHO *silently, and, after hesitating more than once, breaks down at last altogether.*)

ACT II.

(*Still darker night. Graves spring their rattles and watchmen open. Fate is seen sitting in the back ground in the shape of a policeman. A glow-worm roars, and the side-scenes shake perceptibly. The moon, which has been slowly rising, falls suddenly down.*)

Ulpho. "Unfortunate moon!"

Emma. "Will you never cease to despond!"

Ulpho. "Nothing on earth shall ever induce me."

(*He takes his cap from his head, and hangs it carefully on a hat-*

stand. In a fit of desperation he begins to tear his hair from his head. EMMA *sinks into a swoon, and leaving* ULPHO *in the centre of the Stage, she goes off at both wings.*)

ACT III.

(*The morning breaks, and is already in many pieces. The first rays of the sun are reflected in several hundred dewdrops which are rocking themselves in the gently waving brushwood. Two masks drop from the trees and rush on each other's swords.*)

1*st Mask.* "Are you dead?"

2*nd Mask.* "Only parts of me."

Enter EMMA.

1*st Mask.* "Lady, may I ask if you have any present intention of giving up the ghost, if so, perhaps I could——!".

Emma "I am much obliged to you, but I have already made my own arrangements——"

(*A pair of jack-boots are carried across the Stage.*)

Emma. "Are those, perhaps, the mortal remains of my ULPHO?"

(ULPHO *enters in carpet slippers.*)

Ulpho. "I am still alive, but I wear boots no more."

(*The river rises, and a Dragoon Regiment, which has been stationed on the opposite bank, are carried away, one by one, by the flood.* ULPHO *fetches an umbrella from the side scenes.*)

Emma. "Would we could share it together!"

(ULPHO *is about to give it to her, when a thunderbolt descends, and the umbrella falls between them.*)

Ulpho. "Fate has decided otherwise."

(*They embrace, and the curtain falls in an agitated manner.*)

ACT IV.

(*Enter an* OLD MAN *with a very broad-brimmed hat.*)

Old Man. "Woe! Woe!"

Ulpho. "What brought *you* here?"

Old Man (*wildly*). "Can I never preserve my incognito?"

[*He stabs himself.*

(*Emma regarding the body*).

"A fate like his I must admire;
How pleasant must it be to die!
Not otherwise would I expire,
And you, my ULPHO, standing by." [*She stabs herself.*

Ulpho. "Ah! now I feel lighter, better."

[*He starves himself to death.*

ACT V.

Enter the DUKE. *A* LAY FIGURE *is also brought on to the stage.*

LAY FIGURE. "Behold the victims of thy revenge."

[*Grand Scena.*—FURIES *enter and tear the* DUKE *slowly to pieces. The end of the drama now approaches rapidly, and whilst everything is trembling in every direction, the* PROMPTER *rushes on to the small piece of stage still remaining, and stabs himself with a pair of snuffers, and*

THE CURTAIN AND THE THEATRE FALL TOGETHER.

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* MR. ROEBUCK having so successfully laboured to take off the rust from the reputations of his friends, has earned for himself the flattering title of the—Bath Brick!

THE MAY-DAY OF STEAM.

No longer milkmaids dance along the Strand on May-morning—even the leaves of Jack-in-the-Green are withered—and the chimney-sweepers, who were wont to summon our half-pence, by the rattling broom and shovel, no longer call on May-day for the yearly dole. True it is, that impostors, men lost to the sweetness of self-respect, do on May-day caper in the streets, and with ghastly merriment strive to make us smile and pay. But, reader, put no faith in such forlorn merry-makers; they are not sweepers. They never made soot their daily bread. They know no more of the inside of a chimney, than did Falstaff in his days of sack and sin know of the inside of a church. They are hapless creatures, wanting the dignity of a fixed profession; they are the gipsies of London, now boiling their kettle in one alley, now in another; to-night sleeping in an eastern door-way, to-morrow slumbering in St. James's Park. Sometimes, too, to pay the belly-tax, to eke out feverish life, sometimes they pick a pocket. Sometimes, too, they become halfpenny panders to lying rumour, and sell apocryphal deaths of foreign kings—declarations of war—and particular accounts of the elopement of some unborn wife, who has gone off "with her husband's footman." And on May-morning the deceivers take the characters of sweeps, and dance the unwary out of halfpence. As for the real sweeps, they have advanced in luxury, and dine at Copenhagen-house. They dance, too, but then it is to the sounds of hireling minstrels; they have become respectable, and have left the streets to cheats and impostors, falsely calling themselves "my lord" and "my lady." Thus, the London man of thrift, hurrying to business, is only reminded of May-day by rogues and vagabonds! The May-day of the milkmaids is passed away—the May-day of hawthorn, garlands, and pipe and tabor is departed; and in their place we have now the May-day of Steam!

Many of our readers will, we doubt not, be gladdened to learn that the day in all the manufacturing districts was rung in by merry peals from every church-steeple. All Manchester made a holiday. Birmingham and Leeds washed the smoke and soot from their faces, and donned garlands. We have voluminous accounts of the May-Day of Steam, and all authentic—all from "our own reporters"—writing from fifty different places in the kingdom. From this mass of information, *Punch* will extract its essence in a few satisfactory paragraphs.

It seems that the master-manufacturers—the mill-owners—the lords of the steam-engine, who realise our fairy visions of Genii and Magi, doing all things by their potency over elemental power—making fire and water their tremendous, yet subservient vassals,—it seems that these excellent men, their hearts gushing with gratitude towards the bounty of Steam that has made them kings, that has heaped up wealth, hitherto thinly scattered, into a few mountains of gold, making the poor poorer, and the rich richer,—it appears that they resolved to make holiday on May-Day, in thankfulness to their thousands of workmen, and in gratitude to steam. Wherefore, early on May morning—(in giving an account of the ceremony at one place, be it observed that we describe the doings at all)—all the men, women, and little children employed at the factory, arrived at their place of labour, some carrying hawthorn boughs—some having wreaths of flowers about their heads—some gay ribands. A band of music was assembled at the doors of the factory; and when all the people had arrived, they formed in procession; and entering the building, with the masters at their head, they marched round the engines, hushed and resting for that day, and laid reverent hand upon them—and flung flowers over them—and stuck them all over with green boughs; and cheered and huzzaed the giant power which, though with might to rend a rock, is yet made tractable to a child's finger.

And when the engines had been duly decorated, all the people departed where they listed, until noon. And then they met again, and sat down to a feast in the factory; and the memory of James Watt was drunk, not in solemn silence, but with loud, heart-grateful shouts to the Giver of all Good, who had vouchsafed so great a benefactor to man.

After this, one of the workmen rose, and for a long time talked of the said James Watt. His words, put in brief, were simply these. He said that if steam had been called the ruthless destroyer of the poor man's happiness, it was because its ultimate beneficence was unheeded. True it was, that its first operations—and society was then in such a crisis—created great misery by the monstrous inequalities of fortune it produced: it placed the riches of the world in the hands of a favoured few. Nevertheless, its onward progress must produce unmitigated good to the human race; for say that all human labour could to-morrow be performed by the elements, would the large family of man be content to wither piecemeal from the earth, whilst a few elder sons of Luck and Mammon possessed all? Oh, no; then would cease the gross, the wicked inequalities of the world; then would men divide more in "conscience and tender heart;" then the solemn needs of human life would be more respected, and all men claim their fair share of the labours of the elements—all men eat sufficingly of the fruits thereof. Meanwhile the problem must be worked out in patience, in tolerance, in the earnest cheerfulness of hope!

After this the people joined in dances—then some sang in chorus—then again they feasted; and in the evening all departed for their homes, merry and comforted.

And in this way—though the circumstance has remained unnoticed by the newspapers—passed the May-Day of Steam!

THE FRENCH SLAP AT ENGLAND.

A few days ago, two French sub-officers at St. Omer were playing at cards at a café, and this they made the stake; namely, that the loser should give a slap to the first Englishman they met. In a few moments, an Englishman entered the café; the game was played out: when the valorous loser immediately walked up to our countryman, and struck him in the face! A fête was expected to be given by the inhabitants of St. Omer in honour of the chivalrous Frenchman.

Accounts from Paris state that the capital is in a ferment of rapture at the news from St. Omer. A subscription has been opened, limited to one sou a head, to purchase two swords for the gallant sub-officers. "Honour to the brave!" will be inscribed on the blade of each weapon.

Lord Cowley has been to the Tuileries to demand the punishment of the sub-officers. It is stated that they will be sentenced to black the boots, for at least half-a-year, of all the English boys at school at St. Omer. It is believed that the whole army will rise!

Plaster casts of the right hand of the gallant sub-officer who smote the Englishman are now hawked on the boulevards of Paris at six sous each. In the palm of the hand is a raised laurel-wreath, encircling the words—"For perfidious Albion."

A new drama is advertised at the Théâtre des Variétés, by M. Scribe. It is called "*St. Omer; ou le soufflet héroique!*" Monsieur Thiers and party have taken front boxes.

A youthful heiress of uncommon wealth—one "who hates the English"—has offered to join her hand with the hand of the glorious sub-officer. All France—represented by her various municipal authorities—will assist at the nuptials. The children born of this union are to be adopted by the nation.

One of the toy-makers on the Boulevards Italiens, has just exhibited a mask of wire-work, labelled—"Safety-masks for the perfidious English!"

Latest accounts from Paris state that not only Englishmen, but English women and English children, have their faces daily smitten throughout the capital, by the brave soldiery. Yesterday, in the Rue de la Paix, a grenadier having boxed the ears of an English nurse, spat in the face of her English baby. It is clear from this little incident, that the national enthusiasm is at its height!

Court Compliment.

At the last Drawing-Room, the ladies paid the most delicate compliment to the King of the Belgians, nearly all of them wearing his own Brussels lace. The wife of the Premier was especially fine in the foreign article. This conduct on the part of the peeresses and the wealthy women of England is indicative of the most cultivated taste. Indeed, what can the rough-handed English manufacturer produce worthy of Victoria's court? Nothing—yes, *one* thing—Taxes!

THE DEEDS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A few days ago there was an election at Woodstock, the Duke of Marlborough's borough. The Duke's son was of course returned, *vice* Mr. Thesiger, refused by his Grace. Mr. Humfrey, who appeared to oppose the Marquis of Blandford, addressed the people, detailing to them the deeds of the Duke. We carefully extract such doings from the lengthened oration, that at one view the reader may observe the amount of debt due by the people of Woodstock to the worthy Duke of Marlborough. Yes, we give the Duke's bill:—

To turning away Mr. Smallbones, farmer; the said Smallbones having, in his better days, lent money to the Dukes of Marlborough when they knew not where to get a shilling.

To raising the rent of 140 families, who paid 30*s.* per annum for cottages, but were suddenly charged from 60*s.* to 80*s.*, and turned out on refusing my terms.

To prosecuting a man named Harris, who watered his horse, *illegally*, at a pond in Woodstock. The said Harris was summoned for pound-breach: fined 1*s.*, with 19*s.* 6*d.* expenses. He was sent to gaol; when there, his goods were taken in execution; and he is now working on the roads (doubtless thinking of the virtues of the Duke of Marlborough).

To the prosecution of a man named Wilkes, who found a piece of "buck's-horn" (value 3*d.*) in Blenheim Park, and was fined in 7*s.* 6*d.* costs.

To the prosecution of a man named Bartlett, who, on the public road, picked up and took away with him a rabbit half eaten by a weazel. Bartlett was fined 15*s.*; in default of payment was sentenced to 14 days' solitary confinement: he had just recovered from the cholera.

To stopping a pension of 10*s.* a week, to a man named Graham, of 90 years' old—a pensioner on my father and grandfather.

To the prosecution of Mr. Jardine, tradesman, of Woodstock, who, his wife suffering from severe illness, took her into Blenheim Park in a garden-chair. "She complained of being shaken, by being drawn over the gravel." Her husband drew her on the grass, when a fine of one farthing was inflicted, with costs, upon her husband, the offender.

To the nailing up of a gate which led from certain almshouses—endowed by a former Duchess of Marlborough—to Woodstock Park, allowing the old almswomen entry to the said park.

And, finally, to refusing to pay a man named Castles for the coffin of my father, because I did not order it,—my father, notwithstanding, being buried in the same coffin.

Such is the Duke of Marlborough's bill—such his claims upon the respect and affections of the country at large, and of the people of Woodstock in particular. The bill has been harshly criticised. Now, we defend it throughout.

As for the Duke's treatment of Mr. Smallbones, that, in a common man, would be an act of vulgar ingratitude, mere plebeian thanklessness: in his Grace, it can be nothing more than aristocratic eccentricity—a bit of wayward humour, in no way implicating the goodness of the ducal heart.

And then for raising the rent of 140 pauper families; why, the Duke, in his palace of Blenheim, knows the comforts of a roof, and very properly lays the highest price upon the accommodation.

As for the man Harris, what business had he to trespass on the Duke's water, when, sure we are, that the Duke has proved a full right to the horse-pond all to himself?

Again, if a man is to be pardoned for carrying away a bit of "buck's-horn," because it is worth only three-pence, is the Duke himself safe? The bit of "buck's-horn" may be thought by vulgar people to have no value whatever; but no man better than the Duke knows how to prize a thing which all the world beside deems utterly worthless.

In the next case, one Bartlett carries away a half-eaten rabbit, the leavings of a weasel. Now, there is but little doubt that the defrauded weasel intended to return to its repast. The Duke knew this, and by fining Bartlett, only showed an acute sympathy for the vermin that cumbers the land.

As for stopping the weekly pension to a pauper of ninety, the Duke did perfectly right. The natural life of man is fourscore, and Graham had outraged human nature—the Duke is a good judge of the offence—full ten years.

Next, Mr. Jardine draws his sick wife on the soft grass of Blenheim Park, and is fined a farthing, with expenses, for the iniquity. The Duke, by such charge, shows his delicate value of green provender; no worthier judge of grass since Nebuchadnezzar!

Again, the Duke nails up a door, shutting out old women from Woodstock Park. Very proper. What has poverty to do with the sun, the sky, and the fresh breath of heaven? Its only right to the earth is to be found some three or four feet under it.

The Duke refuses to pay for the coffin of his father. Now, this refusal must arise from some misapprehension of His Grace, who, we fear, is not sufficiently impressed with the benevolent intentions of his neighbours. What! Duke of Marlborough! refuse to pay for the coffin of your deceased sire? Nay, pull out your purse—discharge the bill. For who, when fate shall call you from this vale of tears,—who, we ask, would for a moment regret to pay the like account for you?

SONGS OF THE "SUPERIOR CLASSES."

FOPS' ALLEY.

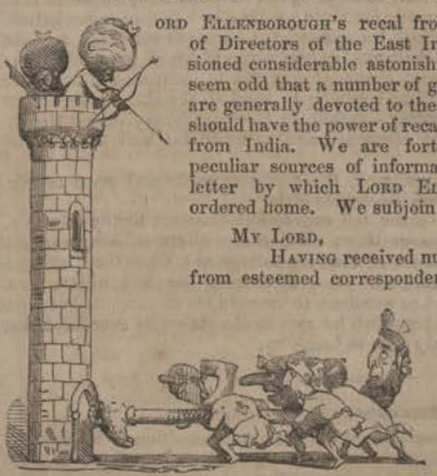
In boots of patent leather,
In gloves of snowy kid,
In full dress altogether,
Young England's ranks amid,
Fops' Alley, how enchanted,
I take my stand in thee;
And think what eyes are planted,
From every side, on me!
Fal la.

Around the boxes gazing,
Ton's fair *élite* I view;
Some, opera glasses raising,
To look about them through:
While others, sweetly smiling,
(The chorus on the stage);
The moments dull beguiling,
In lively chat engage.
Fal la.

Till Grisi's accents thrilling,
Or Persiani's strain,
Their hearts with rapture filling,
Their forced attention chain;
Or, till the tuneful anguish
Of Mario, warbled high,
Bids them to list, and languish,
And, faintly melting, sigh,
Fal la.

Blest ballet, soul-entrancing;
Who would not rather gaze
On youth and beauty dancing,
Than one of Shakspeare's plays?
Give me the Haunt of Fashion;
And let the drama's shrine
Engross the vulgar's passion;
Fops' Alley, thou art mine.
Fal la.

THE RECAL OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH.



Lord Ellenborough's recal from India by the Court of Directors of the East India Company has occasioned considerable astonishment. It certainly does seem odd that a number of gentlemen whose energies are generally devoted to the state of the tea market, should have the power of recalling a Governor-General from India. We are fortunately able, from our peculiar sources of information, to give the actual letter by which Lord Ellenborough has been ordered home. We subjoin it without comment.

My Lord,

Having received numerous communications from esteemed correspondents complaining of your hasty and pugnacious conduct, we beg that you will accept the usual notice, (one month from the date hereof,) at the expiration of which time you must consider yourself discharged from the service of

Your obedient Servants,
The Directors of the Hon. East India Company.

P.S. We shall be happy to allow your travelling expenses.

Provincial Theatrical Intelligence.

OOKAM CUM SNIVEY.—The comedy of the *School for Scandal* was played here last week in TOMKINS's stable, which was fitted up as a theatre. The Mayor and family occupied the stalls, and the County Members were to have been on the rack, which had been fitted up as a private box, but they were detained in London by their parliamentary duties. Mr. MACREADY FITZ-WALLACK was the *Charles*, and looked the character to perfection. He dressed it in stocking drawers and a surtout, with the skirts pinned up to form a body-coat, so that he was admirably made up for the kindhearted but extravagant spendthrift. In the dialogue he was not quite so successful. After the performance he was called for —by a sheriff's officer.

DUNSTABLE.—Our worthy manager has been hitherto very unfortunate. He left the town under heavy liabilities, and though his company was not followed, he was personally a great deal run after. He was strongest in the *ballet*, and he led several of the townspeople to a very pretty dance; for his *première danseuse* was attended to the theatre by nearly all the youths of the place, who formed a procession after her. Her hotel—the Goose and Gallipot—was surrounded with the populace; and, in the evening, the tap was brilliantly illuminated. She is everywhere hailed as the Dunstable Taglioni; and the inhabitants, through the hands of their headborough, have presented her with a bonnet, inclosing the freedom of Dunstable, and surmounted with a plaited crown, encircled by ribands, the sarsnet for which alone was valued at a very high figure.

DINNER TO MR. HULLAH AT CAMBRIDGE.

ON Tuesday last a dinner was given at Cambridge to Mr. HULLAH, by the graduates of the University who are under his instruction.

After the cloth was removed, the Chairman rose to enunciate a toast, and he felt sure the company would not be wanting in a demonstration. He was delighted to regard the University as the patron of everything good: he considered the members of the University to be bricks, united by the mortar of harmony. The beautiful effect produced by the simultaneous ringing of all the college-bells, from six in the morning till six at night, showed that the University patronised music. His antipathy to long prefaces was well known; he would therefore at once propose, 'The health of Mr. Hullah; and might he render the University as famous for music, as they were superior to all the world in everything else.' (*Cheers.*)

Glee—"The Bells of St. Michael's Tower."

Mr. HULLAH rose. He was, he said, most extensively exhilarated. If he might use the terms of his art, this was no *common time* with him. His heart, which usually beat minims, was now performing an adagio movement in $\frac{2}{8}$ time.

If, before, he might have been represented by a crotchet, he now became a *dotted* note, for he felt half as large again. He certainly hoped to render the University as famous for notes as they had long been for letters. Much had been said against his system, but he would challenge any one (and he used the word 'challenge' in the sense which it bore before the late State Trials), he would challenge any one to show that it had ever failed. He should therefore continue to treat all the abuse bestowed on his system as a mere nothing—in fact, as so many Pennsylvanian Bonds. Mr. Hullah thanked the company, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.

After the cloth was removed, the company performed some of Mr. HULLAH's lessons in a very creditable style.

On going up stairs to coffee the conversation became highly scientific. One gentleman was demonstrating a geometric proposition, using a muffin and several triangular pieces of toast for a diagram; while the Chairman was investigating the nature of tides, by stirring the milk with a fork. Our reporter was obliged to withdraw to prepare his dispatches; but from the ascending powers of tea which he met on the stairs, he concluded that the meeting was not likely soon to break up.

Shakspeare at Court.

HER MAJESTY, compassionating the benighted condition of St. James's in its ignorance of the English drama, has graciously appointed CHARLES KEMBLE, Esq., to diffuse Shakspearianity throughout her royal court. MR. KEMBLE began his labours a few days ago, by reading *Cymbeline*; the drama having been previously purified and licensed by his son, the examiner of plays. The next reading was ordered that day six months.

UNREPORTED ILLUMINATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the daily papers gave columns to the chronicling of the illuminations on HER MAJESTY's birth-night, very important cases of light were omitted. We hasten to name them.

The York Column.

The illumination was very chaste, yet very insignificant; the head of the DUKE's statue being surrounded by the three letters I. O. U.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE, OR CUCKOO'S NEST.

This display quite eclipsed every other in Hanover Square. It was a magnificent oil transparency, showing the full length portrait of MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM (in a turban), receiving the allegiance and the year's subscription of his subjects the members; all of whom, by the way, seemed admirably *done*.

The Constitution again in Danger.

has frequently been our painful duty to point the finger of caution through the archway of the Burlington-arcade, till it has rested on one who is armed with a weapon which we have been the first to denounce as dangerous to the Constitution. This is not the time for a vacillating delicacy; and we, therefore, unhesitatingly tear off the mask of reserve, and assert at once, that our allusion is aimed at that unhappy man —for unhappy we are justified in calling him—who wields the destinies of the Arcade in one hand, and the bludgeon of his office in the other.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of unmitigated alarm, that we observed, the other day, in that Quadrant with which the name of Regent is identified—it was, we say, with unmitigated alarm, that we noticed the erection of two chairs, upon which a sort of duarchy has been set up, comprising a double beadleocracy, at the contemplation of which we are at this moment violently shuddering. Very far are we from underrating the value of that fine old remnant of feudal feeling which exists only in the Metropolitan streetkeepery—a race of men, who, like the native Indians, are being fast driven westward towards the setting sun; but we do not think that these are the times for introducing a new and unpopular despotism into the heart of a crowded thoroughfare. Already has juvenile irritability been excited, and many a youthful finger has been placed sneeringly on the end of the infantine nose, with that significance which never yet was pointed at power without the desire, at least, of undermining it.

As we looked on those empty chairs, we involuntarily thought of Canute, whose easy elbow was washed away by the tide—as the sea of popular indignation may one day overwhelm the gold-laced oligarchs, who are attempting to lord it over the tribes that throng the quarter in which the beadleocracy seems attempting to establish itself.

STREET VOICES.

AH! what is man!—You ask yourself the query.
In vain you muse: you give it up: when lo!
Yon moralist, whose gait proclaims him beery,
From 'neath his fan-tailed beaver shouts—"Dust, O."
Friendless and spiritless, bereft of Hope,
In anguish, too, from corns or, may-be, bunions,
You hear a friendly voice cry "Buy a rope;"
You rush to purchase one, when, lo!—it's onions.

Patents.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE HOME SECRETARY, for a New Grinding Machine to be used in Union Workhouses, for the diminution of Pauperism by Friction. Likewise, an Improved Screw for the application of Compression to the same purpose.

THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY, for an Extinguisher, for the extinction of British Art.

MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM, for a Contrivance for Raising the Wind.

MR. WIDDICOMBE, for a Life Pill.

DIFFUSION OF SHAKSPEAREANITY AT COURT.

Our gracious Queen, as we briefly stated in our last, summoned a few nights since Mr. Charles Kemble to Buckingham Palace, that he then and there might enter upon the goodly work of diffusing Shakspeareanity through the hearts and minds of the natives abiding within the royal precincts; and we are happy to learn that although Mr. Kemble found the greater number of the individuals in a very benighted condition in as far as related to their knowledge and appreciation of the ennobling qualities of the Great Teacher, they nevertheless—the great defects of their education considered—evinced a degree of interest and aptitude, which Mr. Kemble believes may in good time be made to produce the very best fruits.

We have received a letter from Mr. Kemble on the subject. It will be seen from the document that he has unconsciously fallen into the Missionary style of composition; a circumstance, perhaps, hardly to be wondered at, when we consider the importance of his new duties. (An antiquarian friend has also favoured us with an extremely old and rude wood-engraving of Shakspeare, as he was wont to appear before the Virgin Elizabeth.)

FROM CHARLES KEMBLE TO PUNCH.

My very Dear Mr. Punch,—Delighting in the interest you have always manifested for the progress of literature and the arts, cherished and honoured as they are by our beloved mistress, the Queen, I hold it to be no other than my duty to forward to you, and through you to the whole universe, the subjoined report of my labours up to the present time at Buckingham Palace, for the diffusion of Shakspeareanity throughout the court.

Her Majesty received me with the greatest cordiality, and Prince Albert, by the very attentive manner with which he listened to me, shewed an example of decorum which I am sure was not lost upon the inferior people. He is evidently a young man of good natural understanding, although the unfortunate prejudices of his station may have hitherto caused him to neglect his Shakspeare for the more frivolous pursuits of rabbit-shooting and sitting for five hundred portraits. Nevertheless, the many questions he put to me respecting Shakspeare, namely, as to where the Poet was born,—whether he had been apprenticed to any business,—whether he died married or a bachelor—whether he had really invented mulberries,—with other curious interrogatives, all shewed to me that the mind of the Prince was at least hungry for a better knowledge of the Moral Master. Indeed, I have every hope from the interest already awakened in the royal breast, that Prince Albert will, in a short time, wholly renounce the idols of the Opera; and as a most convincing proof of his belief in Shakspeare, sit out the *Petruchio* of Mr. Webster.

I shall now, Mr. Punch, proceed to give you a few cases illustrative of my success in Queen Victoria's Court, heartily hoping that they will be multiplied ten thousand fold. For most charitable reasons, I suppress the names, giving only the occupations of my neophytes.

"A Maid of Honour, age 23.—Had certainly heard of Shakspeare, when a little girl and before she came to court; but had seldom had her attention called to the subject since. Did not know where he was born. Believes that he was dancing-master to Queen Elizabeth. Thinks she has heard it said that he was a low man, and wrote very bad English; for that reason was advised never to hear him except in Italian at the opera. Knew an opera called *Otello*; was sure she knew it, because Grisi and Lablache played in it! Had certainly heard of the swan of Avon; believes that she once saw it in the Zoological Gardens. It was a white swan."

[I am happy to inform you, Mr. Punch, that such has already been my success with this benighted young woman, that she has broken a very pretty plaster statuette of Rubini on her dressing-table, and every night takes her rest with the Family Shakespeare under her pillow.]

"A Woman of the Bedchamber, age 32.—Had heard of Shakspeare several times. Saw *The Murder of Macbeth* once; was sure it was *The Murder of Macbeth*, for a Mr. Charles Kean played the principal part. Never went to the play; no, never; that is, except on a royal visit, which was as good as never. Remembers to have seen Mr. Balfe's *Falstaff* at the opera; liked it very well; but thought *Falstaff* at the play-houses only fit for low people. Remembers to have heard of *Romeo and Juliet* when a girl. Never looked into Shakspeare; it was not considered proper. Had seen General Tom Thumb three times; kissed him on each occasion. Once heard part of the *Tempest*; thought Caliban a disgusting creature; had seen and liked the Ojibbeways very much."

[I assure you, Mr. Punch, so great has been my influence over this darkened individual, that she has not visited the opera this ten days, and, as a proof of her conversion to Shakspeare, has expressed herself ready to go even to the Victoria to endure him.]

"A Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, age 40.—Had heard of Shakspeare, but thought him a bore. Had seen *Hamlet* once; he didn't mean the silversmith, but *Hamlet*, the Duke of Denmark; thought it very dull and unsatisfactory. What had *Hamlet* to complain of? Wasn't he a Prince, with a devilish fine girl to marry, and all that? Thought there was no interest in *Hamlet*; liked something that touched the feelings; for instance, admired the *Maid and Magpie*."

[Judge my delight, Mr. Punch, when, after only three interviews with this forlorn individual, he was found devouring Shakespeare raw at the Pavilion.]

"An Equerry, age 27.—Had, in his time, heard of Shakspeare: might have been a slap-up fellow in his day, but was too slow for these times. Once saw the *Merchant of Venice*; old *Shylock* was a bill-discounter of the tribe of Levi. Never went to the play. Never missed Carlotta Grisi."

[This gentleman, after only two readings, dismissed twenty pictures of the Pets of the Ballet from the walls of his bed-room, and promoted to his dormitory a magnificent bust of Shakespeare.]

Such, Mr. Punch, are a few of my conversions at the Palace. As I proceed in my labours you shall hear more; meanwhile, believe me,

Yours, with fervent admiration and respect,

Charles Kemble.

Garrick Club, May 7.

THE OPENING OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

This splendid ornament of the metropolis was thrown open to the public on Thursday last, and the ceremony was attended by all the boys that could be got together on the spur of the moment from the streets in the neighbourhood. A juvenile party instantly began to "christen" the posts, by leaping over them; and no square-keeper having been regularly sworn in, the whole spot was a scene of alarming anarchy, until K 12, with considerable presence of mind—although not on duty—invested himself with the striped band for the wrist, and took his station on the top step, commanding a view of the flats of asphaltum which spread themselves slantendicularly down towards the cab-stand.

Amongst the other objects of interest at Trafalgar Square, we must notice particularly the two extensive washhand-basins, cut out into the shape of the shells used for scolloping oysters, from a design in the possession of the Messrs. Lynn, of Fleet-street. These aqueous receptacles were the subjects of various nautical experiments, in honour, no doubt, of the great naval hero on the summit of the column; and who, by-the-by, looks as if he contemplated suicide by jumping from the top of it. Several paper boats were launched on the surface of the tawny fluid, and altogether a

decidedly aquatic turn was given to the day's proceedings, some of the boys sprinkling their companions festively with the salubrious element.

The only drawback to the general hilarity was occasioned by the non-removal of the wooden hoard from the base of the Nelson Column. We understand that a difficulty as to the price of the iron railings is the cause of this unsightly continuance of the wood-work; but it is confidently hoped that the ironmonger will see the matter in its proper light in the course of a few days, and put up those spikes, the absence of which, on Thursday, the assembled multitudes so much deplored.

ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

HAVING just returned from this delicious place of entertainment,—our brains whirling with the delirious excitement of the scene,—we have scarce time to collect our scattered senses and to put down hastily our impressions of this gorgeous galaxy of talent.

Among the portraits, we remarked—

691. Portrait of the Hat of His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT; with His Royal Highness's favourite boot-jack. His Royal Highness's Persian wolf-dog, MIRZA, is lying on the latter, while the former is in the possession of His Royal Higness's diminutive spaniel, MISS KIDLUMY.—*Sandseer, R. A.*

This magnificent piece of Art has all that Mastery of execution, that chiaroscurosity of handling—above all, that thrilling, dramatic interest which distinguishes the most popular of our painters. The gallant wolf-hound of Irawn sits scowling over the utensil of the consort of England's Sovereign, which seems to say, "*Nemo me impunè lacessit.*" The boot-jack is a miracle of art—had we not worn Bluchers, in good sooth we should have been tempted to try it; so marvellous is the illusion produced. As for the litle spaniel, MISS KIDLUMY, what can we say, but that she is a perfect *love?* The biscuit she holds in her mouth may have been *painted* by a SANDSEER, but we vow must have been *designed* by a LEMANN: it is one of the sort usually sold at three a penny. The fluff of the hat is handled with a gossamer lightness, and the maker's name is a complete illusion. This work stamps MR. SANDSEER not only as a great delineator, but a noble and exquisite poet. His

996. Parroquet with a Muffin, (the property of the Queen of the Belgians).

1763. Grouse Shooting. Cockaleckie Castle.

2844. Salmon Leaping. (Scene from the river Snuffmull, off the heights of Whistlebinkie. *Morning).*

25. The Highland Luncheon.

> "Gin a' the binks that fa' your body,
> Your bubbly Jock and winsome poddie,
> Your lilting, filting, linkum doddie,
> Should gar your ee."

The words of the Ayrshire bard were never more admirably illustrated. The tail of the Kelpie in the distance, is, perhaps, a *little* out of drawing; but the Stot is the very picture of life; and the mutton-ham with which the sheep-dog (both are likenesses of eminent political characters) is running away, is unparalleled.

MACLISH, R. A., has

991. 1434. 1684. 4. 76. 1999. Subjects from that admirable novel, Gil Blas—a work lately published, and of the greatest humour; likewise,

802. OLIVIA curling MARIA'S hair before going to Farmer FLAMBOROUGH'S.

8496. MARIA curling OLIVIA'S hair before going to Farmer FLAMBOROUGH'S.

15. 'SQUIRE THORNHILL making love to OLIVIA in the hay-field.

1844. Hay-field. Group from the Vicar of Wakefield.

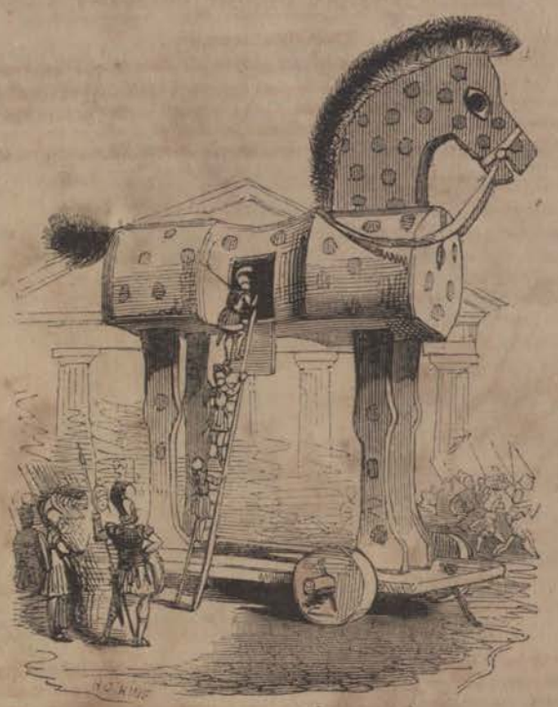
176. 8. 4499. and thirteen more, are from the same delightful work, upon which indeed all our artists have made an attack, for we have

MULROWDY, R. A., with 1904, The Vicar of Wakefield smoking the pipe in the orchard with MR. BURCHELL.

2306. MR. BURCHELL in London, purchasing a roll of Virginia for the Vicar. (An admirable piece, with all the humour of RAPHAEL, and all REMBRANDT'S correctness of design.)

316. MRS. PRIMROSE ironing her mittens—a sweet piece in the true CLAUDE manner. We counted, besides, six other designs from the same delightful work, and from the unmistakeable pencil of MR. LEDSLIE, R. A., three hundred and thirty-six drawings in illustration of this most popular novel.

TRUNDLER, R. A., treats us with some magnificent pieces.



TROY AFTER TENIERS (TEN YEARS).

34. A Typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway, with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.

> O Art, how vast thy misty wonders are,
> To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep;
> Maelstrom thy hand is here.
>
> *From an unpublished poem.*

4. (Great room.) HIPPOPOTAMUSES at play in the river Scamander.

1311. The DUKE of WELLINGTON and the Shrimp (Seringapatam, early suarin).

> And can it be, thou hideous imp,
> That life is ah! how brief, and glory but a shrimp!
>
> *From an unpublished poem.*

We must protest against the Duke's likeness here; for though his grace is short, his face is not of an emerald-green colour; and it is his coat, not his boots, which are vermilion; nor is it fair to make the shrimp (a blue one) taller than the conqueror of Assaye; with this trifling difference of opinion, we are bound to express our highest admiration of the work. It is the greatest that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising over the cataract in the foreground, and the conflagration of TIPPOO'S widow in the Banyan forest by the sea shore, are in the great artist's happiest manner. Our favourite

PICKLEGILL, R. A., has fourteen admirable portraits.

47. MAJOR BULDER, and 48. MRS. MAJOR BULDER (worthy of a TINTORET).

906. Colossal figure of GEORGE BLODDER RODGMORE, Esq., M.P., of Rodgmore Hall, painted on occasion of the bill for inclosing Cowitch Common, and hung in the lower hall of that city. A grand, we had almost said, a stalactitic piece. MR. RODGMORE is represented in a white waistcoat, and pepper-and-salt trousers, pointing to a scroll of papers, and as if looking up at a picture of the late eminent WILLIAM PITT; Rodgmore Park is seen in the distance, the trees tinted by autumn, and a whirlwind raging above them in the stormy sky. A curricle, probably containing MRS. BLODDER RODGMORE, completes the illusion. The Turkey carpet is a miracle of painting, and the seals hanging from the inexpressibles of the principal figure, are perfect wonders of pictorial skill. *Our* dictum is, Bravo, MR. PICKLEGILL!

Water-Colour Room. 1915, 1803. "HECUBA parting from LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS before the battle of Lepanto; and ARIADNE visiting DIOGENES LAERTIUS in the island of Patmos. Drawings in stick liquorice are in the well-known manner of MR. JONAS, R.A.; but the rest of our notices must be reserved for a future day.

A BALLET OF ACTION AT LAW.

First Tableau.

The Court (des Miracles), or Court of Queen's Bench, at Westminster.

As the curtain rises, the stage is seen thronged with lawyers and their clerks. The Chief, DENMAN, seated on the judicial chair, presides over the savage assembly. Whilst the buzz and confusion are at their height, JOHN DOE, the plaintiff, rushes to the feet of DENMAN, pursued by a crowd

of young barristers, in search of briefs and plunder. DENMAN asks him his business, but the miserable plaintiff casts a terror-stricken look around him, and, on perceiving that he is in the *Cour des Miracles*, or Court of Queen's Bench, faints in the usher's arms. The savage lawyers rush upon him, with the purpose of robbing him, but the miserable DOE has nothing on him, except a motion of course, which the lawyers, not valuing, they doom him to speedy execution, by saying he may go and be hanged. Almost mad with fear, the plaintiff casts himself at the feet of the juniors, when a stifled murmur announces the approach of the "elegant" THESIGER. Skipping lightly into the front row, THESIGER immediately comprehends the meaning of the plaintiff's agony. An attorney, standing by, snatches the motion paper from the hands of DOE, and a *pas de do* ensues, during which the fee is transferred to the pocket of the lawyer. THESIGER trips carelessly between them, and catches the eye of the judge. The elegant solicitor makes a motion of course. It is for a distringas to compel an appearance. His prayer is granted. The joy of the plaintiff knows no bounds, and he rushes from the Court in a paroxysm of extasy, leaving the disappointed barristers holding up their hands in an attitude of utter and hopeless brieflessness.

Second Tableau.

A WEEK IS SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTS.

Le Jour de Service—the Day of Service.—A small chamber, with a bedstead, a table, and a chair.

The defendant enters sad and melancholy. He is gazing on a small square piece of card, inscribed with the word "Coat," and the figures "10*s.* 6*d.*" immediately under it. While buried in this reverie, the plaintiff enters. He advances with an air of timid triumph, and places his hand on the shoulder of the poor defendant; he recoils, and the other pursues him, but when on the point of seizing him, he sees the nob of a walking-stick glittering before his eyes, he plaintiff explains that he only wishes some security for the debt, and capers before the defendant, meaning that the latter has led him a very pretty dance. The defendant shakes his head mournfully, and ultimately receives from the plaintiff a parchment scroll. The former, after looking at it with deep emotion, tramples it under his foot, and the plaintiff, as if worn down by the trouble and excitement of the day, slowly retires.

When alone, the defendant throws himself on the chair, which, by his evident uneasiness, is shown to be no longer an easy one. Scarcely has he done so, than SELBY enters with a *fi. fa.*, and proceeds to remove the table and the couch. The defendant raises his stick, as if to strike, when the plaintiff, coming suddenly behind him, seizes the end of it, and SELBY rushes out with the couch and the table. The defendant turns desperately on the plaintiff, who protects himself with the chair, which he struggles to retain possession of, and ultimately

carries off, leaving the defendant apparently lifeless on the barren and now unfurnished floor.

Third Tableau.

A WEEK IS SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS.

L'heure d'attentat—The hour of trial—La Cour des Shérifs dans le Carré du Lion Rouge.—The Sheriffs' Court, in Red Lion-square.

The hall is fitted up for justice being (regularly) done. A crowd of witnesses flock in upon one side, and seem to affirm a fact, when suddenly

another crowd of witnesses flock in on the other side, and deny it. The judge and jury exchange glances. The latter whisper a few moments apart. At length the judge takes a coin from his pocket, and throws it gently up with the point of his thumb, catching it between the palms of both his hands. The foreman of the jury advances towards the judge and looks at the coin, then telling the jury the result, a verdict is instantly given in the plaintiff's favour. The defendant's attorney runs wildly out of Court, without paying the counsel's fee. The jury precipitate themselves into a public-house, where they are met by the plaintiff, and the rest of the day is devoted to mirth and jollity, which are greatly enhanced by the presence of the usher of the Court.

Fourth Tableau.

NO TIME IS SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THE THIRD AND FOURTH ACTS.

Terre de Raquette sur le Banc de la Reine; or, Racket Ground of the Queen's Bench.

The stage is filled with prisoners, some of whom are playing at racquets, others at skittles, while a group at one end appear occupied in smoking cigars. The defendant enters mournfully, and at first endeavours to hide himself in the crowd of smokers. One of the skittle players tempts him by tossing up a huge wooden ball, but the defendant waves his hand mournfully, and turns upon his heel. A shout from the racquet players seems to awaken new life in him, and he puts on a look indicative of his yearning after the innocent days of his guileless infancy. At that moment one of the racquet players is called away, and defendant is invited to take his place. He soon enters into the spirit of the game; but having bet on the result, he loses all that he has, in addition to a good deal that he has

not. A confusion ensues, and the scene winds up with a wild and reckless *mêlée*.

Fifth Tableau.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR DOES ELAPSE BETWEEN THE FOURTH AND FIFTH ACTS.

La Fête des Fous, or Feast of Lunatics. The Bankruptcy Court of Commissioner Williams, at Basinghall Street.

The Commissioner enters, preceded by the messenger and followed by

the charwoman. They execute a *pas de trois*, and the Commissioner goes

through a portion of the college hornpipe with a bankrupt, who is doing the double shuffle in very quick time. WILLIAMS looks over an empty ledger, having left his spectacles at home, and compliments the bankrupt on the clearness with which he has kept his books. WILLIAMS motions that they are unobjectionable, and, after a few extraordinary capers, *passes* them in great haste. The defendant now enters, and the Commissioner, looking at his watch, indicates that dinner-hour is nearly at hand. He is about to adjourn defendant's case *sine die*, when an old man rushes in attended by Indian slaves. It is the defendant's uncle, who produces a will, and drops down lifeless on the stage. The will is opened, and is found to bestow an enormous fortune on the defendant. The plaintiff now enters, and is at first standing gloomily apart, but on the will being shown to him he embraces the defendant, and both of them embrace the Commissioner. The back of the scene opens, and discovers Doctors' Commons, with the Court of Chancery, a little way behind. The Commissioner dismisses the fiat, and the ballet concludes with a grand allegorical design of a *Supersedeas*, in which Fame is seen suppressing a copy of the *London Gazette*; while the Tritons are baling out water from Neptune's shell, Commissioner WILLIAMS singing, by way of Solo, the first and last verses of "Britannia rules the Waves."

Punch's Review
OF
THE (STATE) PENSIONERS.

AN order of Council having been issued for re-forming and re-dressing the Pensioners, PUNCH, who takes delight in dressing them, and, if possible, re-forming them, ordered a Review, of which the artist has given a very faithful representation.

On reaching the ground, the Law Rifles, headed by PENSIONER BROUGHAM, went through a variety of manœuvres, getting from the square into the cross, and performing other feats of equal dexterity.

The Exchequer Rifles, under LORD MONTEAGLE, got splendidly into the rear, and made off with the whole of the Whig Baggage, just as the old Tory Brigade had succeeded in manning the Treasury battlements.

The whole of the pensioners then went through a sham fight, in which Lords CAMPBELL and BROUGHAM particularly distinguished themselves.

PUNCH was attended by his usual staff (a wooden one), and a staff extraordinary, amongst whom were noticed H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, COLONEL SIBTHORP, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c. &c.

TIMELY ARRIVALS.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the KING OF HANOVER are announced to arrive in the third week of May. By a happy coincidence this happens to be *Rogue-ation* week.

THE RECALL OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

Othello. O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! "ELLENBRO'S" occupation 's gone!

MR. W. WILLIAMS begged to call the attention of the House to the very awkward position in which a very respectable person had been placed by the recall of the Governor-General of India. The House would probably remember that during the whole of the *Indian War, and the Disasters of Cabul* (as performed at Astley's Amphitheatre), the character of Lord Ellenborough was in the hands of MR. WIDDICOMB (*hear, and a laugh*). He, MR. WILLIAMS, now wished to inquire how the recal of the Governor-General would affect the position of MR. WIDDICOMB, and whether he would be expected to resign the important duties that had hitherto devolved upon him (*cheers and laughter*).

SIR R. PEEL complained of being taken by surprise.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE could bear testimony to the efficient manner in which the duties of Governor-General had been discharged in India and at Astley's. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had had a difficult part to play, and so had WIDDICOMB. He (SIR VALENTINE BLAKE) had been present when the latter had read the whole of the dispatches from the top of an elephant's back; and he (SIR VALENTINE BLAKE) doubted whether LORD ELLENBOROUGH himself, amidst all his brilliant achievements, had accomplished one that was equal to the feat alluded to (*Hear, hear*).

SIR ROBERT PEEL would be glad to know whether the honourable member had any motion to propose (*A laugh*).

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE had hardly made up his mind what to do (*Hear*). Perhaps the better course would be to wait until the Ministers had determined whether they should propose a vote of confidence in LORD ELLENBOROUGH. If this course were taken, would it (asked the hon. member) be competent for me to propose that the resolution should embrace WIDDICOMB! (*Hear and a laugh*).

COLONEL SIBTHORP said that it was competent for the honourable member to propose what he pleased—but what he pleased, or what pleased him, was not very likely to please the House, and he (COLONEL SIBTHORP) for one would vote against it.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE, MR. W. WILLIAMS, and COLONEL SIBTHORP all rose at once, when they having ascertained that there were only three members present, they counted each other out. The House adjourned.

PUNCH REVIEWING THE (STATE) PENSIONERS.

DECORATIONS OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

LENGTH the exhibition of the designs for decorating the new Houses of Parliament has opened, at the St. James's Bazaar, in King Street. The precaution of taking away one's walking-stick on entering is a very wise one, for had we been permitted to "walk up" with it in our hands, we should have been tempted—out of mere respect for the credit of British art—to have smashed at least one half of the specimens.

The articles in which the imagination had been called upon to revel, were chiefly doors and windows, bells and knockers, fire-places, hat pegs, and pavements. On the grand staircase are a pair of grates, one of which is apparently by RIPPON and BURTON, while the other seems to combine all that slightness of construction and brilliancy of polish which are characteristic of the stoves that emanate from the Little Dust-pan in Holborn.

The door of the House of Lords seems to be the object which has chiefly inspired the fancy of the competitors. There is considerable rampancy about some of the designs, particularly No. 7, where the Barons are represented as demanding the charter from KING JOHN—and JOHN is signing it with an instrument that looks a good deal like a MERCURY'S wand, or, perhaps, the English sceptre; in fact, it is like anything but a pen, while ink is evidently out of the question, for there is not an ink-stand of any description in the apartment where JOHN and the Barons are assembled.

There are, of course, a vast number of ST. GEORGES and the Dragons, in which the dragon is differently treated, though, perhaps, ill-treated would be the better term for it.

Another of the designs exhibits a series of carvings illustrative of some of the principal events in the life of Alfred. One of them represents him in the act of overdoing the cakes of the neatherd's wife; and the manner in which the artist has shadowed forth the excessive baking is really exquisite. This beautiful little bit of art almost deserves the second title of a "Knight wi' Burns."

The specimens of wrought-iron work are very numerous, and we observed a complete set of a knocker, a door-bell, and a key-hole, which most exquisitely giveus the idea of one of our great national amusements, from the emblem being the head of a clown. The plan of the House itself is a rare specimen of ingenuity, being intended to suggest the arrangement of the rooms after the building is finished. The various apartments are rather curiously described, and there are also extensive store-rooms, intended, we presume, for parliamentary pickles and preserves, judicial jams, with other legislative luxuries. The cloak-room is very capacious, and is designed probably for the use of members. A very extensive space is also assigned as the door-keeper's dressing-room, which is, we presume, fitted up with tackle for the toilette of the official alluded to. Among the specimens was a design for the door-keeper's hair-brush, of which we subjoin a counterpart.

On the whole we are unable to speak favourably of the decorative works in the present collection. Some of the specimens of pavement are evidently modelled on the kaleidoscope, a lucky turn of which occasionally converts a shirt button, a bit of glass, a pin, and a spangle, into a very fine pattern of Egyptian workmanship.

SCOTCH SHREWDNESS.

THE other day LORD BROUGHAM was very angry with LORD CAMPBELL for calling Edinburgh the Modern Athens; but surely Glasgow is entitled to the appellation of the Modern Gotham, from which three wise men are said to have started on a naval expedition—in a bowl.

A bridge over the Clyde having become ricketty and unsafe, has been shut up, and a meeting having been held, it was resolved "to build a new bridge on the site of the old one;" and a second resolution was instantly passed "to repair the old bridge so as to make it serve until the new one is completed." By what ingenious piece of mechanism the old bridge is to be replaced by a new one—which is to be built on the site of the old, while the old still occupies the place destined for the new—must be left to the ingenuity of the wise men of Glasgow, to whom we recommend a conference with the sages of Gotham, as being likely to furnish very valuable suggestions.

GUILDHALL HOSPITALITY.

THE LORD MAYOR, having begun his banquets with the Bench of Bishops, has resolved to dine right through the Church, ending with the Welch Curates. He will conclude with a wind-up supper to all the Beadles and Pew-openers.

THE REWARD OF BACCHUS.

A DAY or two since, one ELIAS FURMAGER, private of the Grenadier Guards, rushed after a respectable married woman to her house in New Peter-street, Westminster. The woman locked her room-door, when the said ELIAS, drunk and furious as any satyr, broke open the door and seized his victim, who screamed from the window for help. Overpowered, she fainted, and was discovered by a woman who resides in the same street "hanging half out of the window in an insensible state." MR. JARDINE, the Solon of Queen-square, looking awful as Justice at the soldier, asked him what he had to say in his defence; and ELIAS FURMAGER answered, that "he was *very sorry* for what had occurred, BUT that he was *very drunk* at the time!"

Merciful as wise is oft the magisterial mind; for MR. JARDINE avowedly taking such drunkenness "into consideration," and doubtless believing that "none but the brave deserve the fair," inflicted the penalty of *ten shillings* on the son of Mars, flushed as he was with gin and love!

Beautiful is the charity of MR. JARDINE towards Bacchus; sweet the compassion at Queen-square for drunkenness, which, taking the benefit of its own wrong, obtains a handsome discount of a magistrate for evil-doing!

It is pleasant, too, to record the gratitude of men towards such philanthropic intelligence. We understand that the officers of the Grenadier Guards have invited MR. JARDINE to an early banquet, in token of their sense of his paternal tenderness towards a drunken son of glory.

Several publicans, feeling the breeches-pocket value of MR. JARDINE'S sentence, have subscribed towards a silver toddy-jug, which, bearing the appropriate inscription, "*We won't go home till morning*," will be duly presented to the discriminating magistrate.

We are also happy to state, that under the immediate direction of MR. JARDINE, a painter has orders to execute a notice in letters of gold (with a beautiful vine-leaf border) to be placed above the magistrate of Queen-square. The notice runs as follows:—

In all Cases of Assault a liberal allowance made for Drunkenness!

PUNCH TO LORD BROUGHAM.

MY LORD,

I am a sincere admirer of your great and versatile abilities. I know, my Lord, what comparisons are said to be; and I am aware that your Lordship is a nonsuch.

Among the characteristics of your lordship, one of the most prominent is that of always having something to say. And very pleasant it is to hear you, for your speeches are, at the least, as amusing as they are instructive. But talking, my lord, takes time. Lord Cottenham, the other day, brought in a bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. Your Lordship said something on the subject which induced him to postpone its discussion for a fortnight, in order that at the end of that time he might hear what you had further to say upon it. Whether that will be anything at all to the purpose, your lordship best knows.

Great talents, my Lord, unfortunately directed, are mischievous. I will not for a moment accuse you of interrupting the business of the country; still do you not think it would sometimes go on better if you held your tongue?

My Lord, I have a notion to propose to you. My observations on the proceedings of your lordship have convinced me that all you want to keep you quiet is something to do. It must be something worthy of you; something that no meaner mind in the whole world would ever dream of attempting. I would therefore earnestly yet humbly submit to you, as a suitable occupation, the attempt to discover PERPETUAL MOTION; a phenomenon very nearly exemplified in your lordship's tongue; or your great mathematical attainments might be employed, most auspiciously, in effecting the QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,
PUNCH.

ARRIVAL OF THE PICCADILLY MAIL.

(By Extraordinary Express).

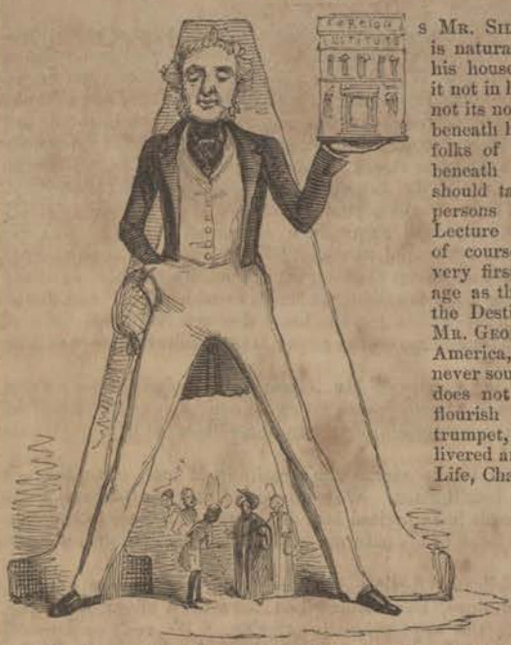
WE have received the following telegraphic despatch:—

Six of the Paving Board have resigned. Air Street is tranquil. *(Here the sight of the telegraph was intercepted by the passing of an omnibus).*

Second Telegraphic Despatch.

THE churchwardens are both out. On inquiring at their homes, it was said they were expected to be in —— by dinner time.

The British and Foreign Destitute.



As Mr. Silk Buckingham is naturally anxious that his house (for holds he it not in his hand?—walk not its nominal members beneath him, even as the folks of Lilliput walked beneath Gulliver?—) should take in as many persons as possible on Lecture nights, he has, of course, engaged the very first people of the age as the instructors of the Destitute Members. Mr. George Jones from America, whose name is never sounded that Fame does not give a double flourish on her silver trumpet, has already delivered an Oration on the Life, Character, and Genius of Shakspeare; and the latest accounts from Stratford-on-Avon assure us that the ghost of the poet is, after its treatment by Jones, as well as can be expected. The said Jones is the author of a History of Ancient America, and is, moreover, the paternal uncle of the boy Jones.

Many lecturers, equally well known to fame as Mr. Jones, are engaged by the bashful Buckingham. We give a few of their names, with the subjects of their Lectures:—

Lord William Lennox, on the Life, Genius, and Character of Barrington.

Philip Stone, Esq., (late of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane) on the Properties of the Ancient and Modern Drama.

Sir Peter Laurie, on Wood Pavements, and their influence on Carriage Springs.

Sheriff Moon, on the Fine Arts in Connexion with his Banker's Account.

Colonel Sibthorp, on Railways.

Baron Nathan, on the Polka; its Social Progress, and ultimate Result.

Silk Buckingham, Esq., on the Plucking of Live Gulls.

These are only a few of the Lectures. Others we shall in proper season duly announce. In the meantime—

Vivat Buckingham! (And certainly) *No Money Returned!*

MAYORAL FESTIVITIES.

The Lord Mayor really gave a dinner last week, which has been the subject of conversation in the City ever since. The entertainments provided were of the most costly description; in fact, when we say his Lordship's hospitality on this occasion even surpassed itself, we feel we have said everything the most extravagant praise can say. We have been favoured by the mayoral *chef de cuisine*, with the following *carte* of the provisions:—

SOUPE DE POIS.

HARENG SAUR.

Sel.

TÊTE DE VEAU,

à la Lord Mayor.

Vinaigre.

MOUTARDE À L'EAU.

POUDING DE PETITS-PAINS.

POMMES-DE-TERRE à l'Irlandaise.

CHAMPAGNE DE WALKER

UNE DOUZAINE DE NATIFS,

Cressons.

Une Aloueite.

UNE BOUTEILLE de la Nouvelle Rivière.

POMMES-DE-TERRE avec leurs Jacquettes.

The dessert was on an equally liberal scale, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, amongst which a plate of St. Michael's, a pint of Barcelona's, and two dishes of mixed biscuits, were the most conspicuous. Chicory was served up at seven, and the company broke up directly after.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY (VERY) EXTRAORDINARY.

The Bankrupt in this case had incurred liabilities to the extent of nearly 150,000*l.*, by taking money from different parties to invest, and investing the same in his own pocket. He had regularly paid the interest up to the day of the issuing of the fiat, that suspicion should not be excited.

A barrister appeared on the part of a creditor who had entrusted money to the bankrupt several years ago, to buy an annuity, which had never been made over to him.

Sir C. F. Williams asked if the creditor had been in a state of mesmerism all that time. (*Laughter.*)

The Counsel explained, that the bankrupt being the attorney of the creditor, the latter thought he could place confidence in the former.

Sir C. F. Williams shook his head for several minutes. He, Sir C. F. Williams, thought it a decided case of good-natured *laches* (*a laugh*). Laches was a funny word. It was a word, at least, that might sound funnily in the ears of strangers; but it was a legal term for neglect; and while he, Sir C. F. Williams, presided in that Court, he would use the words most suited to the dignity of the judicial office. If a client would be guilty of laches, he must expect an attorney to be guilty of roguery. It was enough to tempt transgression.

An attorney present complained of the conduct of one individual being made to reflect on the whole profession.

Sir C. F. Williams (*angrily*). I sit here as a judge in this court. I am always anxious to assist investigation, when I think investigation can do good. While I sit here—at least, while I walk up and down here—which I have a habit of doing—I will fulfil my duty. If anybody disputes my right to do that I will call the Usher and have him committed.

The creditors' counsel said he was anxious to have the facts gone into, and the case of Mrs. Trott was mentioned.

Sir C. F. Williams said he felt deeply for the Trott family, yet he (Sir C. F. Williams) could see very easily that the Trotts had also been guilty of laches. (*A laugh.*) Sir C. F. Williams wished he knew *who laughed*. It was a horrid thing to see respectable men—men who had lived in good style and enjoyed a good income brought up before him under circumstances of a suspicious nature. He felt for those *men*. He could allow for human infirmity. No man was perfect. He (Sir C. F. Williams) was not (*A laugh*).

Sir C. F. Williams said the bankrupt could of course clear himself if he could; but if he could not, it would be impossible.

The bankrupt wished the creditors to meet him in an amicable spirit.

Sir C. F. Williams would like to see matters amicably arranged in all cases if possible. He sat there as a harbinger of peace.

A creditor complained that it was hard to be asked to be amicable after having been cruelly plundered.

Sir C. F. Williams thought that a very harsh and unnecessary remark.

It was then agreed that a private inquiry should take place, and the proceedings were adjourned.

THE STATUE OF BYRON

TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

Custom-House Vaults, May 6, 1844.

Reverend Sirs,

Some four or five years have passed since—arrived from Italy, where I was cut by my friend Thorwalsden—I have lain in this dungeon. For a long time after my arrival the place was daily fumigated, lest any moral infection should escape me; and only men of the purest and most stedfast virtue were suffered to descend into my vault. The authorities believed that I filled it with the most pestilential principles, and therefore always made the men bring down with them some of Robert Montgomery's poems by way of safety-lamp. Owing to this precaution, the rectitude of the people of the Customs—it is a truth now known to all the world—has triumphed over every temptation.

Gentlemen, I was originally chiselled for the Church—carved for Westminster's old abbey. And yet, up to this moment, you have denied me admittance therein, doubtless from the sincere belief that I should corrupt the virtuous company already there assembled. Gentlemen, let us calmly discuss the matter together.

Who shall I find to spoil? The virtuous and orthodox Duke of Buckingham? The pure-minded author of the *Rehearsal*? The valorous and saintly defender of the Church, and especial private

counsellor of CHARLES THE SECOND? Surely you can have no fear of BUCKINGHAM? *He* is safe. I can't spoil *him*.

Perhaps the fair APHARA BEHN, whose plays are a model for the pure and young, might be corrupted? Or it may be that WILLIAM CONGREVE might be shocked by my free discourse; or possibly MAT PRIOR take injury; or the unsophisticated mind of JOHN GAY be tainted; or there is the innocent BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—or more delicate than all—there is the pious SAMUEL FOOTE;—honoured dwellers in the Abbey, payers of fees for their lodging. Do you fear that I should lead them from the paths of innocence and peace by the freedom of my discourse, and the subtle insinuation of my wit? —why gentlemen, even should I attempt the wickedness, have you not ADDISON and ISAAC WATTS there,—besides, I know not how many churchmen,—to reprove me?

But, reverend sirs, let us come to the serious, money part of the question. As public exhibitors it behoves you to keep up your attractions. You know too well—all the world knows, by the Par-

liamentary returns—that as a show, Westminster Abbey is every day becoming less and less profitable. There are many causes that will account for this. In the first place, there are the Zoological Gardens: the people there are always adding to their stock; importing a Chimpanzee, or breeding a Giraffe,—whilst you never think of adding to your poets; whilst you have suffered me to remain in darkness, altogether unwarned by the decreasing threepences!

Reverend sirs, you must march with the spirit of the day. You must, indeed. The people at the aforesaid Zoological collections turn a handsome penny, I am told, by letting the town in at feeding time. If, now, you would consent to dine in public, and now and then invite a bishop or two to feed in Poets' Corner—I think the exhibition might draw. The poorer sort of people might like to see how Bishops and Deans and Chapters feed—the lowliness of the repast would, doubtless, teach them contentment. This hint is, I own, away from the purpose of my letter; but it was always the weakness of my nature to obtrude benevolent advice. To return to my first purpose.

How can you longer refuse to take me in? Depend upon it, for a time at least, I should be popular. I am sure I should bring in the halfpence—a point which, as thorough-going, honest tradesmen, you cannot, with credit to yourselves, neglect.

Feeling certain that this argument must have its force, I shall every minute expect to be sent for. Understand, I do not mind where you put me, so not by the side of GARRICK, CIBBER, or any other player; my morals having been considerably improved by my long acquaintance with the virtuous people of the Custom-house.

Yours, BYRON.

P.S. I shall have no objection—if you think it will ensure the safety of the other folks in Poets' Corner—to wear a camphor-bag about my neck, and to permit the Dean to sluice me once a day with hot vinegar.

CAN any of our very intelligent Subscribers inform us what has become of the Pug-dogs?

A RARE NEW BALLAD OF MALBROOK,

To a New Tune.

TO BE SUNG AT WOODSTOCK, AT THE ELECTION DINNERS THERE.

LAST evening I did sup at Joy's Hotel,
Where, to the merry clinking of the can,
Great EVANS (who can troll the chorus well)
Did sing "the Good Old English Gentleman."
A gallant song it is, of moral plan,
And somehow always makes my bosom swell.

Strange visions in my sleep that evening ran:
I was again a boy of Oxenford,
And, all unheeding of the Proctor's ban,
To famous Woodstock town had driven my tan-
Dem, and was strolling upon Blenheim sward:
Whom should I see approach but Blenheim's Lord.
He, too, the tune I heard at Joy's began,
And thus he sung—

THE

Good Old English Gentleman.

I'll sing you a good old song, about England's days of splendour:
JOHN CHURCHILL was the famous Duke that did our race engender,
And as he beat the French, and was our country's best defender,
Why he took money from Queen Anne and likewise from the Pretender.
Like a brave old English nobleman,
Of the good old honest time.

Lord, Lord, it is a dreadful thing to think what my sires got thro' in
A century or so of reckless life, and made extravagant doing;
With building, racing, dicing, eating, drinking courting, Jewing,
They emptied Great JOHN CHURCHILL'S bags, and left poor me to ruin.
Those brave old English noblemen, &c.

This nation was ungrateful, and so I plainly tell them,
Why give us CHURCHILL'S park of trees, and then not let us fell them?
Why give us gold and silver plates, and then not let us sell them?
Plate we had, but mutton and beef we could very seldom smell them.
We poor old English noblemen, &c.

As the people treated us so base, why it is my maxim,
Whenever I get a poor man down, never to relax him;
Whenever I have a tenant safe, how I squeeze and tax him;'
Whenever he will not pay his rent, I sells him up and racks him.
Like a true old English nobleman, &c.

My ancestors an almshouse built[1]—(the greater asses they)
For a score of poor old women, as could eat but couldn't pay;
And they used to come and crawl about, in my great park way;
Hang their eyes! like so many flies, all in the sunshine gay!
What a sight for an English nobleman, &c.

Their rags and wrinkles made me sick, as sure as I wear ermine;
To turn them out of Blenheim Park I graciously did determine;
So I bricked the Almshouse gate up, and I read my keepers a sermon:
Says I, No more let into my door that poor old crawling vermin!
For I 'm a true old English nobleman, &c.

There was JOHN BARTLET,[2] who picked up a half-eaten rabbit—
How dared JOHN BARTLET for to venture for to go for to grab it?
I sent him to Oxford Gaol because he dared to nab it.
No more, I warrant you, he'll indulge in that there villanous habit,
And steal from an English nobleman, &c.

Before he went to Oxford Gaol, this BARTLET had the cholera.
I promise you, when he came out, his cheeks looked paler and hollorer.
Fourteen days he lay in gaol, his conduct was intolera-
Ble; and such as practices vice will rue it if they foller her,
Says a moral old English nobleman, &c.

There was JOHN HARRIS,[3] too; and sir, what d'ye think,
He was a-riding on his old horse, and actually gave him drink—
Gave him drink in Woodstock Pond, at which I could not wink;
For I am Lord of Woodstock Town, and will suffer no such *think*,
As sure as I 'm a nobleman, &c.

The parker might have let him off, but I was firm to hold out,
I committed and fined him myself, and so his goods were sold out,
Ruined he was and turned out of doors, with nought to keep the cold out,
And the knackers got his silly old horse, and so John Harris was bowled out
By a true old English nobleman.

So now let's sing God save the king, and the house of bold Malbrook,
Take this here example, rogues, of a gallant English Duke,
And voters all of Woodstock, let all grumbling be forsook,
And let my son the Marquis, for your parliament-man be took.
For he's a true young English nobleman,
And loves the olden time.

1, 2, 3. *Vide Punch*, No. 147.

MORE HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—TO WIVES.

Your first consideration before marriage was, how to please your lover. Consider any such endeavour, after marriage, to be unnecessary, and ridiculous; and, by way of amends for your former labour, let your sole object be, to please yourself.

Be at no pains to look well of a morning. A long toilet is tiresome; particularly when it is cold. "Taking the hair out" occupies nearly ten minutes: come down to breakfast, therefore, in curl papers; also in a flannel dressing-gown; and, unless you expect callers, remain in *déshabille* all day. Husbands are nobodies, and comfort is to be studied before appearance.

But are you to neglect your attire altogether? By no means. Indulge your taste in dress to the utmost. Be always buying something new; never mind the expense of it. Payments belong to husbands. If you see a shawl or bonnet in a window, order it. Should a silk or a muslin attract your eye, desire it to be sent home. Does a feather, a ribbon, a jewel, strike your fancy? purchase it instantly. If your husband is astonished at the bill, pout; if he remonstrates, cry. But do not spoil your finery by domestic wear. Reserve it for promenades and parties. It is the admiration of society that you should seek for, not your husband's.

Be constantly seeing tables, chairs, window curtains, and other furniture which you like better than your own; and insist upon their being got. Want to get rid of your old piano, and have a new one. If your husband keeps a carriage for you, desire a better; if he does not, and cannot afford it, complain. Whenever your desires exceed his means, look unhappy, and hint how much more advantageously you *might* have married. Never smile and hope for better things, but make your husband feel, as keenly as you can, the inadequacy of his means to support you.

Practise, however, a reasonable economy. Take every opportunity of making a cheap purchase; and when asked of what use it is? reply, that it is "a bargain."

Enjoy ill health. Be very nervous: and, in particular, subject to fits; which you are to fly into as often as your husband is unkind, that is, whenever he reasons with you. Make the most of every little ache or pain; and insist upon having a fashionable physician. There is something very elegant in illness; a prettiness in a delicate constitution—affect this attraction if you have it not—men admire it exceedingly.

Put yourself under no restraint in your husband's presence. Sit, loll, or lie, in just what way you like, looking only to the ease of the posture, not to its grace. Leave niceties of conversation and sentiment to the single; never mind how you express yourself; why should wives be particular? When your husband wishes to read or be quiet, keep chattering to him; the more frivolous and uninteresting the subject, the better. If he is disposed for conversation, be dull and silent: and whenever you see that he is interested in what he is talking about, especially if he wishes you to attend to him, keep yawning.

There are two ways of discharging your household duties. If you are languid and listless, you may let them alone: if not able, you should be continually turning the house topsy-turvy, under pretence of setting it to rights. You can either let your servants do just as they please; or you may be continually in the kitchen, looking after them. In the latter case, scold them frequently, and in an audible voice, so as to be heard up-stairs. Never think of looking to your husband's shirt buttons; leave that to the laundress; or, if you must attend to his linen, superintend your washing in person, and have frequent water-parties; and, especially in winter, always have the clothes dried before the parlour fire.

If your husband has to go out to a business-dinner, or to the play, never let him have the latch-key; and should he, on any occasion, stay out late, send the servant to bed, sit up for him yourself, and make a merit of the sacrifice to "the wretch."

Have a female confidant, who will instruct you in all the ill qualities of husbands generally, and will supply any deficiencies in the above hints. In conclusion, bear these grand principles in mind—that men must be crossed and thwarted continually, or they are sure to be tyrants; that a woman, to have her rights, must stand up for them; and that the behaviour which won a man's affections, is by no means necessary to preserve them.

Guildhall Toasts.

At the late dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Alderman Gibbs, by virtue of his virtues, enjoyed a very conspicuous place. On the "Memory of Cocker" being proposed by the City Chamberlain, and drunk in solemn silence, Mr. Alderman Gibbs returned thanks for the departed arithmetician.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that the Lord Mayor intends taking out a patent for an invention for the cure of Smoky Chimnies. The experiment has been tried very successfully at the Mansion House, the chimnies of which have hardly been seen to smoke at all during the last six months.

Extraordinary Coincidence!

On the very evening that Lord Campbell's Bill for the Entire Abolition of Arrest for Debt was read a second time in the House of Lords, swarms of rats were seen to leave every sponging-house in the metropolis. The next morning bows of black crape were observed at the topmost bars of such domiciles, and several distinguished Sheriff's Officers appeared in the streets in deep mourning.

Musical Intelligence.

We are told by the papers that Mr. Balfe has had an interview with Louis-Philippe, who complimented him very highly on the success of the *Bohemian Girl*. Thus it appears, if British musicians would be patronised by royalty, they must quit England and go to France.

WANT PLACES.

The Man and the Boy from the works in Trafalgar Square. They can have a fourteen years' character from their last place, and are willing to make themselves generally useless. Having come down in the world—from the top of the Nelson Column—is the only reason for inserting this advertisement.

Festina Lentè.—The "vigilance of the Police" has become such a matter of ridicule, that the proverb of "slow as a snail" has been changed, by universal consent, into "slow as a policeman."

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GREAT MEETING OF SHERIFFS' OFFICERS ON LORD CAMPBELL'S BILL.

EDNESDAY last a meeting of Sheriffs' Officers was held at the *Fleece*, for the purpose of taking into consideration the injurious tendency of LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill, now before Parliament; a Bill which, if matured into an Act, will entirely abolish imprisonment for debt, and thereby strike a fatal blow at the interests of a most meek and self-denying race of men, the servants of the Sheriff. The room was crowded by officers distinguished for their service, together with their humbler followers and meaner dependants. MR. SOLOMON, amidst great applause, was called to the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN, with the choicest flow of language, and with that elegance of manner, which could only be acquired from a long and intimate knowledge of the aristocracy, opened the business of the day. He called upon those about him to be up and doing. LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill menaced their very existence as men, as citizens, as wine-merchants, as coal-merchants, as money-scriveners. If they loved their homes—if they valued the sanctity of their bankers' books—if they would not see the bars at their windows made worthless old iron by LORD CAMPBELL—they would defeat so base, so unholy a tampering with a time-honoured law, (*cheers*)—a law under which the British Constitution had attained its present palmy condition—a law under which ELDON had grown gray and a WELLINGTON had conquered! (*Vehement cheers.*)

MR. LEVI rose to move the first resolution. He said they had borne more than enuff. Bit by bit, hall their profits had been cut hoff; and now they vos threatened to be done hup entirely. He vos a young man he vos, but he vos hold enough to remember the days when an onest hofficer could make his twenty pounds afore breakfast, by bail-bonds. Them days vos gone—(*Groans*)—gone for hever. He eld it for a truth that the law of arrest vos to society vot an oop vos to a cask; it eld it together; take away the oop, and wouldn't there be a tumblin about of the staves! (*Loud cheers.*) LORD CAMPBELL had a good deal to answer for. (*Hear.*) How he could sleep on his pillar with that Bill in his ed, he (MR. LEVI) couldn't tell. Some men, however, had no art; and he was afeared LORD CAMPBELL vos one on 'em. (*Cries of "He his—he his."*) The Bill vos a great blow at public credit. (*Hear.*) For how, he should like to know, would anybody trust anybody if he couldn't have the pleasure of locking him up? LORD CAMPBELL'S Hact would make bill-stamps vaste-paper—vould hutterly destroy the discount trade, and make the veeds grow in the court-yard of the Halbany! (*Cries of "Shame," and "Ve von't stand it!"*) The doing avay vith arrest on Mesne Process vos bad enuff; but let LORD CAMPBELL carry his Bill, and adoo to the onest profits of the hindustrious hofficer—adoo to the vine-trade—adoo to the coal-business—adoo to every-thing. He saw nothin afore 'em but to go down to the lowest pint of hinfamy, and keep a play-house. (*Sensation.*)

MR. NATHAN briefly seconded the resolution. He would bleed in defence of the law as it existed; and he knew very well—no man better—what bleeding was!

Mr. LAZARUS, an elderly gentleman of venerable aspect, and very Roman nose, next addressed the meeting. He had been door-keeper for twenty years at a most distinguished spunging-house in Newman Street; a house made celebrated by the men who had enjoyed its hospitality. Ha! the happy, blissful days he had spent there in the good old times of ELLENBOROUGH and ELDON! Then, law was a manly sport, and worth something; now it was nothing but child's play. In his days, too, the law fostered such beautiful family feelings; drew son so close to father—brother to brother! For instance; the son, a wine-merchant, at some hundred per cent., *did* the bill; this he paid to his brother, the attorney, who employed his father, the bum-bailiff, who employed another son, broker and auctioneer, to walk in and sell up. Then a debtor, every bit of him, might be devoured by a whole family, and not a small bone to spare for anybody else. But only pass CAMPBELL'S Bill, and what 's the debtor worth? Nothing, except to his creditors; they get all he has, and the lawyer and the bailiff are robbed and bamboozled. (*Loud cheers.*) He remembered the time when a sheet of paper sold in a spunging-house for a shilling. Now, the same article was to be had for two-pence. (*Shame!*) He would propose that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON should be entrusted with their petition; his Grace having, with that large humanity which distinguished his statemanship, actually advised a remuneration for Sheriffs' Officers on the passing of a previous act. Mr. LAZARUS concluded by moving the second resolution.

MR. COX was only too happy to second the resolution. The Bill was a most mischievous and wicked Bill, for it went to suppress, if not entirely to destroy, the best feelings of human nature. (*Hear, hear.*) He would prove it. For instance, you locked a man up, and if he himself had nothing, why, nine times out of ten, his imprisonment was made a tax upon his relatives and friends, who then, at any cost, came forward to help him. Abolish arrest for debt, and these beautiful feelings are suffered to sleep, unknown to all parties. Hence, the Act contemplated by LORD CAMPBELL was a wrong done upon the human heart. It was smothering its noblest emotions. (*Hear, hear.*) The question to be resolved was this:—Were the expenses now paid to the Sheriff and his officer to swell the funds for the mere creditor? If such was to be the case, England would no longer be the home for the noble and the free. (*Loud Cheers.*)

Other distinguished officers severally addressed the auditory, proposing other resolutions (expressive of unrelenting hostility towards LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill), which were passed, and the meeting broke up; nearly every man present singing in loud and animating chorus the celebrated Hebrew chant—"No more shall the children of Judah mourn!"

Foreign Affairs.

IT is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch ever issued was that sent by CÆSAR to the Horse-Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and, perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of SIR CHARLES NAPIER, after the capture of Scinde, to LORD ELLENBOROUGH, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word—"*Peccavi*," "I have Scinde," (*sinned*).

EXETER HALL PETS.

Religion, like fancy, has her peculiar favourites. Ladies and gentlemen have, among the various heathen, their pet proselytes, just as among birds and dogs they have their pet macaws, their pet poodles. It is an adage old as Truth—whose register of birth was *not* lost at the Flood—that the human heart must love something: hence, beautiful is it, in this balmy month of May, to see crowds of lovers—spiritual lovers we mean—ascending the crystal steps of Exeter Hall to testify their affection for the benighted sons and daughters of earth thousands and thousands of miles away. Elastic, indeed, are human heart-strings, for they stretch from pole to pole. Indeed, with many of the worthy people of Exeter Hall, distance is essential to love. Just as connoisseurs take a backward step truly to consider the beauties of a picture, do many of these good folks require distance to see the miseries of human nature through an attractive medium. They have no taste for the destitution of the alley that abuts upon their dwelling-place, but how they glow—how they kindle at the misery somewhere in Africa! Familiarity truly begets contempt. The famishing shoe-binder or sempstress is a homely commonplace; the benighted Chinese an exotic darling. With some folks sympathy, like Madeira, is all the better for a sea-voyage.

We have said that proselyte-mongers have their special pets: Among them, the Hebrew people bear a great price. Hence, as was shewn at a late meeting, upwards of £25,000 are annually subscribed for the conversion of the Jews at Jerusalem, Hebron, Beyrout, Constantinople, Smyrna, and we know not at how many other places promising in apostacy. We must confess, we should like to see a fair balance-sheet of this account. We should like to know the exact number of converted Hebrews, that we might arrive at something like the market-price of a renegade Jew. We own it; we more than fear that he is a great luxury; a bird of Paradise of exceeding cost. Hence, we confess it, we would have our gentle countrywomen retrench their outlay on the foreign curiosity, that they might better afford to buy up somewhat of the misery produced at home.

A day or two after the meeting was held of these benevolent people, whose hearts yearn for the Jews in Sapet and Strasburg, there appeared in the papers—but then the tragedy happened at No. 1, Angel-court, Long-acre, not a quarter of a mile from Exeter Hall—an account of the death of one Mary Wall, aged 35. She died famished. John Bitton, of St. Martin's workhouse, testified as follows:—

"On opening the door of a room on the ground-floor, or, more properly speaking, a lumber-room, *there being no floor to it*, he found the deceased lying on her face on the earth, *her body covered with shavings, and her head resting on part of an old basket similar to a wine-merchant's hamper.* She was groaning, and seemed quite insensible."

Mr. Leonard, surgeon to the out-door poor of St. Martin's, deposed:—

"On being taken to the workhouse, remedies were used to restore animation; but she never rallied, and died within twenty-four hours after. The place where deceased dwelt emitted a most noisome smell, from the quantity of decayed garden-stuff. On making a *post-mortem* examination, he found inflammation of both lungs, which no doubt arose from the non-application for medical assistance; which, together with her not receiving any domestic comforts, *and lying on the bare and cold ground alone and neglected, produced extreme exhaustion, of which she died.*"

It must, however, be allowed that the death of the woman was doubtless accelerated by her determination not to go into the workhouse: nevertheless, had we societies as actively benevolent in the Angel-courts of London and our great towns as in Constantinople and Smyrna—had we home missionaries of charity to tempt the fetid dangers of Seven Dials and Spitalfields, could these scenes of horror be enacted? But then there is this bar to the zeal of the philanthropic—both Seven Dials and Spitalfields are close at hand; they are real, tangible foulness; the eye turns from them—the nostril shrinks at them; whilst what a picturesqueness invests Constantinople—what a halo of beauty does distance cast about Jerusalem!

Again; consider the great difference between the objects to be succoured. The dwellers of English lanes and alleys are common, vulgar things: creatures of foul and violent speech; commonplace in their very rags and ghastliness. But the Jews—the spiritually forlorn of Jerusalem! Oh, the Evangelical imagination clothes them with the mystic beauty of the place; uplifts and sublimates them by the magic of religious fervour, and the very tatters of the Hebrew become rare and beautiful as Joseph's coat of many colours. And so, soft-hearted ladies and gentlemen, rapt by the forlornness of the far-off Jew, write their cheques, or put their money in the plate, too deliciously possessed by the sweet apostate in the distance ever to dream of the famishing Christian at their right hand. Could we but transport our destitute population to China or to Africa, we have no doubt that many English Samaritans would then be marvellously piteous of them. Oh, ye miserable Christians, who hunger and waste unvisited in English lanes and cellars,—why are ye not Jews, glorified by distance, dwelling at Beyrout and Hebron!

Even religion to some people is more attractive when invested with a certain air of romance. The modern missionary is, to some folks, picturesque as was the Templar Knight of old. To be sure, he goes not forth to slay the unbeliever; but—happier condition of the world—to make proselytes. He carries neither sword nor spear, but hard cash, with which he turns the heart of the needy Hebrew, and writes home "a soul saved." And every gentlewoman who gives a guinea to the goodly fund is softened and upraised by the thought that she has her soldier of peace fighting in Palestine; and with such sufficing belief she may give a chicken wing to Bijou her dog even though a Christian mother shall whine with hunger at her gate.

On the last meeting of the Society in question, the Bishop of Winchester preached a sermon. Eloquent no doubt was the discourse; heart-touching, pocket-penetrating. We would, however, that his Grace—if only for one round—would visit the Angel-courts of London: the pilgrimage might, we think, give an impetus to the sluggish imaginations of those who think that true misery, real mental darkness, is only to be found, like their fine hyson, in a far country.

Allowing, however, that it is necessary to the apopletic philanthropy of some folks to bleed their purses for the heathen, we think that at least the Jews might be left as they are until every other unbeliever should be converted.

—— Here, madam,—you, who at the last meeting invested five pounds in apostate Jews,—here is the map of the world. Cast your eye over it. Here is the poor Esquimaux doomed to whale-blubber and a soul-blighting creed—here the Red Man—here the Hottentot—here the New Zealander—here people on people, and tribe on tribe, all in uttermost darkness. Enlighten them, and then, if you will, begin with the Hebrew. Meanwhile, for ourselves—we confess it—we have more than a sneaking respect for a people who had Moses for a leader and a law-giver. We rarely meet a long-bearded Rabbi that he does not carry our thoughts to the plains of Mamre—to the first patriarchs of the first nation.

And ye, who would convert the Jews, first copy the Jews' great virtue: *first take care of your own poor;* feed and clothe them, and then, if you will, with the superfluity make proselytes of the Hebrew. Meanwhile, with misery wasting thousands of our fellow-Christians at our very doors, we hold the subscription of large sums of money for, at best, the questionable conversion of the Jew, as the offering of a miserable, morbid egotism; and should still think so of the purpose, though the whole Bench of Bishops wagged their silver tongues in aid of it.

Q.

MY WIFE'S DIARY.

Now, Punch, I am a married man. Yesterday I found a little note-book in the passage. It turned out, on inspection, to be my wife's; and to contain—what think you?—a journal; which that woman has been keeping, I dare say, ever since our marriage. The ensuing is an extract therefrom. *Punch*, you are a gentleman; and, therefore, I hope you will insert it. If you were a lady, indeed, I imagine you hardly would; besides, I should wish no lady to take a leaf out of my wife's book. Here, however, sir, is one, at your service:—

"*Sunday.*—Charles out *late* last night; not up this morning till *twelve:* breakfast not over till *one.* Wished *particularly* to go to *church;* my new lilac bonnet with pink trimmings came home yesterday. Couldn't *go*, of *course.* The Walkers and the Hutchinses there, and *all!* Very *angry* with Charles; wouldn't *talk* to him at *dinner:* went up afterwards into the *dressing*-room, and there sat by *myself.* When I came down again, found him smoking and reading the paper. That Edwards called this evening. Knew Charles would ask him to stay to supper. Slipped out directly after *tea;* locked the *larder*, took the key of the *cellar*, and went to *bed:* hope they were *comfortable!*

Monday.—Charles very *cross* this morning about *last night;* but coaxed him over, and made him promise me that dear *shawl.* Paid for *week's housekeep. Mem.*—to get those open-work *stockings.* Charles out at half-past ten. Mrs. Saunders called. How well she manages Saunders! *Mem.*—not to forget her hint about the *save in sugar.* Charles home again, for a wonder, at four; said he had been for a walk with Bradshaw. Steaks for dinner. Charles never asked me what *cut*

I would like; *contradicted* me about the horse-radish, when I *knew* I was *right;* and *would* eat spring onions with his cream-cheese when I told him *not.*

Tuesday.—Charles up in his little room, writing, all day. Went out shopping with Susan and the baby. Ordered the *brown* sugar instead of the *lump*, and put by the difference for *sundries.* Got the dear shawl. Met the WELLSES, and heard that *Mr.* Charles was seen yesterday at the *Pantheon;* what did he want *there* I should like to know! (*Mem.*—to *find out*). After dinner (shoulder of mutton), Charles reading. Baby cried. Charles wanted it sent up-stairs: how *very* unreasonable!—the poor dear was teething—wouldn't *hear* of such a thing. Charles went out in a *tiff*, and never came home again till *two* in the *morning.* Said he had been kept up talking over *business.* Business, indeed! His eyes were so *red*, and he smelt so *dreadfully* of cigars! The cold shoulder of mutton for *you*, sir, *to-morrow!*

Wednesday.—My lord wanted *soda-water* this morning. In his tantrums at breakfast, because there were no *bloaters.*—Went out directly after. Asked him if he was going to the *Pantheon?*—took no notice:—oh, I am afraid he is very sly! Ordered the *cold shoulder* and *no* rice-pudding to-day; bought the stockings. Home came Charles to dinner with a friend; *so* vexed about the bill of fare: serve him right!

Thursday.—Charles away again early, told me not to wait for him. Nice lamb chops, *all alone*, at two. Charles back at half-past twelve; saw a *play-bill* hanging out of his pocket: and taxed him; when he admitted he had been to Drury Lane. Why couldn't he have taken *me?*

Friday.—He wanted half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and gave *me* the *money* for them. Got him *four*—quite enough for him. Bought a *nice cardinal.* Saw such a *love* of a work-box in a shop in Regent Street—five guineas!—*oh*, how my fingers itched for it. Charles this afternoon in a good humour; gave him a broad hint about the *work-box.* I shall get it.

Saturday.—Charles scolding this morning about his *wristbands*, which had no *buttons.* Sewed them on *myself*, and pacified him. Asked him if he would like to *dine out* to-day; said, No: how *provoking!* for I wanted to spend the day at Mrs. Hopkins's. Had a few words about the mutton, whether it should be *boiled* or *roast:* but thought it best to *give way.* Surprised him at dinner with *College dumplings*—my own making. Mixed him a nice glass of *brandy and water* afterwards. *Got the work-box.*"

There, *Punch.* I am already your debtor for many a good joke; increase the obligation by one more; that of letting me show my wife the above in print. I am, &c.,

BENEDICTUS.

THE ADVENT OF THE SPRING.

THE honey-bee begins to work,
The thrush and blackbird sing;
Flowers, leaves, and sunshine, all proclaim
The Advent of the Spring.
In London we 've no honey-bee—
No song-bird sings to us;
But have we not the melody
Of the Blue-bottle's buzz!

The chandlers' and the butchers' shop,
Enlivened by his humming,
Proclaims sufficiently the fact,
That Summer's come, or coming.
He flits through groves of moulds and dips,
And climbs o'er hills of beef;
Now perches on my lady's nose,
To give his wings relief.

He sips from rivulets of beer,
On tap-room tables streaming;
Then takes a turn in Regent Street,
And bathes some dandy's cream in.
Let others sing the flowers of Spring,
And green-wood melody——
Confound the fly—he 's in my eye!
No Blue-bottles for me!

THE BANKING OF THE THAMES.

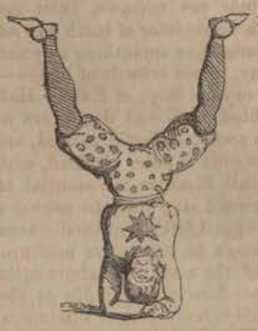
WE understand that SIR VALENTINE BLAKE will bring forward in connection with SIR R. PEEL's resolutions on banking the very interesting subject of The Banking of the Thames—SIR VALENTINE will, we believe, inquire whether the Thames will always keep a balance, and if so, how the tides may operate to render its transactions unsteady.

Wanted Immediately!

A STEWARD for the Chiltern Hundreds. Apply to MR. THESIGER, the Solicitor-General. To any Member of Parliament whose pecuniary affairs are at sixes and sevens, these Hundreds offer a very eligible opportunity.

PUNCH'S POLICE.

GAMBLERS! CAPTURE EXTRAORDINARY!



YESTERDAY, the neighbourhood of our (police) office was in an extraordinary state of excitement; it having been understood that that very vigilant section of the force, Letter A., had on the previous night succeeded in forcing an entry into a well-known house, known as CROCKFORD'S, and capturing some dozen peers, and at least as many commoners of distinction, all of them unlawfully assembled for the purpose of beggaring themselves and families, by means of cards and dice. It appeared that the house had long given great offence to many virtuous shopkeepers in the neighbourhood, and last night was selected as the happy time for the abatement of the nuisance.

There were in all five-and-twenty prisoners; amongst whom we noticed the Duke of FOURHONORS, the Marquis of CUTACE, the Earl of ROUGE, Viscount NOIR, Baron JACQUES O'SPADE, Sir Harry FINEFINGER, the Count SAUTERLECOUP, Charles ROULETTE, Esq., and others well known to the "play" world. The prisoners having been kept in the watchhouse all night, did not when brought up show to the best advantage. However, true to the fine instinct of aristocratic blood, they put a bold face on the matter, and looked loftily, contemptuously around them, as they were brought up in pairs, and put to the bar, to answer for the misdemeanour.

JOHN SMITH, policeman, deposed that he had the previous night effected an entrance into the house through the drawing-room window. Other policemen burst in at the doors: they all rushed to the play-room, where they found the Duke of FOURHONORS and the Earl of ROUGE playing with dice; the other prisoners were grouped about the table, playing a game with cards. On seeing the police, the prisoners attempted to escape, but were seized. Two packs of cards (they were produced) were found in the Duke of FOURHONOR'S pocket; his grace swore very singular oaths on being searched. Sir Harry FINEFINGER attempted to swallow a couple of dice, but was prevented by Serjeant QUICK grasping Sir HARRY'S throat; whereupon, Sir HARRY spat them out upon a salver.

SAMUEL BIGGS, another policeman, corroborated the foregoing testimony. Indeed, the evidence left no shadow of doubt as to the object of all the prisoners at the time of their capture.

All the prisoners were fined in the highest sum permitted by the statute; and having paid the penalties, departed homeward in their carriages.

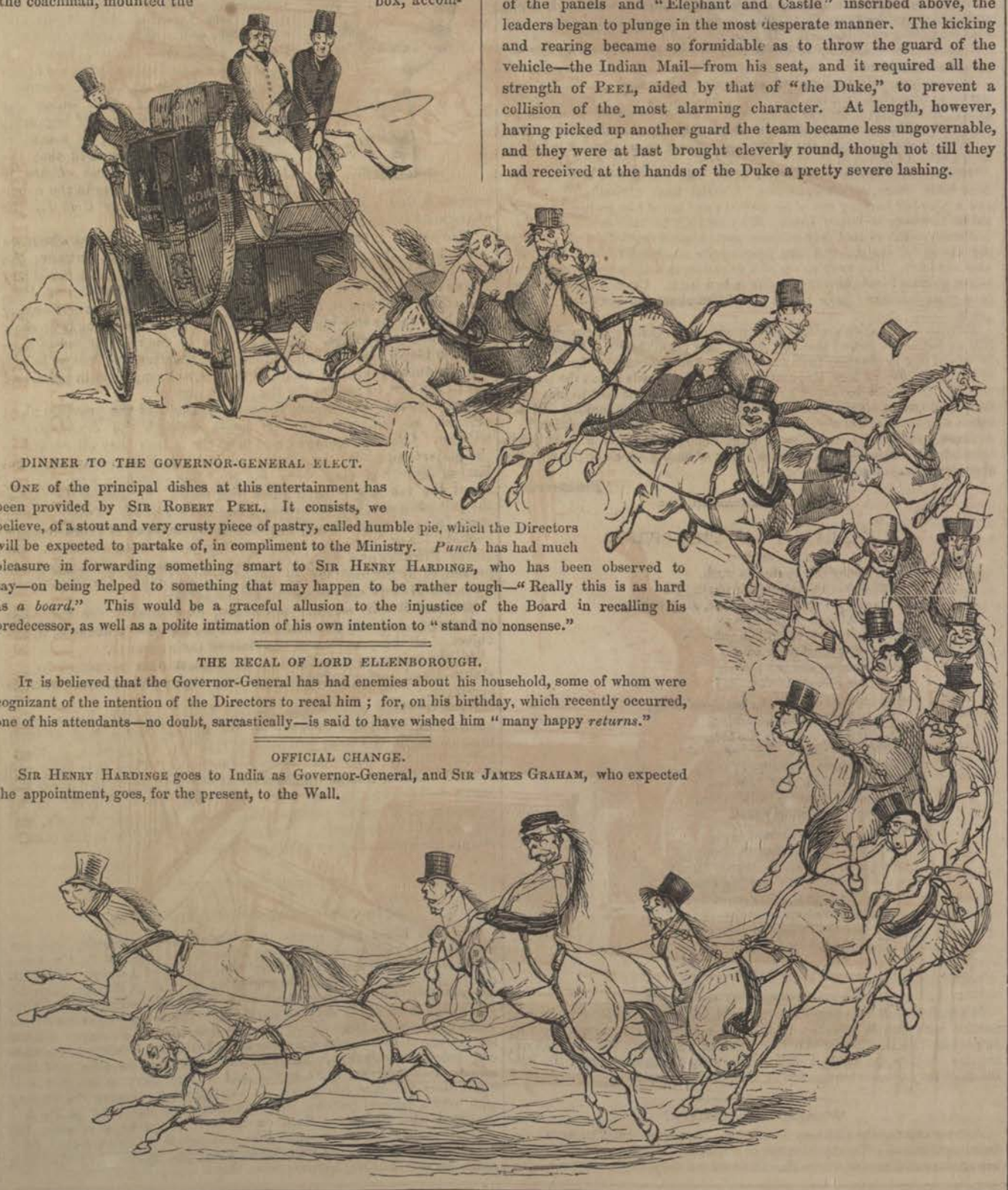
By a curious coincidence several lower gambling-houses were entered on the same evening by the police; and a host of their inmates taken the next morning before MR. HARDWICK at Marlborough Street, who fined them accordingly. Thus, it is delightful to reflect that the same watchful spirit which is active to destroy the lower hells, like that of "the Nick, 16½, Castle Street," is no respecter of place or persons, but breaks into CROCKFORD'S, and captures dukes and lords. The impartiality of justice in this matter warms the heart of every true-born Briton!

Epidemic among the London Clocks.

WE have heard from several quarters of the metropolis, that the extraordinary malady which so long afflicted the clock of St. Clement's has extended to several others of the church dials of London. An East-end clock, whose name we are in possession of—a clock that has for some years occupied a high position in the City, in fact, Shoreditch—has, we regret to say, been seized with the same distressing symptoms as those from which St. Clement's Clock is still slowly recovering. The unhappy dial has lost the use of both hands, and gives every indication of falling into a state of hopeless derangement. Many of the neighbours have for some time suspected it was "not quite right," and we are sorry to say that their worst fears are now confirmed. It was painful to observe the anxiety with which several persons who appeared most interested in its fate remained with their eyes fixed on its face, in the hope of even the slightest change, but all in vain. The unfortunate patient, however, gave no other indication of its time having come, and no one who looked at it could, for one moment, have supposed that it was going.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF THE DRIVER OF THE INDIAN MAIL.

A REMARKABLE experiment was a short time ago attempted by the state coachman of the Queen, who undertook to drive four-and-twenty well-trained hacks from the India House, in Leadenhall Street, to the Treasury. At the appointed hour PEEL, the coachman, mounted the box, accompanied by his friend the Duke. When they got near the Temple, and into the neighbourhood of the Law, they began to snort and to show signs of impatience, but having caught a glimpse of a Kennington omnibus, with the picture of a tame elephant on one of the panels and "Elephant and Castle" inscribed above, the leaders began to plunge in the most desperate manner. The kicking and rearing became so formidable as to throw the guard of the vehicle—the Indian Mail—from his seat, and it required all the strength of PEEL, aided by that of "the Duke," to prevent a collision of the most alarming character. At length, however, having picked up another guard the team became less ungovernable, and they were at last brought cleverly round, though not till they had received at the hands of the Duke a pretty severe lashing.



DINNER TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ELECT.

ONE of the principal dishes at this entertainment has been provided by SIR ROBERT PEEL. It consists, we believe, of a stout and very crusty piece of pastry, called humble pie, which the Directors will be expected to partake of, in compliment to the Ministry. *Punch* has had much pleasure in forwarding something smart to SIR HENRY HARDINGE, who has been observed to say—on being helped to something that may happen to be rather tough—"Really this is as hard as *a board*." This would be a graceful allusion to the injustice of the Board in recalling his predecessor, as well as a polite intimation of his own intention to "stand no nonsense."

THE RECAL OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

IT is believed that the Governor-General has had enemies about his household, some of whom were cognizant of the intention of the Directors to recal him; for, on his birthday, which recently occurred, one of his attendants—no doubt, sarcastically—is said to have wished him "many happy *returns*."

OFFICIAL CHANGE.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE goes to India as Governor-General, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who expected the appointment, goes, for the present, to the Wall.

CHUNEE THE SECOND;

OR, THE TAME ELEPHANT UNDER A HEAVY DISCHARGE.

ENGLAND AND HER BEADLES.

EVERY one must be aware that England owes much of her glory to her Beadlery. The early Beadle, or Bedell, is a very ancient officer, and we find traces of him in the time of WICKLYFFE, who talks of that "Jollie olde dogge ye beedel," but what were the duties of the office at that early age we have no means of arriving at. It is not our intention to take a comprehensive view of the ancient beadlery, though there might be a great deal of pleasant gossip on a subject so suggestive of small talk and chat. Our present purpose is to look at England in relation to beadles present —not to beadles past, though we may, perhaps, throw out a few suggestions as to beadles hereafter to come.

It is one of the remarkable facts connected with the streetkeepery of this metropolis, that it thrives most where it is required least, and it has been nicely observed by a recent speaker, (a gentleman we dined with the other day,) that where nature has planted tranquillity, authority has fixed a streetkeeper. Panton Square, for instance—which is an isolated tract almost untrodden by the stranger's foot—where such a thing as "a row" is unknown even to the oldest inhabitant. Panton Square is, nevertheless, burdened with a beadle, whose only occupation is to watch the setting sun and count the iron railings, the scrapers, the knockers, the bells, and the flower-pots. Perhaps the flower of English beadlery may be looked for in the Burlington Arcade, but here also is a limited field for the exercise of power, for Burlington enjoys a truly Arcadian peacefulness.

But it will be said, while speaking of the beadles that are superfluous, we are forgetting the beadles that are deficient, and we feel that we ought not to lose sight of the latter branch of this truly national subject.

In looking at the basins of Trafalgar Square, we at once feel that the paper and orange peel thrown upon its waters would never be there if England and her beadles were true to each other, at all times and in all places. It is true that there is now a policeman on duty to protect the posts from the desecration to which a juvenile thirst for leapfrog had originally doomed them, and to save the water from that ignominy which a national tendency to the game of duck and drake had consigned it—but still something is wanting. Policemen may frighten the pickpockets, sentinels may awe the doers of wilful damage, but for striking terror into the boys, England must trust only to her beadlery. Trafalgar Square will never be secure from juvenile desecration. The fountains will never be free from orange peel, the posts will never be safe from the boyish bound, until the British beadle is permanently planted on her massive steps, her expansive area, and her noble borders.

ACT FOR THE AMENDMENT OF THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF SURNAMES.

"Whereas divers and sundry persons, subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, VICTORIA, of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, are known, called, and designated by certain surnames, which are spelt one way and pronounced another; and whereas such names are so spelt that nobody upon earth could, from their spelling, have the remotest idea of their pronunciation; by reason whereof, others, faithful subjects of Her said Majesty, are continually led into mistakes in the utterance of them, thereby often giving great offence to their owners, and exposing themselves unto derision and ridicule, to their no small discomfort and discomposure of mind; and moreover whereas a great many other inconveniences are by the same means occasioned;

BE IT ENACTED, That from the passing of this Act, henceforth and for ever, no Person calling himself CHUMLEY shall spell his name CHOLMONDELY; and that all manner of Persons who think proper to spell their names CHOLMONDELY, shall pronounce their said names, and have them pronounced of others, precisely as they are spelt; that is to say, as words of four syllables, with a due and distinct emphasis on each.

AND WHEREAS the name of BEAUCHAMP is of French origin, be it further enacted, that the said name shall be sounded of all men as nearly as possible after the French manner, and shall not be pronounced BEECHAM under any pretence whatever: and that all manner of Persons calling themselves BEECHAM shall write and spell their names, and shall have them written and spelt accordingly; provided always, that in case they prefer to spell them BEECHUM, they shall be at liberty so to do.

In like manner, BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, That MARJORIBANKS shall be spelt MARCHBANKS; WEMYSS, WIMS; and COLQUHOUN, COHOON; or if not, then that they also shall be pronounced as they are spelt, and not in any other manner. And, furthermore, BE IT ENACTED, That all other names not expressly mentioned in this Act shall be spoken according to their orthography. And, lastly, BE IT ENACTED, That any person, of what degree soever, offending against any one of the provisions of this Act, either by spelling his own name, or that of any body else, differently from the way in which he pronounces it, or, by pronouncing it differently from the manner in which he spells it, shall forfeit for each offence a sum not exceeding Five Shillings."

If the above Bill is not likely to do as much good to the country as any that has been as yet introduced into Parliament this session, *Punch* will allow himself to be shot.

FREE TRANSLATION OF

"THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN'S FIRST LESSON,"

Inscribed,

WITH HIGH ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,

TO M. DE L——, POET-IN-CHIEF TO THE PARIS "CHARIVARI."

(MAMA LOQUITUR.)

COME and hear me tell,
Little soldier mine,
Of those Ogres fell
Who on Frenchmen dine.
It will make you mad;
It will turn you blue;
Little martial lad,
Little Frenchman true!—
Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

Men who will not fight
When their neighbours taunt,
Yet who thrash us quite
Soundly, when they want.
Those audacious tars,
Morning, noon, and night,
Little son of Mars,
Hold in mortal spite!
Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

Curse thou, boy, Poictiers,
Crecy, Azincour,
Blenheim, Talavère,
And a hundred more—
Only Fontenoy—
Name that comes so pat,
Little martial boy
Make the most of that!
Bah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

Who burnt JOAN OF ARC
(The butcher! nay, the baker!)
Recent deed and dark!
Who stormed John of Acre!
He! The Englishman!
Be it still thy joy
Him to curse and ban,
Little Christian boy!—
Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

They our Hero shut'
Under bolt and lock—
In a wretched hut,
On a wretched rock:—
Poisoned there his food,
Every pot and pan,
Roasted, boiled, and stewed,
Little martial man!
Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

Till, of all bereft,
That great heart was still;
And he died, and left
An affecting will;*
Whereon was impressed
His imperial soul,
By a meet bequest—
Child, go read the scroll!
Ah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

* *Vide* "THE GIANT AND THE DWARF," in *Punch*, No. 145.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE moved for a return of the name of the mason who stood, by PRINCE ALBERT'S desire, in one of the nooks reserved for the statues of the Kings, also the length of time he stood there, how he looked, and whether he was an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, or an Irishman.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM had never heard of the fact. (*Hear.*) He had not even seen the nook; but when he did, he (SIR JAMES GRAHAM) would be quite prepared to go into it.

GRAND HYDROPATHIC DEMONSTRATION.

THIS display, which is to prove beyond a doubt what the science is really capable of, has been put off, we understand, till the arrival of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, when an experiment will be tried upon a scale never before attempted.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

THIS parish is now blessed with four churchwardens: MESSRS. GIBBS and WHITAKER having claimed the office on one side, while MESSRS. FLIGHT and ROCK, on the other hand, declare themselves to have been duly elected by the parishioners. DR. PHILLIMORE swore them all in, though they all tried to swear each other out.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—SIR VALENTINE BLAKE to move for a Committee to inquire whether, by the provisions of LORD WORSLEY'S Bill for the Inclosure of some of the Commons, he, SIR VALENTINE BLAKE, stood in any danger of being regularly shut up.

IMPERIAL PIG.

We are not particularly nice in our eating, but we would not, could not, touch or taste *Majaletto da latte affumicato*.

We are not infirmly delicate in our appetite, or squeamishly fastidious about dainties; but, stomach or no stomach, we could not, for our gorge rising, swallow *Majaletto da latte affumicato*.

We are not of the Hebrew persuasion, with conscientious scruples against swine's flesh as forbidden fruit; yet, Christian as we are, we could not for the soul of us relish *Majaletto da latte affumicato*.

Like Charles Lamb we are rather partial to a tender roasted suckling, well stuffed with sage and mild onion; we like him, flesh, fat, and crackling, from his crisp ears to his pettitoes. Nevertheless, we could not feed on *Majaletto da latte affumicato*.

At a pinch, we could perhaps bring ourselves to dine or sup on dubious sausages, or equivocal rabbits, but on *Majaletto da latte affumicato*, never!

We are, we trust, loyal; and could eat and drink lustily in honour of royalty, of the birthday barrels and the bullock whole-roasted in Bachelor's Acre, but not a morsel could we, would we taste of *Majaletto da latte affumicato*.

But what is *Majaletto da latte affumicato*? Let Mr. Morel, of Piccadilly, answer, by his advertisement of *Comestables d'Italie*, in the *Morning Herald*, of May the First:—

"Majaletto da latte di Stiria. A la dernière spécialité s'attache un épisode que l'on se permet de transcrire ici, tel qu'il est venu de Stirie: un des Empereurs d'Allemagne était faible dès sa naissance; afin de lui conserver la vie, on avait l'habitude de l'envelopper plusieurs fois par jour du corps d'un petit cochon de lait fraichement égorgé et encore chaud: l'effet, paraît-il, en fut si merveilleux qu'il régna longtemps à la gloire de son peuple. L'officier de bouche, dont les petits porcs augmentaient les émoluments, soit qu'il ne pût les manger assez vite, soit pour en varier le goût, s'imagina de les saler et fumer, et aujourd'hui l'on voit en Allemagne le 'Majaletto da latte affumicato' désigné royalement 'Kaiser fleisch' faire couronne à la pyramide de choucroûte."

(*Free Translation.*)

"To the last-named article there is an episode attached, which is transcribed here, such as it comes from Styria. One of the Emperors of Germany, being peaking and delicate from his birth, was accustomed for the preservation of his precious life, to have his body lapped round, and animal-heated several times a day, with a little sucking-pig, fresh killed, and still warm. The effect of which, it appears, was so wonderful, that he reigned, a long while, to the glory of his people, and to the great emolument of the clerk of the kitchen, whose sty-pend was vastly increased by the perquisite of the little pigs. The clerk, perhaps, could not consume the pigs fast enough, whilst they were fresh; or, perhaps, he wished to vary or disguise their flavour; however, he took to salting and smoking them—so that they were cured as well as the sovereign—and to this day, in Germany, the *Majaletto da latte affumicato*, royally called Emperor Flesh, often crowns a pyramid of sour-krout."

We hardly like to guess when German loyalty went the little pig in such a nasty manner, how it would have gone the whole hog.

P.S. A misgiving comes over us as to Imperial Pop. What Emperor bathes in it, perhaps, to strengthen his constitution!

UNANSWERABLE QUERIES.

Did you ever know an omnibus that was not "going to start immediately?"

Did you ever know a young lady who when asked to sing had'nt "such a cold?"

Did you ever see a cabman with an umbrella?

Did you ever hear of a Scotchman going back to his country?

Did you ever find a policeman when you wanted one?

Did you ever see a German fiddler with short hair?

Did you ever know any one that had read the *Metropolitan Magazine*?

Did you ever see a wine-merchant drink his own wine?

Did you ever go to a picnic without coming home wet through?

Did you ever know a doctor attempt to cure himself?

Did you ever read a Speech of O'Connell without the quotation of—"*Hereditary Bondsmen*," &c.?

Did you ever see a Quaker at Greenwich Fair?

Trafalgar Square.

We regret to observe that the fountains here are exceedingly obstinate, for they will not work, and they do not play. This seems like a determination to do neither one thing nor the other. The water in the basins looked rather muddy, but it is said to be very good water in the main. We have been told that the funds are at low water-mark, which accounts for the water being all drained off, so that the funds may be looked for. There is a good deal of mystery about those basins, of which we are determined to get to the bottom—if the police will not interfere with us. Poor Nelson, when he sung out his glorious old bit of claptrap about England expecting every man to do his duty, little thought how England would be disappointed by the failure of one man (and one boy) to do the duty which would one day devolve upon them.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Punch, I am a grave person; a philosopher, Sir; at least I hope so. I never write nonsense intentionally; but I lately wrote a piece of very great nonsense unintentionally; and, as I have no other use for it, I beg to send it to you. I was inditing an essay, Sir, on the subject of Life: now see what stuff, owing to a cause which will be apparent on its perusal, I made of it. I must premise that A. stands for Author—that is to say, myself; and B. for Bore. Here follows, with explanatory interpolations,

THE ESSAY.

"The word 'Life,'" (*Here came a tremendous rap, followed by a violent ring, at the street-door. I started, spilt my ink, and blotted my paper*) "has a two-fold ac"—(*I stopped writing for some seconds*) "a two-fold acceptation"—(*Rap and ring repeated*) "two-fold acceptation"—(*Rap and ring again, louder than ever—servant in the coal-hole, I suppose. Rushed, in great excitement, to door, and opened it. There stood Hawkins—that is,* B. *Could not do less than ask him to walk in; so, enter* B. B. *sees I am busy, but tells me not to mind him, for that he will take a book; which he does, and throws himself on the sofa. I resume*) "Life has a twofold"—(B. *begins a species of whistling. I cannot stand it, and stop again.* B. *desists*) "two-fold acceptation"—(B. *Fine day!* A. *Very.*) "acceptation." (B. *Seen Favanti?* A. *Eh?—yes—no.*) "In one"—(B. *I hear her real name is Edwards.* A. *Ah!*) "one sense of the word—" (B. *What nonsense that is!* A. *Nonsense! what?* B. *Why, changing her name.* A. *Oh!*) "word, it signifies—" (B. *Seen the* Times *this morning?* A. *Eh? yes—no; I beg your pardon*) "signifies the state of living or—" (B. *Capital article that on the Factory Question.* A. *I dare say*) "living or being alive. In the other—" (B. *What will Peel do?* A. *Ah! what?*) "other Peel, sense, Factory Question, it signifies—" (B. *Been to the Water Colour?* A. *What did you say?—water colour?—no*) "it signifies the hypothetical principle"—(B. *What do you think of Hunt's 'Plough-boys?'* A. *Eh?*) "principle which—" (B. *Hunt's 'Plough-boys.'* A. *Oh! very funny*) "principle, plough-boys, or substance, which pervading organised funny bodies, is—" (B. *What do you pay for these lodgings?* A. *Sixteen shillings*) "assumed to be sixteen shillings—"

Here it occurred to me just to look over what I had written; and I leave you, sir, to imagine the feelings with which I perused the above jumble. I found it utterly useless to proceed: and accordingly yielded myself to the infliction of Hawkins, which lasted nearly an hour.

Now, Mr. *Punch*, I know not whether you find it as difficult to make jokes under interruption, as I do to write philosophy; if you do, you will perhaps find your account in publishing this communication, for

Your obedient servant,
Victim.

WHAT IS A POUND?

"What is a pound?"
Exclaims the premier, looking round,
And tunefully his accents sounded,
As, of a pound that question he propounded.
"What is a pound?" again Sir Robert cries.
"It much depends," says Punch, "on where one buys."
A pound of sugar at some grocer's bought,
Is not a pound at all, but something short.
A tradesman oft, who of low prices bounces,
Deducts an ounce, while full weight he announces.
Who buys street-cherries heavier made by dirt,
Will get what 's literally his desert.
A pound to be a pound was never known,
Though every cherry weighs above a stone.
One naturally wonders whether,
There came into the premier's head,
The joke about a pound of feather
Being heavier than a pound of lead.
"What is a pound?" by Peel we 're told
'Tis either silver, or 'tis gold.
But there 's a pound distinct from those,
As many a common donkey knows,
Who may perchance have patient stood,
Encircled by a pound of wood.

LAW IN THE POLICE.

We can now understand why so many illegal acts have of late been committed by the New Police, for the *Globe* informs us that some attornies have recently joined the force.

MR. THESIGER'S SPEECH TO THE ELECTORS OF ABINGDON.

By our own Express.

No one else being put in nomination, the choice of the electors—(*amid loud cries of "Hobson's"*)—was declared to have fallen on FREDERICK THESIGER, ESQ., her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

MR. THESIGER then came forward, and said—

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—Utterly unknown as I am to you all—wholly unacquainted as I am with you and you with me—I feel that I shall be unfettered by any local prejudice." (*Aside to his Seconder.*—"What the deuce shall I say?). A-hem—a-hem. In the time of the early Britons, when the Wittena Gemote held its sittings in the open air; (*loud cheers*)—when our fathers, nay our grandfathers, would have laid down their lives for their Saxon Institutions—then it was—yes then, in those days, and at that time, that we might have proudly boasted of our early liberties. (*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, I am a stranger to Abingdon, I was never here before, and I don't suppose I shall ever be this way again; but as I go to my Parliamentary duties down Abingdon Street, the name of ABINGDON will kindle in my bosom the flame of remembrance, and I shall think of you, Gentlemen, who have this day formed between me and that henceforth cherished street, a series of links that will bind my heart as firmly—

'As did the forger Vulcan rivet up
The chains that bound his victim.'

(*Enthusiastic cheering, during which* MR. THESIGER *winked at his seconder, and received on his leg a kick of intelligence from an intimate friend.*)

"Farewell, my friends, for friends I may now truly call you." (*Aside from his seconder*—"Give them another quotation or two, and then wind it up.") "Farewell! Farewell! Remember me. But I think I hear you ask me if we shall ever meet again. We shall my friends, we shall. Yes—

'We shall meet again at Phillipi.'"

(*Enthusiastic Cheering, amidst which the learned gentleman sat down.*)

On proceeding to his hotel, he was met by the printer of his posting bills, with the proof of a broadside announcing that "F. THESIGER, ESQ., would, on the — day of ——— *meet the worthy and independent electors* of Abingdon at PHILIPPI."

The Solicitor-General good humouredly ordered and paid for 300, with directions that they should not be issued or stuck up at present. After a good supper with the mayor and his seconder, the Solicitor-General started for London, in order to take his place as the representative of the means and wishes of the people of Abingdon.

THE SCENE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH IN DUBLIN.

THE Court is open'd—by an earnest throng
The usher, powerless, is borne along.
In vain he strives to swell his weekly salary
By letting strangers up into the gallery,
For long before the bargain can be made
The crowd has broken down the balustrade.
Two judges enter, but no word they say,
Up to the close of the judicial day.
At length another anxious morning comes,
The attorney-general slowly twirls his thumbs,
Fixed in his place the learned martyr lingers,
Anon he pares the nails that deck his fingers,
Or takes his knife in hand—as now and then
He had been bent on mending some old pen.
At length the judge exclaims in accents deep,
"Mister Attorney!"—he has gone to sleep.
And to the greeting of the bench replies,
By starting up and rubbing both his eyes.
"Mister Attorney!" cries the judge once more,
Vexed that the counsel did not wake before,
"The case"—a thousand ears are opened wide,
To know which way the judges will decide.
"Mr. Attorney,—In the case," he stumbled,
And something very indistinctly mumbled,
Then added, "I am sorry to affirm
We can't give judgment in the present term."
How little follows from the greatest fuss,
"*Montes parturiunt*," et cetera, "*mus*."

Important Announcement.

THE *Globe* says that—"During the residence of HER MAJESTY in the Isle of Wight, SIR ROBERT PEEL will occupy the residence of HUGHES HUGHES, Esq., at Ryde." What an additional pleasure for our beloved monarch!

ALARMING DISCLOSURES.

(*From a Report by the* PUNCH *Commission on the Causes of National Distress.*)

THE Commissioners, by *Punch* appointed for the Investigation of National Distress, have just completed their task. They have found that the said distress has been very properly called national, inasmuch as it pervades all ranks; the circles termed exclusive not being excluded. Here follows an extract from the Report; what light it throws upon the subject, let the public judge.

"LORD VISCOUNT MARTINGALE examined:—Is a married nobleman, with a lady and large family. Has estates in the North of England. They are extensive; but extensively mortgaged also. Clear rental about 5000*l.* a year; but finds it very difficult to live on that sum. Can hardly make both ends meet. At times has not a guinea in his pocket. Has a seat in the House of Lords, also a box at the Opera. The latter is 200*l.* a year. Has had transactions with gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. Has paid 50 or 60 per cent. for ready money. Is connected with the Turf; lost 1000*l.* last year on the Derby. Is a member of Crockford's; often loses 200*l.* a night there. Thinks that a trifle. Is also a member of the Carlton Club,—has spent 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* in his time on electioneering. Has a mansion in Belgrave Square, and a seat in Yorkshire. Keeps a large stud of horses and twenty or thirty servants. Gives frequent dinners, *soirées*, and *déjeuners à la fourchette*. Has a yacht. LADY M. lives in the first style of fashion; has two carriages of her own. How much he owes his wine-merchant, tailor, upholsterer, and other tradesmen, Heaven only knows! Has, himself, no idea; but it is a great deal. Considers himself to be in great distress. In fact, how he contrives to manage at all is really unable to say. Perhaps his steward and solicitor might. Is much fatigued with his present examination. Votes business a horrid bore. His Brougham is waiting; begs to wish the Committee a good morning.

MR. JOHN JACKSON examined:—Is a hosier and linendraper at the West End. Pays 300*l.* a year for his place of business. Has a suburban villa at Clapham; gives 160*l.* per annum for that. It is called Belle-vue House. Has a wife and five grown-up daughters,—the latter have been brought up at a first-rate seminary. They play, sing, and speak French and Italian; but cannot bake or brew. Parties who could command £1000 a year would find them eligible partners. That would be the lowest figure. His domestic establishment consists of three maid servants, a man, and a knife-boy. Mr. J. calls the latter a page. Keeps a horse and gig. House elegantly furnished. Tables, best mahogany. Chairs, ditto rosewood. Carpets, Brussels. Piano, Broadwood. Mode of living, plain and respectable; dinner, three courses and dessert. Takes his bottle or so a-day—wine, superior. Cannot think how it is, but his expenditure greatly exceeds his income. Embarked lately in an extensive speculation in woollens, which has failed. Is on the eve of bankruptcy. May be able to pay 1*s.* in the pound, but is not certain. Believes himself always to have practised the strictest economy.

WILLIAM WILKINS examined:—Is a mechanic. Has a wife and four small children, all in great want. Wife pawned her last blanket this morning to buy bread. Children in rags; two pair of shoes and a half, out at heel, between the four. Is turned of 30. Earns from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a week, according to work done. Belongs to a club which meets twice a week at the White Horse. They meet to smoke a pipe and be sociable, talk about politics and other matters, and sing songs. Own allowance, on an average, two pots a night; may sometimes go as far as a gallon. The White Horse has a skittle-ground—is in the habit of playing there. On such occasions drinks more or less, as the case may be. Takes his "drop" on most days, besides beer. Comes home at night sometimes, a little the worse for liquor. Is generally unfit for work the next day. Knows that some workmen with wives and families get only 9*s.* or 10*s.* a-week. Can't tell how they live upon it; nobody could be worse off than himself. Doesn't see, at all, how his distress is to be accounted for."

The *Punch* Commissioners have examined, besides the above, great numbers of the nobility, gentry, clergy, members of Parliament and of the learned Professions, besides multitudes of the working classes, whose incomes, though for their respective stations apparently considerable, are far exceeded by their expenditure. The consequent distress is enormous. This, however, it is universally agreed by the examined, has no sort of connection with their habits; and is by no means to be ascribed to their own fault, but to the badness of the times. Many operatives, agricultural labourers, and needle-women, who are starving on a few shillings a-week, have also been interrogated. They impute their destitution to the avarice and selfishness of their employers; but, of course, this opinion is untenable.

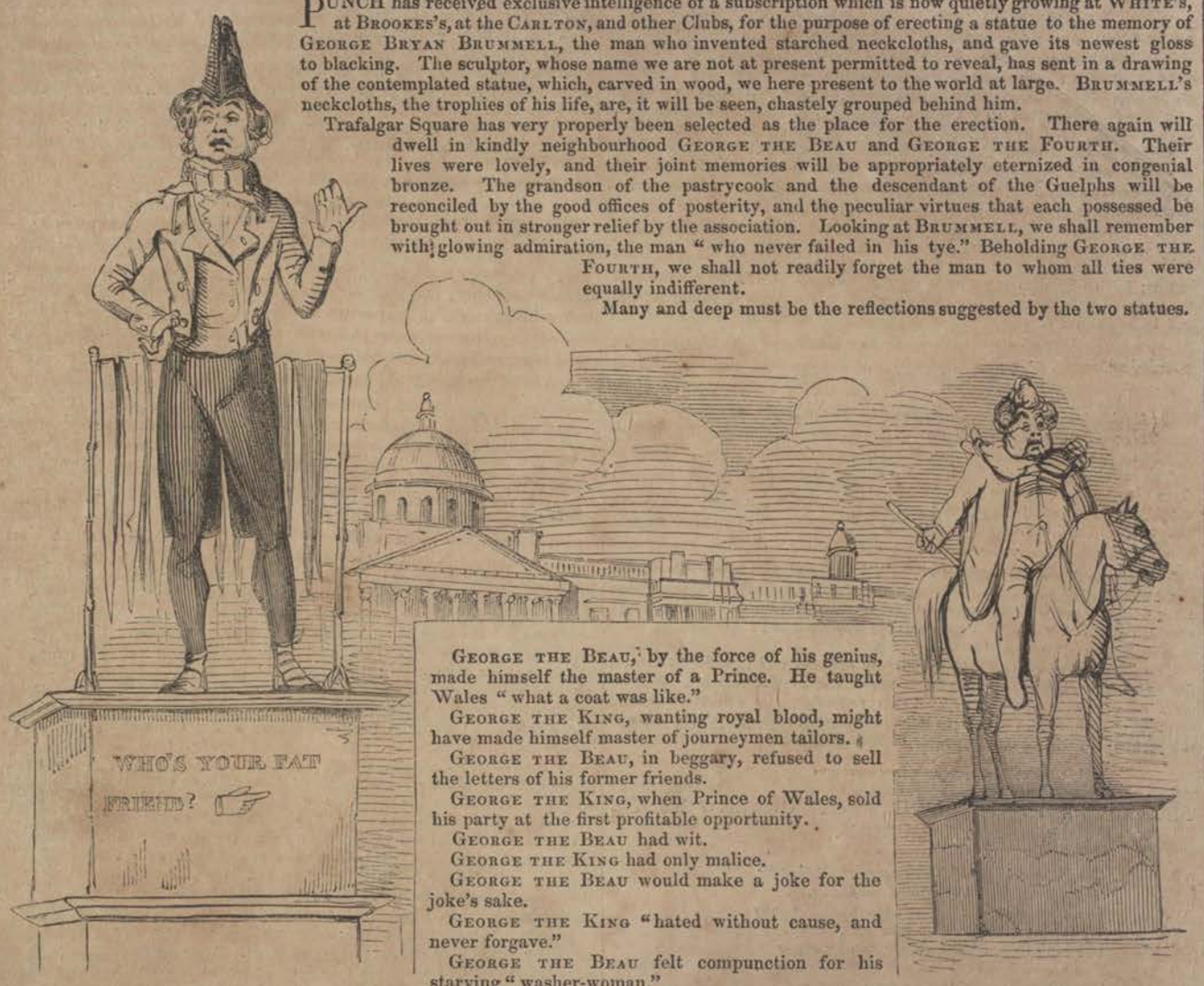
CONUNDRUM.—Why are learned ladies, generally, so remarkably plain?—Because they are extra-ordinary.

BEAU BRUMMELL'S STATUE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

PUNCH has received exclusive intelligence of a subscription which is now quietly growing at WHITE'S, at BROOKES'S, at the CARLTON, and other Clubs, for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL, the man who invented starched neckcloths, and gave its newest gloss to blacking. The sculptor, whose name we are not at present permitted to reveal, has sent in a drawing of the contemplated statue, which, carved in wood, we here present to the world at large. BRUMMELL'S neckcloths, the trophies of his life, are, it will be seen, chastely grouped behind him.

Trafalgar Square has very properly been selected as the place for the erection. There again will dwell in kindly neighbourhood GEORGE THE BEAU and GEORGE THE FOURTH. Their lives were lovely, and their joint memories will be appropriately eternized in congenial bronze. The grandson of the pastrycook and the descendant of the Guelphs will be reconciled by the good offices of posterity, and the peculiar virtues that each possessed be brought out in stronger relief by the association. Looking at BRUMMELL, we shall remember with glowing admiration, the man "who never failed in his tye." Beholding GEORGE THE FOURTH, we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent.

Many and deep must be the reflections suggested by the two statues.



GEORGE THE BEAU, by the force of his genius, made himself the master of a Prince. He taught Wales "what a coat was like."

GEORGE THE KING, wanting royal blood, might have made himself master of journeymen tailors.

GEORGE THE BEAU, in beggary, refused to sell the letters of his former friends.

GEORGE THE KING, when Prince of Wales, sold his party at the first profitable opportunity.

GEORGE THE BEAU had wit.

GEORGE THE KING had only malice.

GEORGE THE BEAU would make a joke for the joke's sake.

GEORGE THE KING "hated without cause, and never forgave."

GEORGE THE BEAU felt compunction for his starving "washer-woman."

GEORGE THE KING ran half a million of money in debt, and sending his bills to be paid by a starving people, felt for no one.

We might go on with the parallel, but believe we have said enough to shew the great beauty of contrast that must be revealed by the juxta-position of BEAU BRUMMELL and the "Fat Friend." It is whispered at some of the clubs, that, in addition to the Beau's statue in Trafalgar Square, there will be placed there the *vera effigies* of another of KING GEORGE'S early companions; namely, that of the lamented MARQUIS of HERTFORD. There will still be wanting another statue for the one vacant corner. How is this corner to be filled? At present we remember no person worthy of the post. Yes, we have him: NICHOLAS SUISSE!

AQUATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Bachelor* has been put into commission to join the Chelsea squadron, and CAPTAIN JONES, of the *Lily*, has been appointed rear-admiral of the *Pink*, instead of CAPTAIN BROWN, who has been made a knight (and day) commander of the (floating) bath.

The *Atalanta* has been laid up with a severe cough in the funnel. Its screams of agony during the operation of opening a valve to let off the steam were truly distressing.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

IT is reported that MR. FERRAND, finding how apt he is to be led into error by trusting to his own recollection, has determined on taking a few lessons in the science of "ARTIFICIAL MEMORY." If, after this experiment, the honourable member should succeed in speaking the truth, it will be putting the practicability of MAJOR BENIOWSKI'S new system beyond a doubt.

WANTED in a Club, or a Nobleman's Mansion, a Situation as Cook's Assistant. Can clean Plates, help to put away the Things, attend to the Dinner, and wait upon any number at Table. His reason for leaving is owing to his Master having broken up his establishment. Salary no object, a comfortable Home being all that is wanted. Address to the LORD MAYOR'S CAT, at the Mansion House (Kitchen Department), London.

THE ONLY ONE OF THE KIND.

THE French Papers contain an advertisement of a cross of the Legion of Honour, which was picked up on the Market-Place at Douai. So that, at present, there is *one* man at all events in France who is not decorated. We advise him, if he wishes to make a speedy fortune, to exhibit himself.

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EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

MR. FRISBY, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favoured us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the "flowery kingdom." Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. DUNN's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtails and little feet of the Chinese, that a DUNN from Pekin—LI LI by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is open in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition, called "THE BARBARIAN ENGLISH IN CHINA." There we all are, from high to low; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park-Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch*; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by LI LI to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader; they will be found to beautifully harmonise with the skill which has displayed us in cases; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The Exhibition is dedicated to the "Son of Heaven," very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that LI LI is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said "Son of Heaven;" that his "bowels turn to water" with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

INTRODUCTION.

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour, you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and to comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find favour in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

CASE I.—AN ENGLISH PEER.

He wears a garter about his leg: an honourable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian Queen. The Garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the "flowery kingdom," and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The Peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He has won half-a-million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink, and paper before him, and is at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, by which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

CASE II.—SHAKSPEARE.

This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbours' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the playhouses. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to playwriters at present.) SHAKESPEARE, or SHAKSPEER, or SHIKSPUR—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the

proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of the nation. The house he was born in has been bought by the Government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the Queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the court to SHAKSPEARE—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired Ministers and Chancellors. A man named CHAR LES KNITE, for only publishing his works, received from the Queen her portrait set in precious diamonds, and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the Queen to the peasant, all the people worship SHAKSPEARE. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

CASE III.—AN ACTOR.

In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the "flowery country." They all of them keep their carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he doesn't exactly spend it, he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds: these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the Actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the Actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

CASE IV.—A SEMPSTRESS.

The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands; and are easily known by the freshness of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favourable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dress-makers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting Committee of Ladies, who take upon themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that "the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee; she does nothing but sing and make honey."

CASE V.—THE LITERARY LORD.

Perhaps, nothing shows a greater laxity of the English police than the fact that a Literary Lord is seldom taken up for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a Lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a Literary Lord is generally made after the following fashion: He obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and labouring classes, and, like a Hottentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tylney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissars with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

CASE VI.—A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

This is a beautiful specimen of a Member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the Members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.

CASE VII.—LITERARY GENTLEMAN IN SUMMER COSTUME.

The literary men receive the highest honours. From their body are chosen Ambassadors to foreign states, Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary, Governors of Islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The QUEEN herself is so fond of the literary character, that she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the Palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the QUEEN in presents of jewels, books, &c., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

CASE VIII.—A LAW LORD.

This nobleman was a Chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the lower classes. Indeed, E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests*; it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. This Law Lord is called, particularly by himself, the Mi Tee Broom, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw summersets to keep the noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards. With all this, he is singularly independent, and "cannot fawn or glose" upon anybody higher than a Duke and a Field Marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap and water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

* LI LI here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torch-light from recesses of the rock, where "the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker" into the boiling surf below.

CASE IX.—A SHOPKEEPER.

The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors "FROM FLINT'S;" but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are "selling off at a great sacrifice," you may be sure that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to "Bricks Town" or "Eye Gate," or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the flowery country, are written over with moral sentences, such as "No abatement allowed," "For ready money only," and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of their young men. And whereas, in the "flowery country," we say as "happy as a bird," the English exclaim, "as happy as a linendraper's shopman."

CASE X.—A LADY OF FASHION.

This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of "the golden lilies" *

* The "golden lilies" are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

which adorn the "flowery country." The poor women of England are, almost from their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called Tite Lace In. The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called Sta Iz, which is ribbed with steel and whale-bone, (whence the South Sea fishery for whales,) and is corded tightly up the back. This Sta Iz is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughable notion of the use of this custom: they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear what, in their secret language, is called a Buss El. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuss—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

CASE XI.—A BISHOP AND A BEGGAR.

The English bishop—unlike the priests of the "flowery country"—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excelling beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers appointed by the government, travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which, it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff, are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has, by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says "the words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor." They have this other beautiful saying—"The bishop carries the poor man's purse;" and

this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are *no* beggars!

Lord Ashley and the House of Commons.

Lord Ashley dined a few days since with the Lord Mayor, who, with his usual facetiousness, and doubtless recollecting that his Lordship had just been jilted by Parliament, gave as a toast "The House of Commons *and* Lord Ashley." His Lordship, remembering the falsehood of the "eighty-eight," doubtless felt the full force of the compliment. It was very like drinking the health of a man's wife to a man's face, immediately on her elopement with another.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

THE CUSTOMS DUTIES BILL.

Mr. Labouchere complained of the blow that had been struck at the Coopers by the protection that had been afforded to Canadian staves.

Mr. W. Williams wished to know whether the protection to Canadian staves would extend to the Canadian Boat Song—the beautiful staves of which had become very popular in this country. (*Hear.*)

On the motion of The Chancellor of the Exchequer that the duty on foreign coffee should be reduced to 6*d.*, and the duty on coffee, to 2*d.* per pound—

Mr. Ewart said he was glad the honourable Gentleman was disposed to take coffee at this early hour of the evening, for it was desirable that a sober view should be taken. (*Hear.*) He, Mr. Ewart would ask the House to look at America.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—But America has no growers.

Mr. Ewart.—Does the honourable Gentleman mean to say that America has no growers? Perhaps he is thinking of the American Dwarf—or *General* Tom Thumb, as he is generally—(*a laugh*)—yes, I say *generally*—(*much laughter*)—*generally* called. (*Continued laughter, and much cheering.*)

Mr. W. Gibson was disposed to put coffee on one side, and go at once into cocoa. Coffee was a strong and powerful interest, but cocoa was weak, wretchedly weak; and he thought it unfair that its weakness should be taken undue advantage of. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

Mr. Alderman Humphrey, on the clause about plums preserved in sugar, expressed his intention to meet it with a direct negative. He always found, as a family man, that if he put a plum in sugar, it was the very worst way of preserving it; for it was sure to be carried away by one of the children. (*Great laughter.*) Perhaps plums might be said to be preserved when they were in puddings, but let any one look at a plum-pudding after a few days—(*the rest of the honourable member's speech was drowned in shouts of merriment*).

Sir Robert Peel was not surprised that his honourable friend (Alderman Humphrey), encouraged by his recent success with lobster and turbot, should have tried his hand at pudding. (*Hear.*) Something had been said about apples, and an alleged understanding with Lord Melbourne. Now he (Sir R. Peel) had had no understanding about apples, except that it had been intimated to him (Sir R. Peel) that some of the late Government were cut to the core on their being turned out. (*Cheers.*)

Sir E. Knatchbull begged pardon of the House, but apples had really made him very uneasy. He was pledged to the fruit-growers of Kent, a deputation of whom had waited on him some time ago about their apples, and "go it my pippin" were the words they had addressed to him.

After a few words, all at once, from Dr. Bowring, Mr. Hume, Mr. W. Williams, and Mr. Roebuck, the resolutions were agreed to.

LONG DRESSES.

It is a fact that ladies at present wear very long dresses. Every fact in female fashions is meant expressly to attract notice; accordingly, we feel called upon to notice this.

Evil has ever its counterpoise of good. It is sad to behold the train bedraggled with mud, but consoling to reflect that it sweeps the crossing. The dust that saturates the flowing robe, might else have bedimmed the boot of Wellington.

The drapery which shrouds the exquisite instep, conceals, also, the discoloured stocking. What matters the bunion, unespied? Elegance may be veiled by superfluity of vesture; but it is in the power of her proprietress to elevate the flounce; nor need the ankle of symmetry absolutely be sandalled in vain.

Heedlessness, going down stairs behind Beauty, may tread on her skirt; but the laceration of the garment is good for trade.

Time is one thing: Extent another. The dress of loveliness may reach from here to Jericho; but what lady, willingly, would wear a gown longer than a week?

AMERICAN DOINGS.

The treaty of the United States for the annexation of Texas, terminates characteristically enough with the words "*Done* at Washington." It is to be presumed that the Texians are the parties who have in the present instance been "*done* at Washington."

THE CASE OF MARY FURLEY.

Sir James Graham has earned an undying reputation by his conduct in the case of this broken-hearted woman. In the first place, although she was sentenced to death by the honey-tongued Maule, Sir James Graham knew nothing whatever of the matter. No; when questioned in the House upon the atrocity of the sentence, aggravated as it was by the funereal eloquence of the judge, who doubtless, to teach a great moral lesson, tortured the woman with Tyburn tropes,—even the Home Secretary knew nothing of the circumstances which had sent a shuddering horror through the heart of the kingdom. He would, however, inquire about Mary Furley.

A week or so passes, and the country is astounded, horrified at the further barbarity exercised upon the sufferer, who is frenzied, agonized by the official visit of the Sheriff, come with the death-warrant from the Home Office. There is no hope for her! She has, it is true, been driven to madness by accumulated miseries which beggar fiction: she has been tortured into an act of insanity by the cruelty of fortune; it is no matter, says the philosopher at the Home Office—she must die. The woman must be hanged!

For some four-and-twenty hours the doomed creature suffers agony unutterable. Sir James Graham, doubtless, sleeps sweetly in his bed—yes, enjoys that sweet, deep slumber, rewardful of solemn duties solemnly fulfilled. Then, rising, he bethinks himself of the poor wretch in Newgate; the fact is, he is made to think of her by the earnest faces and loud remonstrances of a few Samaritans who beset the Home Office. He is entreated to reconsider the sentence, and the result is—a reprieve for Mary Furley. No extenuating circumstance has been discovered; none whatever. The case remains as it was when Judge Maule—whose eloquence might fire even the Temple—denounced the forlorn offender from the judgment-seat; just as it was, when Sir James Graham sent down the death-warrant; but the public heart has revolted at the contemplated atrocity—the official murder threatened by the Home Office,—and the Minister relents; yes, the woman shall be reprieved! She has been upon the rack for four-and-twenty hours; but what is such amount of torment, more or less, to one who has already suffered so much! What, another stab of the heart, to a heart so sorely maimed and bleeding!

Then appear in the newspapers comforting paragraphs, indicative of the new tenderness of Sir James Graham. Yes, think we, Sir James has now fully considered Mary Furley's condition. Poor, blighted creature! He has followed her through her miserable history—has sympathised with her wretchedness in the Union, when her sick child was cut and maimed by the Union's drunken servant—has glowed with admiration of her, when, with her heroic woman's heart, she again faced the misery of an unpitying world—has sorrowed with her at the failing of her last hope, the few shillings, stolen or lost, that were to have given her and her babe the means of life—has felt, to painful intensity, a grief and sympathy, when—with a brain fired with despair, the frantic mother sought a grave for herself and child. Yes—thought we—the good soft-hearted Sir James has pondered on the history, so complete in all its terrors, of Mary Furley, and he will recommend the woman to the royal mercy. A few days, a week or two perhaps, may be the term of her imprisonment in the Penitentiary; and then she will return to the world, to enjoy the active sympathies even of the highest-born of her own sex, who will gather about her, and with Samaritan goodness strive to heal the wounds inflicted by undeserved wretchedness upon her. She will be pitied, comforted, ay, caressed, for the horrors she has endured, and, by the bounty of sympathising goodness, the means of subsistence will henceforth be made easy to her. Such was our day-dream.

Sir James Graham *has* recommended Mary Furley to the Royal mercy, and the result is—transportation for seven years! "Such is the breath" of Home Secretaries!

The Royal mercy was wont, by a figure of speech, to be called the brightest jewel in the Crown. If it still be so—why then, Sir James, thanks to you, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, wears at the present moment the dimmest of diadems.

Mr. Punch,

Pray, Sir, does the Conductor of the Band at the Opera sit in the place called the "Omnibus-box!"

Yours, &c.,

Querist.

GOOSEBERRY SOCIETIES.

We consider it our duty to call the attention of the Government to the alarming spread of Gooseberry Societies, one of which has been established for the last four years at Whitby. If Art-Unions are illegal, and are to be stopped, why are Gooseberry Societies to continue current!

We have received a printed copy of the rules of the Whitby Gooseberry Society, which, under the pretext of encouraging overgrown gooseberries, has, we suspect, a political purpose at the bottom of it. We shall be having these things play old gooseberry with the Government.

The second rule provides mysteriously for the colour of the berry, which it is declared may be either red, yellow, green, or white. There is more in this than meets the eye! Who ever heard of any other colours than those mentioned! Then why set them out at length with this mysterious minuteness! But we forget. In addition to the red berry, the yellow berry, the green berry, and the white berry, is there not—and may not this be at the bottom of it all—the black-berry!

Again we call on the Government to put it down. If Orange Associations have been declared illegal, why are Gooseberry Societies to be permitted! It is true that some art has been manifested in drawing up the rules, in order to give a fruity character to the proceeding; but *Punch* can perceive political thorns in every branch of this gooseberry forest. The following rules would almost blind one into the belief that the thing is a *bonâ fide* scheme; but how frequently do traitors beat about the bush, and why may they not be beating about the gooseberry bush in the present instance! Here are some of the regulations:—

"V. That any Member producing a Berry or Berries for competition, not being of his own growth, shall forfeit his subscription and be expelled.

"VI. That no damaged Berry shall be allowed to take a prize."

Who will, for one moment, have the credulity to believe, that the mere act of producing a berry not of his own growth, would be visited with the extreme penalty of expulsion! Who would imagine that the sixth rule is intended to be interpreted literally—for what individual in his right senses would think of offering a damaged berry—a crushed goosegog—made prematurely into a jam—for a prize! No, no, no. *Mille fois* No! There is something buried under this allegory of the berry, and the Home Secretary ought to lose no time in looking into it.

GOVERNMENT ARRANGEMENTS.

Our own peculiar sources have enabled us to lay before our readers some very interesting official rumours which may—or may not—be relied upon.

In consequence of the difficulty experienced by the Government in satisfying the demands of their friends, it is in contemplation to create a few Governor-generalships on the same plan as that of India, but without the heavy salary connected with the honourable post alluded to. In conformity with this arrangement, the Eel Pie Islands will probably be placed under the Governor-generalship of Colonel Sibthorp, and a power of recall will be vested for the time being in the Directors of the Richmond Steam Boat Company. The Governor-general will have the nominal power of declaring war against Isleworth, or any of the adjacent parts, and will have a household consisting of a grand steward, a gentleman's gentleman of the bedchamber, and a gold (headed) stick in waiting.

It is also understood that Sir R. H. Inglis will be sent to the Isle of Dogs, as Viceroy, with the honorary title of Baron of Blenheim and Knight of Newfoundland. The melody of "My Dog and my Gun" will, it is understood, be adopted as the National Anthem. An Act will, it is understood, be passed, extending to the Isle of Dogs all the blessings, advantages, and immunities, at present arising from Magna Charta. There is also to be a smaller Governor-generalship, extending to the small insular tracts commonly known as the Swan Islands, in St. James's Park. This Governor-generalship is to be given only to the juvenile male members of the aristocracy, and is only to last for a few hours at a time, the power of recall being vested in the policeman on the outside of the railings.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

It has been announced that there are eight members of the College of Surgeons employed as policemen on the Great Western Railway. This happy union of Surgery with Police is, no doubt, well adapted to railroad travelling, and will be found conducive to the convenience of passengers.

THE STARVED OUT SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.

In consequence of the utter annihilation of the occupation of this unhappy class of men, several parties of them have been perambulating the public thoroughfares, making the most piteous appeals to popular sympathy. The following is the phraseology which these wretched beings adopt in describing the miserable condition they are now reduced to. One of the party, with a more respectable exterior than the rest, generally comes forward from among the knot, and holds forth in a strain very similar to the ensuing :—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am really ashamed to make this public appeal to your benevolence. I am a respectable sheriff's officer. I have seen better days, and have kept a house of my own, which was always open to the unfortunate. I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, to appear before you in this miserable plight. My unfortunate companions were all in the same line as myself, and are all reduced, like myself, to the horrid state that you now see us in. These rags that now cover us, were given to us by a kind friend in Holywell Street. Oh! my good people, I hope that you will never be so unfortunate as to be reduced to what we are, at this present moment. We have some of us wives and families, who used to attend upon the distressed persons that we received at our homes, but now we have no homes to go to. Machinery, ladies and gentlemen—legal machinery—has been the ruin of us. It has done away with the spinning of long legal yarns, and so simplified the process, that any child may now do, what it formerly took one of us, assisted by two or three men, to accomplish. We are in the very last stage of destitution, and are obliged to have recourse to this degrading method of asking your charitable assistance."

These persons appear to be set down by the generality of papers as gross impostors, and very little sympathy is excited by their appeals to public compassion.

BEADLES OF ENGLAND.

THE BEADLE OF THE BURLINGTON ARCADE.

The Government of the Burlington Arcade is vested in a mixed Beadlery, which is very distinct from the pure parochial Beadlery prevailing in certain portions of the metropolis. There is what may be termed the reigning Beadle, who wields the actual sceptre and has first choice of the easy-chair at the end of the Arcade; the secondary Beadle, or Beadle apparent—if we may be allowed the term—being only permitted to take a seat when there is a vacancy. The subject of our present sketch succeeded to the bludgeon of office in the maturity of manhood, and brought to bear on the destinies of the Arcade a mind stored by experience and a forehead furrowed by imposing wrinkles. In the discharge of his very important duties, he always tries to preserve a just medium, by strutting along the very middle of the Arcade, and he shows an anxiety to maintain an equitable balance, for he often poises the bludgeon over his shoulder with remarkable nicety. It is a curious fact that, even in the midst of the most trying junctures—such as a lady refusing to take off her pattens on entering the Arcade,—the Beadle has never been known to forget the dignity of his station. The manner in which he repels any attempt to desecrate the Arcade by the smuggling of bundles on the part of those who are improperly attempting to make the passage of the frontier, is truly admirable. He never descends from his high position to parley with a delinquent, but he goes through a piece of impressive pantomime that is sufficient to turn back the sturdiest of bundle-bearers. In such cases as these, the Beadle first moves majestically towards the man or boy, as the case may be, who carries the parcel. The second motion is a tap on the shoulder. The third consists of pointing significantly to the bundle. The fourth comprises an almost imperceptible brandishing of the bludgeon; while the fifth and last is a series of flashing glances from the offender to the gate, and from the gate back again to the offender, until the delinquent and his bundle are fairly ejected by ocular force from the sacred locality.

It has been finely said by somebody, in some passage of some book, that was, some time ago, printed somewhere, that "Beadles are but men;" and even the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade has some of the weaknesses of that clay which is the "raw material" of all humanity. Shakespeare was not wrong in observing that "A little flattery sometimes does well"; and we have seen even the Burlington Beadle occasionally "come over," by an indirect feeding of his vanity. For instance, we have seen a boy with a bundle permitted to pass through, if the words

"PLEASE, SIR, MAY I GO THROUGH THE 'CADE?"

constituted the form of the petition. We think that it behoves the Beadle to be just before he is generous; but, on the whole, we think he executes the duties of a very invidious office with considerable temper and discretion.

A VOICE FROM THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.

Well I remember, dear Maria, well,
As I my suit so earnestly was pressing,
How we were tittered at by beau and belle:
Truly your situation was distressing!—

Just finished Miss Belinda's fleeting song,
Just hushed the melody of the guitar;
Oh! how you blushed to see the list'ning throng
Smile as they caught—"Dear William, ask mama."

The Last Hoax from America.

The *New York American* states, that "the Pennsylvania Legislation has passed a law, imposing a tax expressly to pay the interest upon its debt." This is the best Jonathanism we have heard for a long time.

The "Albert Cap."

This royal invention has positively been inflicted on the 24th regiment of infantry, now stationed in Ireland. We are, however, happy to state, that when our last express left, no mutiny had then broken out. It was, however, thought necessary, before the caps were distributed, to have all the guns shotted.

THE STARVED OUT SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.

(*Vide* Lord Campbell's Bill *for the Total Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.*)

Punch's Prophecy for the Derby.

Our present number will not be in the hands of the nation until after the Derby has been run, but our Prophecy is made long before, on account of the necessity for going to press in the beginning of the week, though we only publish at the end of it.

Our Prophecy last year was decidedly wrong, but as it did not appear till after the races it did not signify. The same apology will apply to any error that may be made in our present prediction.

In order to be able to prophecy in first-rate style we consulted a pack of cards, a telescope, and—on account of the equestrian nature of the business—a stick of horseradish. Having dealt out the cards we compared them with the stars, then visible through the telescope, and pointed blindfold with the stick of horseradish to the betting-list, which comprised the names of the favourites. Having repeated this ceremony eleven times, we tossed up a halfpenny, and cried "heads" for the *Ugly Buck*, but it came down tails for "*Ratan*," which left us still in a state of uncertainty. We next dealt the cards into thirteen bundles, till we came to the four knaves, which we put upon the four first horses, and then shuffled them up altogether till there was a knave at each end, a knave at the top, and a knave at the bottom of it.

We have described the process thus minutely that the public may see the method by which we have arrived at the prediction we are now about to make, and in which we simply ask our readers to place confidence. We have preferred the old imposing form of the ancient soothsayers:—

PREDICTION OF THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1844.

Windle, windle, spindle, spindle,
Dwindle, dwindle, swindle, swindle.
Bubble, bubble—*Ugly Buck.*
Shall *Orlando* head the ruck?
Ask ye where *Ratan* shall be,
I will answer, "you shall see."
Qui Tam is not one to wander.
Who is he would back *Leander?*
Grumble, grumble, fumble, fumble,
Loadstone, Momus, stumble, stumble—
'Tis the horse that first comes in,
Shall alone the Derby win.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE ORATOR.

The subject of oratory has been very ably handled by Mr. M. T. Cicero; but the course of nineteen centuries has thrown some fresh light upon it; and *Punch* wishes to supply a few deficiencies which occur in the treatise of that gentleman.

ACTION.

It is desirable that the head should be held up; and it should be observed, that the pockets are not the place for the hands. The latter may be employed in twiddling nut-crackers; but it is better to throw them about alternately. The right hand should often be placed on the heart; and, mind, great care must be taken not to put it too low down.

SPECIMEN ORATIONS.

SPEECH ON A WEDDING-DAY.

(*Supposed to be delivered by a poetical young gentleman.*)

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In rising, on this auspicious occasion, to propose a toast, I feel deeply penetrated with the force of that line of Byron—

"'Who hath not felt how feebly words essay?'

(*Quotations are always cheered.*)

"My thoughts are too deep for utterance. This morning we have assisted at a joyful ceremony, a ceremony which—which—which—like the sun arising in glory on the ocean—diffuses a halo of joy over the bosom, like brightness over the billows of the dark-blue sea. May the morning which has dawned on requited Affection be succeeded by the noon of Domestic Bliss! Yes, gentlemen and ladies, the cold ones may sneer; but ah! the heart that responds to the echo of sympathy will exclaim,—oh! burningly, gushingly, overpouringly exclaim,—that

"'Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love,'

and that the nuptial knot, consecrated by the torch of the hymeneal altar, is—what shall I say!—is the beacon,—

"'Which makes a Paradise on Earth,
When hearts and hands combine.'

"Let us hope that such will be the case in this instance. Let us hope that Miss Wilkins—I beg her pardon, she is now Mrs. Dove—will roam throughout her sublunary span, heart linked to heart and hand to hand with the man of her choice, down the long vista of many happy years. Oh! far in the windings of Life's flowery vale, in their sequestered cottage near an embowering wood, may the happy couple who have just quitted this scene of festivity, harmoniously, like two nightingales in their tranquil nest, live and love together through many changing years—sharing each other's pleasures and wiping each other's tears. Gentlemen, I give you the health of Mr. and Mrs. Dove."

SPEECH BY A METAPHYSICAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

"The relation of Time to vital existence, gentlemen, is such, that I feel it would be inconsistent with ethical fitness, were I to trespass long upon your attention. I have a subject in view, and also an object; and although the object and subject are apparently connected, they are metaphysically, as you all know, distinct; nevertheless there is a relation between them which I should wish to see established. Gentlemen, conventionally speaking (for in a philosophical sense I doubt with Socrates whether you can be properly said to know anything), you know our friend Mr. Simpson. Considering that gentleman as a moral and intellectual entity, I am sure you must regard him, with me, as a perfect whole. Mr. Simpson, gentlemen, is my subject, and his health my object, that is to say, the object of my wishes, though in another sense it is my subject, the subject of my toast. May subject and object, object and subject, coexist correlatively in absolute integrity for an indefinite succession of annual periods."

[If you cannot recollect the foregoing, take any given number of abstract expressions and hard words; string them together at random, and spout, rounding your periods. In this manner, especially after dinner, you will cause the most thorough balderdash to pass for profundity.]

THE CLOCKS AGAIN.

[*We are authorised to publish the following Extract of a Letter from a Young Gentleman who lives in the New Road, opposite Marylebone Church.*]

16*th May*, 1844.

Great Heavens! how long is the clock influenza to continue? Invited to dine yesterday with Lady Mary Scramjaw, at half-past seven, in H-rl-y Street, I entered that street, *viâ* New Road, precisely as the Clock of M-ryl-b-ne Church indicated the hour to be twenty-five minutes to eight. Two minutes afterwards I knocked at Lady Mary's door—'t was opened, not by the page, that youth attired in green all over yellow buttons like the cowslip meadows in May—not by her footman, a large man with scarlet whiskers and powder—not by her butler, a person whom I have frequently known to be mistaken for a dean;—but by a maid-servant—a person in curl-papers and red elbows, who stared at me from either side of her smutty nose as she bade me ascend to the *salon*.

I did so, unannounced; and what was my astonishment on entering the drawing-room, to find a female in a camisole with no front of hair, standing on the centre table and picking out the bits of wax-candle from the chandelier that hangs in the middle of the room!

Heavens! how she screamed as she saw me. It was Lady Mary Scramjaw herself!!

* * * * * * * *

When her fainting form was carried out of the room by the footman (who had his hair in papers) and the butler (without his coat), I found, on glancing at the ormolu clock on the mantel-piece, that it was only Six o' Clock. I had come too early. I had been misled by the Marylebone impostor. Is this not too bad—too gross? What *are* we to trust, if even Church Clocks deceive us?

Adieu—Your distracted, but affectionate
Frederic de Montmorency.

P.S. Saturday.—I shall never be asked by Lady Mary again. The Clock is still at 35 minutes past 7: (hang it!)

A CATALOGUE RAISONNABLE.

For the benefit of our statistical subscribers, we give an analysed edition of the catalogue of this year's Exhibition at the Academy.

Portraits of "A Gentleman"	440
Portraits of "A Lady"	360
Scenes from "The Vicar of Wakefield"	90
Ditto "Comus"	56
Ditto "Gil Blas"	61
Pictures of "Cromwell and the Intercepted Letter"	39
Ditto, "Mary Queen of Scots and John Knox"	22
Views of "Venice,"—"Primrose Hill," &c. &c.	44
Parrots, Spaniels, Deer, Fruit, Elephants, Flowers, and Rabbits	97
Busts	141
Cupids, Psyches, and Sleeping Children	53
Historical Pictures	7
	1413

We feel it but right to state that there is only one portrait of Her Majesty this year, and not a single one of Prince Albert.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Oh! weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,
And sorely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;
It's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to Friday night,
Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by candle-light.
I'm sick to death of cleaning with its everlasting rout—
I'm sure my life's no good to me 'cept on my Sunday out.
Ah! folks may talk of factory-girls, and what they have to do,
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-miners too—
And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk a lot of stuff—
They'd better let them all alone—I'm sure they're well enough.
If they have extra work to do, don't they get extra pay?
But here, my mistress thinks there is no extra to the day.
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often three or four,
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep upon the floor.
The factory engines and their din can't be as bad, I'm clear,
As mistress' screaming, scolding voice for ever in my ear.
Those mines must be a Paradise down underneath the ground,
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty stones all round!—
There 's not a bit of scrubbing there, no chests nor tables bright—
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy candlelight,
And nobody would think of cleaning, even if it were.
Oh dear!—be what there might to do, I wish *I* could be there!
If gentlemen would look at home who talk of factory work,
They'd see their household servants slave worse than the heathen Turk.
They'd better mend their own concerns, and lighten servants' cares,
Than lay down laws for other men about their own affairs.
And while they talk of needlework, and mantua-makers too,
Calling the nation's eyes to look at what these women do,
Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of each new dress,
By weary heads, and worn-out eyes, and so on—I confess
I wish when such sit down at home, in nicely furbished rooms,
They'd count the cost of cleanliness in work, instead of brooms—
And recollect that where they lounge, so pleasantly at ease, [knees.
"*White Slaves*" have toil'd and moil'd for hours, sometimes upon their
I wish I were the scrubbing-brush itself, I do declare,
For then I might scrub all my life, and never know nor care.
But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed;
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head.
And as to lying there at morn—why, I'd defy the lark
To wake before my mistress rings; I wish that bell—hush—hark!—
I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's coming up this way,
My goodness! if she comes in here whatever will she say?
I'm sure I shan't get this room clean'd before the clock strikes two,
And she expects it done by twelve—she's here!—What shall I do?

BARBARITY IN BURTON CRESCENT.

Considerable sensation has been excited amongst the casual visitors to Burton Crescent by a piece of extraordinary ferocity on the part of the authorities. It appears that the iron posts at the corners of the streets in that neighbourhood have long been the victims of juvenile leap-frog, and it was feared that the constitution of the posts would not be strong enough to prevent them from gradually wearing away under the grievance. So far public feeling would go with the authorities, who have a right to protect their posts to any reasonable extent; but, in an evil hour, the inhabitants have planted spikes on the top of those posts—so that the boys, who cannot be deterred from jumping over, are now in danger of being impaled on the top of them.

We have looked closely into the Law of Leap-Frog, and searched for a Statute on Street-Posts, but we can find nothing to justify the frightful cruelty that has been resorted to. The old thumb-screw was the last remnant of Saxon savageness, but the ten-penny nail has never been recognised by any of our jurists, from Coke to the "Comic Blackstone." Even the holdfast, as an instrument of legal torture, is about to be abolished, by doing away with imprisonment for debt; and we therefore call upon the authorities of Burton Crescent to erase the spike from their criminal code immediately.

Military Movement.

Sir Thomas Freemantle is positively to go to the War Office, but without a seat in the Cabinet—the number of chairs being unfortunately limited. The honourable Baronet is, however, to have standing room at the Privy Council.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that, in the event of a general Election, Mr. Widdicombe will be invited to represent the West Riding.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

ANIMATED DISCUSSION OF THE PORK AND MOLASSES BILL.—GLORIOUS DISCOMFITURE OF JER. DIDDLER'S PARTY.

From the Correspondence of the New York Catawampus.

Washington, May 1.

Yesterday the friends of liberty had a great treat; the eyes of enfeebled old Europe must "calculate" more away abashed from the contemplation of such an august spectacle as that of the star-spangled land of independence.

Solomon Crowdy was great in his speech on the Pork and Molasses Bill, and showed up Jer. Diddler of Bluenose county, as a swindling dotard, and Nick Rudge, of Little Jericho, as a murderous ruffian.

Nick Rudge said Sol. Crowdy was a liar; and pretended to laugh to scorn the assertions of a forger and a bankrupt.

Sam Blood said that forgery was a misfortune, and bankruptcy no disgrace. He had been bankrupt twenty-three times himself. He gloried in it. (*Cheers.*) He would not see his friend the honourable Sol. Crowdy attacked with starving calumny for such a trifle.

Jer. Diddler accused Sol. Crowdy of letting off a man who had helped a nigger to escape.

At this shameful charge, Sol. took out a knife and cut at Jer. Diddler, who, drawing a pistol, levelled at Crowdy, but missed him; the members on either side rushed in to the rescue; in the flurry of which knives were used freely, and blood rose above par.

Enoch Ram, of Guinea Pig Island, was left in possession of the floor; and, unless a surgeon has doctored him up by this, I doubt will keep the floor a lengthyish time. He was knocked down in a mistake by the Hon. Joel Brawn, with a lead inkstand, which came a little too handy.

As Jer. Diddler was going home, Crowdy's son the Major sprung off his board where he was tailoring, and fired a pistol at the Hon. Jer. Diddler, saying, "Take that, you old rascal, for firing at my father." It is said the Major is going as Secretary of Legation to one of the old courts of Europe.

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Bristol.

The trade of Bristol is, we are happy to say, going quite away from it, and the city is consequently becoming much more genteel than formerly; a boon for which we are to be grateful to the authorities, who take such heavy dues from ships, that very few of the nasty, ugly-looking things now come to deface our harbour. Formerly it was a common thing to have a lot of gloomy-looking merchandise lumbering up the quays, which are now happily left free for the boys to play at marbles, presenting a much more pleasing sight than the transfer of huge packages by brawny men from the wharf to the warehouses.

By a return of the tonnage of goods imported into, and exported out of, Bristol during a given period, we find the gratifying fact that a more aristocratic spirit is beginning to operate in this fine city, and that the vulgar habit of buying and selling is much less prevalent than formerly. Among the Exports, we find Bristol board, of which there are four sheets now entered outwards, and waiting for a passage. The Imports consist chiefly of cauliflowers from the coast of Cornwall; and it is gratifying in the extreme to reflect that the superfluous cauliflowers of the Cornish coast will find their way to the tables of the inhabitants of Bristol.

The policy of the authorities of the port is delicately directed towards the exclusion of those monstrous nuisances, the steam packets, with their large smoking chimnies, one of which, the Great Western, was very adroitly driven away from the station by the very heavy dues to which it was subjected. An attempt was then made to establish another of these smoke-generating nuisances, by erecting the Great Britain iron steam ship, which, however, has happily been thwarted by the vessel being made too large to be got out of the dock she was built in.

Among the other beauties of Bristol is a Suspension Bridge, on the plan of that, now in the course of stagnation, at Hungerford. It has also been discovered that there is a man with a ferry-boat near the bridge who claims the right of rowing people across, and asks compensation from the bridge company. He has, we understand, been offered shares in the bridge instead of compensation; or, in other words, he is coolly requested to pay up a quantity of calls, and incur the liabilities of a shareholder, by way of an equivalent for his present income.

OLD IRELAND.

"Nothing new."

Liffey Lane, May 17th, 1844.

ONLY for the soigth I get now an' again o' yerself, MISTHER PUNCH, be all that's faysashius, I'd be fairly dead with dulness. Why, there's nothin' worth mintionin' goin' on at all here that id amuse a poor boy, given to takin' a telescopic view of the world, and keepin' his hands in his breeches pockets; the Viceraygal Coort is as impty as any conceaveable vacuum—even puttin' JOE HUME's head to it (the mane crethur that wanted to have us *de-grey*-ded in downright earnest, be sweepin' away the simblance o' Royalty out o' the counthry), an' the Four Coorts is in a similiar predikament, ever since the Jedges ballyragged each other in regard o' the thrials, instead of eatin' their lunchin' an' takin' their frost-nail afther it—(an' some of 'em, be all accounts, are no cripples at the same)—in payce an' quietness. LORD CARDIGAN is openin' the eyes o' the natives wid his turn out, an' I declare to you 'twould be as beneficial to you to take a snuff up passin' by his airy, betwene 7 an' 8 o'clock, as to dine wid TIM O'BRIEN, our present Lord Mayor, save the mark!

As for news respectin' the lower classes—the labourers on the Drogheda Railway are to get a big dinner on the 24th, an' lashins o' licker afther-wards, 'till there won't be a weskit button amongst 'em, they'll expand to that degree. The Lord Liftinant will lay the first stone of the Company's Station House early in the day; and 'tis my conviction that some of the company will see the inside of a different Station-house in the coorse o' the evenin'.

Things look mighty dull in Tipperary—'tis actually close upon a week now since any attempt was med to take away a life. Wouldn't a body imagine Dan's circulars wor in fashion, or that the "boys" wor waitin' to bag the Land Commission in a lump? Whin anything turns up in the out-o'-the-common line, I'll give you a spare half-hour, an' a power of 'em I have to spare, wid all the veins o' me heart; you're desarvin' ov it, my good sir, for confusion to the week passes over that you don't prove the truth o' my ould gran'father's favourite sayin', "Too much Punch is just enough."

Yer obaydient Servant and well-wisher, till death,

TIM QUINLAN.

SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"*Green grow the Rushes, oh!*

THERE 's nought but talk on every han';
On every night that passes, oh!
'Tis wonderful how Members can
Behave so much like Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
While business waits amid debates;
And so the Session passes, oh!

All this delay, from day to day
Arrears of work amasses, oh!
By sum on sum, till August 's come,
When Statesmen look like Asses, oh!
Loud, &c.

The Income Tax upon our backs,
With leaden weight is pressing, oh!
And Ireland's grief demands relief,
The Debtors' wrongs redressing, oh!
Loud, &c.

The Poor-Law Bill is standing still,'
While Gentlemen are jawing, oh!
At fists and foils, in private broils,
Each other clapper-clawing, oh!
Loud, &c.

Give them their hour to spend at night,
In altercation dreary, oh!
And England's good, and England's right,
May gang all tapsalteerie, oh!
Loud, &c.

The Health of the Metropolis.

WE regret to say that MR. BARBER BEAUMONT's pump has been seriously indisposed for several days past at his seat in Piccadilly. The complaint, however, is not, as has been supposed, a general breaking up of the constitution, but merely a slight sinking, to which Artesian systems are invariably subject, we are told, at the close of the spring. The respected patient, however, is mending every day. The inquiries at the ladle still continue to be very numerous.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.

THIS is a small but very select society, composed of Physicians, Surgeons, and General Practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—

The chair was taken by DR. HOOKIE, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy Chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, "Success to Practice." Drunk unanimously.

The Secretary (MR. JONES) then stated that MR. BAGGS had a communication to make to the Society.

MR. BAGGS would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case. The patient was an elderly lady, *ætatis* 65; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as "alloverishness." He (MR. BAGGS) had called the disorder *Debilitas*, and *Tinnitus Aurium*. Ordered—Pil: Micæ Panis, box one,—three pills to be taken every night: and a sixteen-ounce mixture, composed of Tinct: Cardamom: Comp: drachms ten; Syrup: Simp: ounces two; and the rest, Aqua:—three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (MR. BAGGS) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (*No, no; and laughter.*)

Another member thought that MR. BAGGS had made a good thing of it.

MR. BAGGS rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged "Iter," each visit, 5*s*., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs?

MR. BAGGS said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about threepence-halfpenny, and the syrup, perhaps three farthings. The Aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.

One Member considered that a few powders, now and then, might have been sent in.

Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picis to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3*s*.

MR. BAGGS thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.

The Society, generally, agreed with him.

DR. DUNHAM BROWN then recounted an instructive case of Gout, occurring in an Alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.

The Chairman next read a valuable paper "On Professional Appearance," in which he strongly recommended black gaiters.

A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion—

The Chairman inquired who was for a game at whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.

A CAW FROM THE ROOKERY.

A GENTLEMAN now (if a gentleman ever does such a thing) may dare to walk from Oxford Street to Holborn. Between the Scylla of High Street and the Charybdis of St. Giles's, he will no longer be forced to choose. The demolition of the Rookery will be a great boon to boots; a blessing to sensibilities, olfactory and sympathetic; and a heavy blow and a great discouragement to typhus into the bargain. "Down goes the Rookery! Hurrah!!" is the general cry. Blending, however, with the acclamation, *Punch* cannot help hearing the outcry of the unlucky rooks. In sooth, it is a dismal caw; and seems to say, as plain as caw can, "Where shall we go? Where shall we go?" And a mournful, a very mournful echo, albeit an Irish one, answers, "Heaven only knows!" Does the Government?

PARLIAMENTARY SURVEY.

THE following is the *Morning Post's* account of the proceedings in the House of Commons on the 15th of May:—

"The House of Commons sat for twenty mindtes—presented a few petitions—then looked at each other—then counted out.

The looking at each other seems to have been the most laborious part of the business; for how they could have kept their countenances during the enactment of this farce, is to us rather puzzling. We should be glad to know whether the Opposition looked very hard at the Ministerial side, and with what kind of expression. We wonder if there were any pairs in this parliamentary game at stare-cap.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR, *May 6th*, 1844.

Under any other circumstance than the one I am about to allude to, I would not for a moment condescend to address you; but my connexion with a young lady (in fact, the object of my affections), renders it imperative that I should take notice of a piece of rudeness which certain persons was guilty of on Monday the 6th inst. On the day mentioned, business, or rather—(for why should I mince matters)—pleasure called me to Arrow-on-the-Ill. In the company of her to whom I have already given my eart, and ope to give my and, I dined at the King's Ead, intending after dinner to enjoy, with my cigar and my brandy and water, that delightful conversation which can only grow out of the union of 2 soles, I mean, of course, love. Mary Ann and me retired from the dinner-table to the beautiful gardens adjacent to the house, and seated on a rustic bench, enjoying the beauties of nature, we were almost as appy as two engaged ones could be, when we was—were, I mean—disturbed by shouts of laughter coming from a certain party. I was induced to think (and Mary Ann thought so too), that we were the subjects of their idle merriment. We were confirmed in our opinion when we saw a individual take out a sketch-book and commence (as I suppose) taking off our heads. Now, sir, what there could be so amusing in us we cannot see; but perhaps what the poet BYRON observes,

> "He jests at scars, who never felt
> The pangs that wait, that wait on love,"

will explain it. In conclusion, let me inform you, sir, that in my opinion fun is one thing, and that jesting with the finest feelings of our nature is another, and an, sir, &c.,

Islington. AUGUSTUS BANGS.

[Can the above have reference to the preceding sketch, which has been forwarded to us anonymously?—*Ed. of Punch.*]

ESTATES FOR PATRIOTS.

OUR friend TOM DUNCOMBE is, it seems, to have an estate bought for him by the working classes as "an imperishable testimonial of their thanks and gratitude." It has hitherto been usual to reward those only who have done mischief, and there is, therefore, some freshness in the notion of bestowing something on an individual who has at all events generally tried to do good. *Punch* would be amongst the first to congratulate the PET OF FINSBURY on his being regularly installed in a snug freehold given him by "the People," but we fear the prospect is rather vague at present. The central committee sit in Southwark, and request all communications to be forwarded to some place in the neighbourhood of Bedlam. The Advertisement also talks of completing certain machinery, after which the committees are to meet for the purpose of consulting how the thing is to be done. Estates vary so much in size and price, that it is difficult to say whether "The Duncombe Testimonial" is to be a mansion in a park, or a suburban villa "standing on its own grounds," that is to say, a back-yard and a fore-court.

A SOLILOQUY,

AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF A "SCENE."

From an unpublished Drama,

ENTITLED "THE CHEMIST."

GALENIUS, having fastened up his shop for the night, goes down stairs into the laboratory to turn the gas off. Dissatisfied with his condition he seateth himself, listlessly, upon the stone, and beholding the large brass mortar and pestle, he gives utterance to the following Soliloquy:—

"MY Mortar and my Pestle!—it is midnight!
And ye are slumbering on your ponderous stand,
All silently; would ye might sleep for ever!
"Yet, oh my Mortar! I will not despise *thee*;
Thou art a little microcosm; in thee,
All elements of good—all germs of evil—
Bland Syrup, Simp. and Caustic Alkali,
At times are mingled, pleasant and pernicious;
Bitter, and sweet, and sour; cold, hot, dry, moist,
Poison and antidote;—bliss, bane; life, death;
All that can please the senses or disgust,
From Otto down to Assafœtida,
Within thy little hollow find a place.
"Seas inundate thee (soap and water ones),
And shapeless masses in thy crater grow
To usefulness and uniformity.
Thou holdest that within thee which doth mirror
The characters of men; deceptive Opium,
That lures the victim with a rapturous dream,
And wakes him to distractedness. Magnesia,
Fair, faultless and insipid,—like a woman
With a clear skin, but an ungarnished mind.
Aloes, a bitter, yet benignant drug,
The type of a sincere, unflattering friend.
And Sublimate, whose whiteness talks of purity,
While deadly malice lurks unseen beneath.
"And thou art gentle too, my Mortar! Smitten,
Thou dost return no injury, but sendest
Harmonious sounds into thy smiter's ear,
Reminding him of some old village bell,
Heard haply in his youth."

A shrill voice from above shouteth, "GALENIUS!"

Gal. (*Aside.*)—"There! that 's my wife, she 's always worrying. (*Aloud.*)—Yes, love!"

Wife. "What ARE you doing down there? Come! I want to go to bed."

Gal. "Coming, directly."

(*Aside*)—"Oh, Nature! what a plague thou hast made woman.
Worse, worse than physic. I suppose I must
Obey her though, or else there 'll be no peace.
Besides,—it strikes me rather forcibly
That I have brought our only candle down,
And left her in the dark." [*Exit, in a hurry.*

To the Affluent.

A YOUNG gentleman of fashionable exterior and prepossessing manners, who is desirous of going to Ascot Races, at somebody else's expense instead of his own, would feel much obliged to anybody who would take him. Should any ladies be of the party, he will be most happy to promenade about the course with two of them, provided they are not plain. The fortunate possessor of a carriage, in conjunction with a benevolent heart, will find this an admirable opportunity for doing a civil thing.—Address to A. Z., Punch Office.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM was to have spoken at the late meeting held to discountenance cruelty to animals. He, however, did not appear, having made himself amenable to the law for the aforesaid cruelty, by appointing Mr. JONES (the paternal uncle, as we have before observed, to the BOY JONES) as lecturer to the forlorn of the British and Foreign Destitutes. Mr. JONES is by the way a great American antiquarian. One of his early lectures will be "On the toothbrushes of the Chippewaws, in connexion with the fine arts of America."

"THE HEAD AND FRONT OF HIS OFFENDING."

A BUST of MR. O'CONNELL was refused at the Exposition at Paris. We did not think the French were so scrupulous on the head of rebellion.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN DESTITUTE.

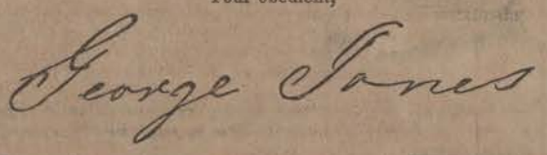
FIVE MINUTES WITH JONES.

WE owe a very serious apology to Mr. GEORGE JONES, the gentleman (uncle to the Boy JONES) who lectures at this Institution—or rather, Destitution. We owe him, we repeat, an apology for having mislaid his letter, which, otherwise, we should have printed ere this. We now lay it before the reader, having—regardless of expense—caused the engraved autograph of JONES to be subjoined to the missive :—

British and Foreign Institute,
SIR, *9th May*, 1844.

If the anonymous scribbler who disgraces your paper by his disgusting attacks upon this excellent Institution will throw off the mask, I am ready to meet him in the arena of free discussion ; but until then I shall treat his paltry effusions with the contempt they merit. The taking advantage of a mere *similitude* of names to connect me with a base-born intruder who has caused her beloved Majesty so much alarm, is a most ungenerous attempt to draw down public odium on one whose loyalty is his greatest boast. I deny in the strongest manner the affinitive relationship you have attempted to fasten on me ; and I trust I am too well known to be very much injured by the calumny. The gratifying manner in which I have been honoured by their Majesties the Kings of the French and of Prussia, (to the latter of whom my work on Ancient America is dedicated) and by many distinguished personages both in Great Britain and on the Continent, is no doubt calculated to excite the envy and malevolence of little minds ; but I beg to assure you, sir, that I am armour-proof against such missiles as you or your myrmidons can direct against,

Your obedient,



To MR. PUNCH,
&c. &c. &c.

A few words will explain to Mr. JONES, why *Punch* condescended to notice him at all. JONES was put forth by Mr. BUCKINGHAM as one of the orators and lecturers at the British and Foreign ; and as, in compliance with the prayers of many members, *Punch* resolved to test every commodity offered by the Resident Director to his subscribers, the pretensions of JONES came very fairly under consideration. *Punch* criticised JONES as he would have criticised a piece of furniture or a piece of cookery of the Institute—a joint-stool, or a *tête de veau au naturel*.

Let us proceed to calmly consider the epistle of JONES. He first says, he shall treat us with contempt ; and then writes a long letter to prove his resolution. This reminds us of the lady who, much persecuted by the addresses of a foolish lover, at last married him, as she said, to get rid of him.

Next, as to Mr. JONES's "affinitive relationship" to the Boy JONES. He calls that enterprising and inquiring youth "base-born," as though by such contempt—hardly decorous in an American—our lecturer would throw off consanguinity. We have, however, heard on what we thought excellent authority, that the ancestors of Mr. JONES—very worthy, honest people—emigrated from Stoke Pogis to America in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND ; and that there they flourished, paying their way, like worthy folk : that, some five-and-twenty years ago, a brother of Mr. GEORGE JONES, a respectable man and very clever cobbler, came to England, where he married and settled somewhere in Westminster. Of this marriage the Boy JONES was the fruit, and consequently the nephew of Mr. GEORGE JONES. This is the account that has reached us ; and when we reflect on the intelligence and curious spirit developed by the Boy JONES, to the "so much alarm of her beloved MAJESTY," we confess we cannot but recognise in such powers a kindred genius to the high quality that supported Mr. GEORGE JONES through his *Ancient America*. We cannot but acknowledge a spiritual relationship between the Boy JONES in the royal chimney, seeking information in the teeth of all difficulties, and the historian JONES feeling his dim way, dark lantern in hand, through the shadows of ancient Columbia. The similitude must strike every one.

And now, for Mr. JONES's loyalty towards her beloved MAJESTY. He owes the Queen no loyalty ; he is an American ; and as such, to attempt to pay *more* than he owes, we consider to be a very cruel sarcasm on Pennsylvania. England has nothing to do with Mr. JONES ; the lion and unicorn reject his loyalty, his "greatest boast." No ; he owes that treasure to his own flag. Even as an actor, he doubtless as well deserves the "Stars" of the American banner, as his book is worthy of the "Stripes."

We now come to the envy that has stirred the gall of *Punch*—the "envy of little minds." JONES has been smiled upon by LOUIS PHILIPPE, and has dedicated his *Ancient America* to the King of PRUSSIA. However, JONES is "armour proof." ACHILLES was dipped in Styx ; JONES—there is evidence of the fact—was, at his birth, soused in molten brass.

Mr. JONES, though an historian, has a fine eye to the vulgar profits of life. The reader will observe how adroitly JONES brings in his book of *Ancient America*, and thereby, we have no doubt, makes us liable to the stamp-office for an advertisement, even though, like a tombstone, it does but advertise the dead.

We have, for the present, done with Mr. JONES. We repeat, we should not have noticed him had he not been put forward by Mr. BUCKINGHAM as one of the guides and instructors of the members of the Institute. After perusing Mr. JONES's letter to *Punch*, and duly considering its elegant style and lofty spirit, our readers may imagine the fitness of Mr. JONES to compose and deliver an "Oration on the Life and Genius of Shakspeare"—may have some tolerable idea of the philosophy and beauty of his *Ancient America*, of which jocose work we may possibly speak further at a future season. We may, however, ask in conclusion, how *could* Mr. BUCKINGHAM suffer JONES to write such a letter !

PUNCH'S NEW ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

As the *Times* very properly observed in its leader of the 25th *ult.*, "it is really tempting *Punch* to keep on the statute-book such a law as that which has resulted in the exposure of such a variety of royal and noble nonsense as has been lately obtruded on the world by the publication of the late DUKE OF SUSSEX's love-letters." The arithmetical question naturally occurs to us, if the DUKE OF SUSSEX was, as all admitted him to be, the most enlightened of the sons of GEORGE THE THIRD, how much enlightenment remained for the rest of the family !

To prevent similar rubbish being shot—through the medium of the Privy Council—into the public eye, we have drawn up the following

New Royal Marriage Act.

Whereas, by an Act of Folly passed in the reign of GEORGE III., and not to be surpassed in the reign of anybody, it was enacted, that certain royal personages could not marry without the consent of the Sovereign :

And Whereas ——— did marry, and though in the eye of the law he did wrong, he also did write sundry letters ; to wit, certain rubbish and rigmarole, trash and twaddle, gammon and spinach, dated the ——— of ———, in the year ——— :

And Whereas the said ——— did, on the said day of the said year, write other rubbish besides the said rubbish, and certain other rigmarole besides the said rigmarole, and divers other bits of trash and twaddle besides the said trash and twaddle, as well as certain other divers and numerous bits of gammon as well as spinach, in addition to the other gammon and spinach hereinbefore recited as aforesaid :

And Whereas it is expedient to prevent a recurrence of such an exposure as the said exposure hereinbefore alluded to, and which is part and parcel of a case reported in all the papers of the day—to wit, the morning journals, published daily and every day, periodically and at stated periods, in the cities of London and Westminster, or in the precincts of the Savoy :

Be it therefore Enacted, by and with, &c., and under the advice, &c., That a member of the Royal family shall be at liberty to marry whom or how or when, where and anywhere, he or she likes or pleases.

Provided always, and **Be it further Enacted**, That a marriage in Great Britain be subjected to all the laws and provisions by which Great Britain is bound ; and that it shall not be lawful to evade this statute by a marriage in Little Britain.

A PLUM-ROYAL;

OR, THE SOVEREIGN AND SAVINGS BANK.

It is rumoured that the income of His Royal Highness Prince Albert has been increased by about 10,000*l.* a-year, from divers places and appointments conferred upon him by the Queen. If this be true, *Punch* congratulates Prince Albert, who, provided he is a prudent young man, and minds what he is about, will soon become a greater capitalist than any other Prince has been since Crœsus.

It is likewise rumoured that 375,000*l.* per annum from the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, have been granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the splendour of the Court. If this, too, be true, *Punch* congratulates the Court and the Parliament; the latter on its loyalty, the former on its luck. He knew, indeed, that Cornwall was rife in tin, but had no idea that there was so much to be got from it.

Furthermore, it is rumoured, that out of this last-mentioned sum, a saving has been effected by the said Court, to the tune and amount of 25,000*l.* Perhaps this is a joke, in which case, *Punch* will be excused for printing it; but if it be, likewise, a fact, he congratulates the Court again. The saving is said to have been accomplished by sending a host of equerries, waiting-ladies, chamber-pages, and other locusts in livery, to the right about. Now the renunciation of twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of pomp and vanity at once, by a Court, is exceedingly creditable. It is setting a good example to foreign Courts, and suggestive, to our indigent nobility, of a remedy for the Income-Tax. The nation owes the Court a debt truly national, which nevertheless, it must be confessed, it has done a good deal towards paying—in cash.

It is whispered, however, besides, that the sack, to speak vernacularly, which has thus been so extensively distributed, has not been altogether an empty one. Its recipients, we are told, have had their respective sacks enriched by a compensating pension. If so, *Punch* congratulates those ladies and gentlemen, and respectfully submits to them that they may think themselves very well off. He is sorry, though, to say, that he cannot congratulate the Public, nor himself as a member of it, on the additional luggage which has thus been placed on its back. That region is sadly galled already. But he has a salve for it—the flattering unction of Hope,—which he has laid already to his particular hump.

Westminster has a Savings Bank. There will be deposited the fruit of Royal frugality, to accumulate till it shall have grown into a princely plum. When fully ripe, it will be placed at the nation's disposal, in aid of a fund for the maintenance of the deserving poor. Truly, it will be a Magnum Bonum.

TO FAMILIES FURNISHING.

Mr. Silk Buckingham, of the British and Foreign Institute, begs leave to call the attention of the public to his plan for furnishing a house, which he flatters himself is lower than anything ever yet attempted.

His system also combines the double advantage of getting the house as well as the furniture, and the following exemplification of his method will at once show its value. Suppose you require four rooms for your own use, take a house containing six, and then let people have the use of the two you don't require, on condition of their paying the rent of the whole building. If you want six rooms for yourself, the house must contain nine, and so on in proportion, always, of course, allowing about one room in three to the rent-payers. The same principle may be applied with equal success to furniture. Thus, if you want furniture for four rooms, your subscribers must furnish six, two of which they will have the right, under certain restrictions, to occupy.

It will be necessary to give to the building in some degree the character of a club, which is easily effected by supplying eatables at prices that will enable you to furnish your own table, at a cost that is merely nominal. For further particulars inquire of Mr. Silk Buckingham, privately, at his private apartments, basement, first, second, and third floor, of the British and Foreign Institute.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Colonel Sibthorpe, to move that an inquiry should be made whether the Mr. Gunn, who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray, did not, as a clerical Gun(n), place himself in direct opposition to the cannons of the Church.

Mr. W. Williams, to move for a copy of the passage in which the Duke of Sussex declares Gunn to be the parent of all his (the Duke's) happiness; and whether the phrase, "Son of a Gun," may trace its origin to this circumstance.

Mr. Brotherton, to move that an inquiry should be instituted as to the secret entrusted to Gunn, and whether an explosion would have been the consequence of Gunn's having let out the important matter with which he was loaded.

ARCADIAN TRAFFIC.

Burlington and Lowther.—Last week there passed through Burlington Arcade 580 gentlemen, 432 ladies, and 92 children; whilst 360 gentlemen, 880 ladies, and 1184 children passed through Lowther Arcade: thus giving the latter, notwithstanding a slight falling off in gentlemen, a clear majority of 448 ladies and 1092 children. This return satisfactorily settles the long-pending disputes of the rival Arcades of Burlington and Lowther. The toy commerce of the latter has, since the Whitsun holidays, wonderfully increased.

Italian Opera House Arcade.—This Arcade is suffering sadly from the want of rain. The traffic, in consequence, has been limited, for the last three months, to the daily visits of the lamplighter. It is proposed, however, in order to facilitate the navigation of this dangerous passage,

to have beacon-lights burning all the day, and to lay on a Policeman, by way of a Preventive Service. This is expected to double at least the present traffic.

A POET'S LAMENT.

Alas! the days of Poetry are flying;
They blow up mountains, and they cut down trees;
Through groves of lamp-posts now the zephyr 's sighing,
And steam and ashes choke the once cool breeze.
The engine's whistle scares the lark and throstle;
The 'rural force' puts down the blackbird's song,
And stokers now Stoke-Pogis poets jostle,
As sad they wend their weary way along.

Velocipedal Fancy goes by vapour;
Imagination soars in a balloon—
Ah me! I fear the only use for paper
Will be for bills, bank-notes, and cheque-books soon.
Snowdon, alas! my own beloved mountain,
They'll level thee! thy copper into tin
They'll change, and Lake Llanberis' ev'ry fountain
Will be cut off, and rubbish carted in.

Sleep, sleep, ye Dryads! cut for railroad 'sleepers,'
The lofty monarchs of your woods lie low;
Drown, drown yourselves, ye Naiads! plunge as deep as
Oblivion lies;—no more your cool waves flow
To the sweet murmuring of sedgy music:—
The gas-works and the vitriol-works have cooked it,
Killed all your fringing flowers; and, getting too sick,
Turned upside down, the finny fry have hooked it.

Cease, Nature, cease to toil! thy warm spring-showers
No more are wanted—water-carts abound.
Our fair ones smile 'neath artificial flowers,—
Why does the useless lily deck the ground?
Soon, when the starving poet cannot use it,
The Thames will be one mighty flow of ink;
But should some future crack-brain try to muse it,
A city pump 's the Hippocrene he 'll drink.

Moral Retribution at last.

M. Galignani, the publisher at Paris, who, by a twenty years' piracy of English Literature, has realised a large fortune, has just been decorated with the Legion of Honour. We really do not know which is worse—the punishment or the offence.

DER FREIZCHÜTZ AT THE HAYMARKET!

(A SYNCRETICAL ESSAY.)

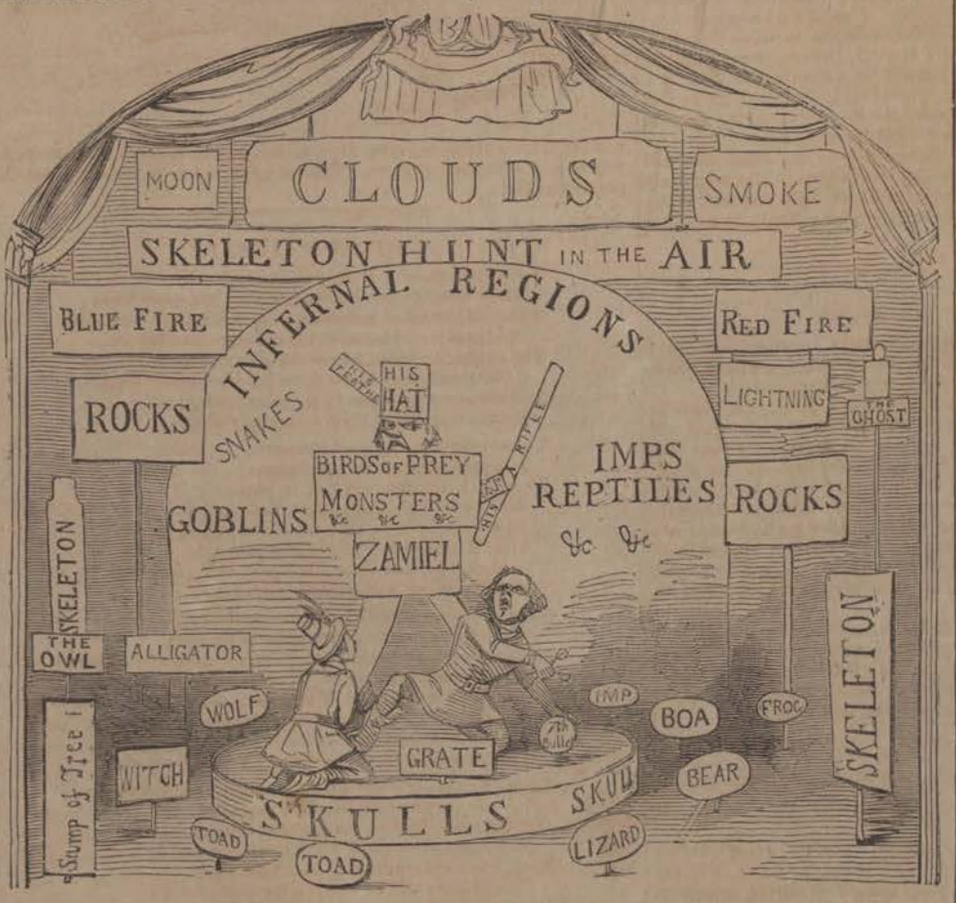
THERE inheres in some Existences, whether actual or real—for Existences may be actual without being real, and *vice versâ*—a Spirit of Renascence, an Element of Regeneration, a Recreative Power, of which that truthful idealism, the Phœnix, may be regarded as the type.

This Truth (which is also a Fact) has been recently exemplified by the Drama; which, engulfed in the vortex formed in the intensity of their absorptive power by the theosophic and scientific energies of Society, had so well nigh perished that it was necessary to close Covent Garden. But here a new Æon descended on Mr. WEBSTER; and he accordingly proposed to step in, and carrying out the great purpose of which the Humane Society is æsthetical, to resuscitate the lifeless patient.

The Stage, under its Shaksperian meridian, boasted no other scenery than mere placards. The decline of the Drama has been contemporaneous and co-extensive with the augmentation of its scenic appliances. And no wonder. The Imaginative Element in the Audience no longer being called upon, the British Public became a Being of mere sense: whereas the mental Incorporation of the Unfelt and Unseen is essential to the appreciation of all Poetry; of which the Drama is a form.

Imagination is a Power whose Aspirations tend ever to the Illimitable and the Infinite. The Sphere of the Executive is the Definite and the Restricted. Hence it is clear why Mind-painted scenery must transcend that done in distemper.

We hail the dramatic revolution which has so happily been commenced by Mr. WEBSTER. We hope, too, that he will proceed, and apply the Principle which he has thus, as it were, disinterred, yet more extensively. Why should not the Incantation Scene in *Der Freizchütz* be got up after the manner which he has adopted in the *Taming of a Shrew*? Let its horrors, instead of being a display of sham skeletons, make-believe demons and fireworks, be idealised; and then we shall have scenery correspondent to the music. Weber, if there is any gratitude in ghosts, will rise from his grave expressly to return thanks to the manager; and the saving, per night, on the performance, will be immense. Those who have never before reflected on this subject, probably have no conception of the effect which, by the means proposed, might be given to that terrific *tableau*, the casting of the seventh bullet. Most of our readers have seen what we allude to at Drury Lane; let them remember that picture first and then look on this:—



ASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that arrangements are in progress for building two Observatories—one at North End, and the other at South Lambeth, which are supposed to represent the Tropical and Polar extremities of the metropolis. The mean time at South Lambeth is always a little in advance of that at North End; and it is supposed that, if a clock and an astronomer were stationed at both, some curious results might be effected. It is true that the Observatory at King's Cross was a failure, but that is no criterion; for it must be remembered that there was no clock, no telescope, no pen and ink to note down the phenomena that occurred, and no astronomer.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

DUBLIN.

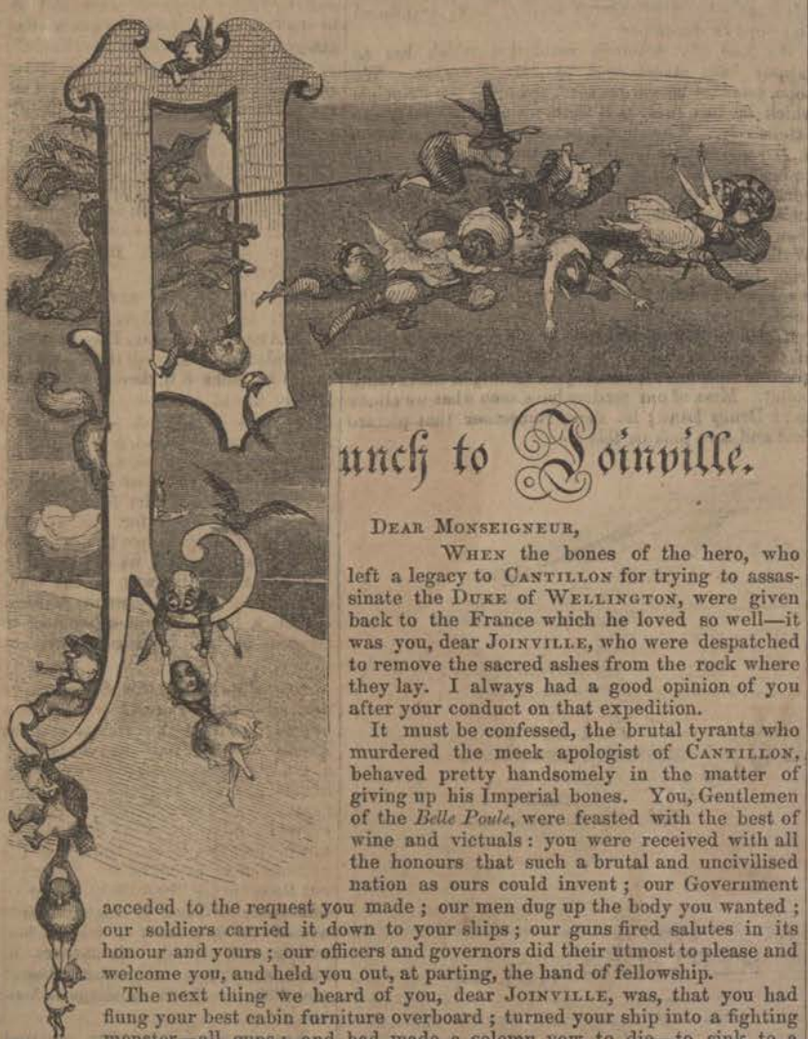
MR. HUFFY, of Spanglesea Street, has an imposing list of New Works announced for publication. "Ireland and the Irish," however, takes the lead in the Catalogue offered for public consideration. The "Man of the People," of course, leads the column, and opens the ball with "Some Observations on the Comparative Decline of Gullibility amongst the Irish during the Summer Months, as exemplified in the rapid Decline of the Repeal Funds." By the same Author, "The Irish Swallow; its Powers of Extension and Compression, Illustrated by Personal Observation on those which frequent the Conciliation Hall."

"On the Beauty and Utility of Brevity in Public Speaking." By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'NEIL, Esq. (a lineal descendant of "CON of the Battles,"—and he looks it!), formerly of Bunnowen Castle and the Conservative party, and latterly of Burgh Quay and the parts adjacent. "This," says a Radical journal of high character, "is smartly thrown off, and the production of one who feels the necessity that exists for the general adoption of the principle he advocates. Mr. O'NEIL himself, we are bound in candour to admit, was, at the commencement of his present political career, a little too much inclined to trespass on the patience of his auditory."

"On Punch, and the Solace to be derived from a Perusal of a London Weekly Print of that Name, and the Discussion of an Irish Mixture bearing a similar Designation." By THOS. STEELE, Esq., O'CONNELL'S Head Pacificator for all Ireland. MR. STEELE has evidently mixed a great deal, not so much, perhaps, in the society of his political papa, as out of it. Throughout these pages there is apparent an admirable outburst of the spirit that should pervade such a work—hot, strong, and stirring. It savours, in short, strongly of "KINAHAN'S Best," and that is—Eleven Shillings a Gallon!

Next in the bill of fare we find "Familiar Instructions in the Art of Speaking for Hours and saying Nothing!" By W. J. O'NEIL DAUNT, Esq. "My Dear RAY," makes the wind-up with a smart pamphlet, entitled "Ready Money, and the Irksomeness of being responsible for 'The Rent' when Another has made it His Own!" This pungent little manual is dedicated to the "Liberator," and has appended to it the motto of "*Entre Nous*." A letter from a Skibbereen Repeal Warden is introduced, in which the writer announces that the unwashed in his locality are growing sulky, and as he quaintly expresses it, "anxious for money or marbles." He suggests that TOM STEELE should be sent amongst them, either to denounce them as "sordid miscreants, only fit to be fœtid and fettered slaves," or to comfort them with an assurance of miracles to be speedily achieved by the "Father of his Country" and not a few of his countrymen.

THE PRINCE OF JOINVILLE'S AMATEUR-INVASION OF ENGLAND.



Punch to Joinville.

DEAR MONSEIGNEUR,

WHEN the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to CANTILLON for trying to assassinate the DUKE of WELLINGTON, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear JOINVILLE, who were despatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of CANTILLON, behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his Imperial bones. You, Gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*, were feasted with the best of wine and victuals: you were received with all the honours that such a brutal and uncivilised nation as ours could invent; our Government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships; our guns fired salutes in its honour and yours; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

The next thing we heard of you, dear JOINVILLE, was, that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard; turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns; and had made a solemn vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marlinspikes and lee-scuppers!—*rather than strike to the English.*

Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy; in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal Islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of a kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilised nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel—that rancour was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing!—a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule!*—You were kindly received in our perfidious Island last year. You visited our cities, towns, and country, our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the "*Etat des Forces Navales de la France*," that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the water side. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit the easy opportunity of plunder.

Brave Prince: bold seaman: good Frenchman!—You can't see your neighbour comfortable, but you long to cut his throat. Prudent Statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon war; it is the formal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspicious, the great and peaceful French nation.

You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want "brilliant successes" any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. "With a steam navy," say you, "nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto." The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports, would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships: how they would burn! Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder? Our women are the most beautiful in the world. *Sacrébleu!* how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them!

Dear JOINVILLE, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the QUEEN perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness,) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the QUEEN smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence. Dear fellow! nice Prince—God bless you!

I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the writer's head and heart than this:—"*Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship,* PILLAGE IT, BURN IT, *and be away before the war-steamers themselves could reach them!*" It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchmanlike—it ought to be printed in large letters, in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

By heavens! the extravagances of mad old GILRAY, the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain "the honour of France"—and how? by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace; therefore, had you not better get ready for war? "*Employ*," the dear boy says, "*the leisures of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war.*" Of course, that is the end of peace.

Suppose His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War-office, suggesting a "Plan for burning Cherbourg," "Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon," "Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne;" our neighbours would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne; a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

But no; *we* don't do these things, dear Prince. We are perfidious Englanders; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions; absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civilised: we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory and possesses civilisation. It is yours, dear JOINVILLE! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity,

"AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?"

"THE Anniversary Meeting was held yesterday at Exeter Hall. LORD BROUGHAM was to have taken the Chair, but * * * the Secretary read an extract of a letter from LORD BROUGHAM, dated 'Privy Council, May 16,' stating that 'MY being here to preside over the business is necessary, to prevent public inconvenience.' (*Cheers and hisses.*)"—*Examiner.*

and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not Murder and Napoleon.

It is for you to do that: for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumph your confession of faith, that you will rob when you can; that when at peace you are meditating aggression; that statesmanship for you is only the organisation of robbery; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, "the propagation of French ideas,"—and massacre, "the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe." Go pander to the vanities, JOINVILLE, of your sage and reasonable nation! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The King's son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, JOINVILLE, to minister to that noble worship; the more you insult your neighbours, the more "national" your countrymen will think you. Don't spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm assurance which renders your nation so popular all the world over. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humoured French-polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant! Do this, and you can't fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a Statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they'll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those, who, if not the leaders, at any rate are the Bullies of Europe.

Agréez, Monseigneur,
Les sentimens de Reconnaissance respectueuse
avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,
de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admirateur,

PONCHE.

MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION.

ROPERLY speaking, Medicine for the Million consists of Universal Vegetable Pills, Pills and Ointment, and Life Pills; all of which possess the singular property of curing all diseases.

That they possess this property has been ascertained by satisfactory experiments, made by a board of physicians. This board is established by the Government, which licenses the sale of the medicines, and guarantees the assertions of their proprietors; a thing which it never would have the profligacy to do, if it were not certain of the truth of them.

Ordinary medicines, if they have any operation on the human system at all, act, when taken unnecessarily, as poisons. Universal Vegetable Pills, Pills and Ointment, and Life Pills, never can be taken unnecessarily, even when a man has nothing the matter with him; so that it is impossible that they should poison anybody. On the contrary, Life Pills, being meant to prolong life, may be taken daily in large quantities, like the staff of Life, namely, bread, without doing the slightest harm.

If any gentleman or lady has hydrophobia, inflammation of the lungs, cholera morbus, or any other disease ever so dangerous, he or she has nothing to do but to take either the Vegetable Pills, or the Pills and Ointment, or Life Pills, whichever they please, and they will certainly be cured.

The attestations in favour of these several medicines may all be depended on. None of them are false; and every cobbler, tinker, tailor, clod-hopper, and mechanic who signs his name to them is perfectly qualified to judge of diseases; so that when he says he has had this or that complaint, and has been cured of it by the said medicines, his word may safely be taken by the British public.

We therefore unhesitatingly recommend all persons to take Medicine for the Million whether they are ill or not, instead of having recourse to medical men; who, having made diseases the study of their lives, cannot possibly be expected to know anything about them.

THE GREAT O'. IN LOVE.

IT seems that O'CONNELL has been the victim not only of the blind goddess, but also of the blind god; for it is said that he has let his own judgment go by default, by having fallen in love with a young lady; and that he will speedily be taken in execution in the Court of CUPID.

It appears that the Liberator was first smitten at a Repeal meeting, where the father of his intended occupied the chair.

Some of O'CONNELL's political allies are under the apprehension that his politics will change in consequence of his being bent on effecting a union on his own account, instead of repealing one.

At a recent meeting in Dublin, the following song was very generally hummed by a portion of the company:—

Och! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Which maketh DAN go round;
And every hour, beneath its power,
He 's getting faster bound.

'Tis love will make him falter,
And 'tis indeed a shame;
But if he goes to *altar*,
He cannot be the same.
Och! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, &c.

Launching Intelligence.

A FEW days ago, a new steam-vessel was launched for what is ambitiously termed the Putney trade, a branch of commerce with regard to which an alarming extent of ignorance is painfully prevalent. We were not aware that Putney was by any means "nutty" on its commerce, which really cannot even compete with that of Chelsea, which has at least the indigenous Chelsea bun to stand upon.

The vessel lately launched is called the *Sunbeam*; and it may probably be designed for the exportation of cucumbers; for if trade can be got out of Putney, cucumbers may be certainly got out of Sunbeams. The launch took place in the presence of "a select party;" which means, of course, a few boys and the people personally interested in the vessel. When we hear of a craft having been launched for the Putney trade, we naturally seek to know why a place with such commercial pretensions is unrepresented in Parliament. We should really like to know something more of the place; and we think there would not be a better subject just now for the local historian than Putney and her people.

PUNCH'S PRIZE PREFACE!

One Hundred Guineas!!

PUNCH,

In continuation of his career of munificence, calls upon the whole Empire to take Notice, that he proposes to give

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS

FOR

A Prize Preface

to his next (the Sixth) Volume, to be published on the 22nd of June.

Conditions:

Every Competitor must send in his MS. carefully sealed, adopting some motto to distinguish it.

The MS. must be sent in by the 10th of June, politely addressed to the Editor.

A Committee—their names will be duly published—of the first judges in the land will decide upon the merits of every Contribution.

The successful Candidate shall receive ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, to be paid in sterling gold, on Quarter-day next.

Men, Women, and Children are eligible as Competitors.

Although a Prize can be given but to one Writer, every Preface —with the consent of its Author—will receive the honours of a clear, bold type!

THE METROPOLITAN FLOWER SHOWS.

the various Squares of London there has been considerable excitement, in consequence of the extensive preparations made conjointly by Nature and the private gardeners to get up Flower Shows on a scale of unprecedented verdance. The well-known Squares of Golden and Fitzroy have struggled bravely for the palm; and candour compels us to say that while Golden has come out gloriously in its Daisies, Fitzroy has given the former a blow in its Wall-flowers, which will not soon be forgotten.

It is true that Golden Square possesses some advantage in its Evergreens, but the trustees of Fitzroy, determined not to be outdone, have given a fresh coat of green paint to their railings, which thus throw far into the shade the dusty privet hedge of its venerable contemporary. If Fitzroy Square cannot sing with Polyphemus,

"Oh, ruddier than the cherry,"

the Square-keeper may certainly indulge in a parody, by exclaiming in the ears of his western rival,

"Oh, greener than the privet."

We understand that the extreme luxuriance of the metropolitan Flower Shows has been occasioned chiefly by the sudden and unexpected glut of wall-flowers, which have sprung up this year in places that have been hitherto "wholly unaccustomed to public flowering." The private liberality of a young lady has also contributed much to the floral beauty of Fitzroy Square, by the purchase of three reduced Virginia stocks in the name of the Square-keeper; and the cuttings or dividends are expected to be transferred into the Bank (in front of the railings) for the benefit of all the inhabitants.

Good Resolution.

We hear that so strong a sense of remorse and self-degradation has been excited in the House of Commons by reflection on its late tergiversation on the Factory Question, that a resolution is to be moved, at its next sitting, to the effect that it be forthwith summoned before its own bar to answer to itself for bringing itself into contempt.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

[From our own Correspondent.]

RIEND PUNCH,—The saints forgive me the word! I never said it before, since I took the pledge! but I couldn't avoid writing you a line, because they tell me here you are a very influential journal, and except yourself and the *Times*, there's not one much minded in England.

Here we are, my dear—worse than ever—poorer, and more peevish than at any time of our history; and good reason we have, seeing what that dirty spalpeen, old JOE, had just done on us—brought in a bill to abolish the Lord Lieutenant—no less.

It is only the other day you destroyed drinking—then you abolished Donnybrook—and now you won't be asy till you take off the Vice Roy. In the name of the saints! what will you leave us at all? Are we to have any diversion left in the island? Wasn't the Lord Lieutenant the only bit of fun we had, since we gave up the King of Dalkey? Tare an' ages! Will nothing content you? What's to become of us now, I'd like to know?—where 's our trade and manufactures, and all the little girls making Limerick lace for the drawing-rooms, and the boys cleaning kid gloves at a halfpenny a pair? Is this the time to injure us, I ask you? now that all classes are getting accustomed to the pleasures of a Court, and any respectable man can hire a court suit and sword to match for two-and-six! Is it when the people are enjoying the joke you want to spoil their fun? You took away Donnybrook, and now you won't leave them St. Patrick's Bell; and you expect us to be quiet and peaceable for all that.

We've hard misery and misfortune enough to grieve over. Ye might have left us the only thing laughable in the island—for since Roe the Lord Mayors are nothing at all. I always thought, and so did my friends too, that your Vice Roys were a deep stroke of policy you could never dispense with; at one time sending a droll, rollicking chap that let all the jail-birds loose, and kicked up a regular shindy; at another, giving us a sleepy gentleman, that dozed away till his party were out; and now, as the times are troublesome, sending us a red warrior, the colonel of the York Hussars, with a coat hanging off to tempt somebody to fight him. Well, well. It's a queer world. And what's to become of the newspapers? Who is the *Mail* to bully and the *Packet* to praise? What will the *Nation* do, and the *Freeman*, and *Register*? Who is to give a promenade—to see the Elephant washed, or the Sloth fed? Who is to hear the Professors in the Dublin Society discourse on the antiquity of turf; or listen to the Canpanaglean (bad luck to the word) band playing Rory O'More on the fire irons? Where are all our scientific institutions and innocent pleasures to go? Oh murther! It's dreadful to think of. There'll be no guard relieved; no shouting nor bawling; no levees nor drawing-rooms; no taking the salute in the Phœnix on a field-day; no private visits to the Art-Union. *Punch*, darling, take this up in one of your Leaders. Justice to Ireland, honey, is a fine cry, and money's made of it besides.

Yours dutifully,

62, *Francis Street, Dublin.* ARCHY DELANY.

THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

THIS grand speculation was to open on Whit-Monday, with a branch to Shepherd's Bush; and for those isolated beings who live in the Bush, it will doubtless be a great convenience. We have not the smallest idea where the railroad begins, or where it ends, but we purpose throwing ourselves some day into one of the carriages, and trusting to chance and the stoker for being taken somewhere. It is generally believed that this railway is for the accommodation of the individuals who will go over the Hungerford Suspension Bridge—a class of persons who, it is presumed, are desirous simply of being upon the move without any regard to what they are going for, and where they are going to, but merely having a taste for locomotion at a low figure.

A Rule of Three.

TOM THUMB is announced as having been engaged at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, "in order to defy competition." Hitherto he has confined himself to merely defying the lightning in the character of Ajax. We should suggest by way of query—If TOM THUMB takes only one minute to defy the lightning, how long will it take for the same individual to defy competition?

Punch's Provincial Intelligence.

OPENING OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT CLIFTON.

Our Bristol correspondent has favoured us with the very interesting particulars of the opening of the Bristol Suspension Bridge, for the conveyance of passengers. The bridge, it is true, consists of only two piers, with no communication between them, the chains not having been yet fixed, but it has nevertheless been at length arranged that the bridge shall be thrown open to the public by means of baskets drawn along a rope fastened to the piers already alluded to. An experimental trip was taken by the directors and shareholders, when a procession was formed in the following order :—

A POTATO-BASKET, CONTAINING THE PRINCIPAL ENGINEER.

A Clothes-basket, with the Committee.

A HAMPER, WITH THE STANDING COUNSEL, AND ATTORNEY OF THE COMPANY.

A Basket Horse,

Carrying an Inspector of Police.

A BREAD-BASKET, CONTAINING THE CHIEF CLERK AND HONORARY SECRETARY.
A QUARTER-SIEVE, WITH THE ANNUAL REPORT,

and (last as well as least,)

A *RIDICULE* FOR THE DIVIDENDS.

HAND-BOOK OF ETIQUETTE FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

We have been favoured with a sight of the above work, which is in the press, and will shortly be published. The subjoined, which is a specimen page of it, will be interesting to our Transatlantic subscribers.

"When you go to Congress, provide yourself with a thick stick. Also, take a dirk with you, which conceal under your waistcoat; and put a brace of horse-pistols, with half-a-dozen slugs in each of them, in your hinder pockets. For America is the land of unlimited discussion; to attack each other just as they please is the privilege of her unfettered senators; and weapons may be useful to you in debate.

"Having taken your seat with your hat on, square your arms, and extend your knees, so as to push the member on your right and left away, and make room for yourself. The American citizen is born free, and therefore ought always to sit easy. If there is a convenient resting-place before you—a gentleman's shoulders, for instance—put your legs up, and set your heels thereon. In this position, combining comfort with elegance, sit and chew tobacco; dispose of the results of mastication, right, left, straightforward, anyhow, as may best suit your convenience, which it is your birthright to prefer to that of anybody else: or smoke a quiet cigar, if you like that better, till you become excited, and wish to speak. Whereupon, jump up instantly, and begin. Stand on no ceremony—interrupt any member's speech, or that of the President himself, without scruple. The slave who cares a cent for anybody is unworthy the name of American. Make yourself heard, if you can, by dint of clamour, and keep obstinately on your legs till somebody pulls you down. Struggle, cuff, and vociferate, some time after that—in fact, till you are fairly overpowered; and be not prevailed upon to hold your tongue till the gentlemen around you stop your mouth by force.

"Remember, in preparing yourself for a set speech, whom you are about to address; and be ready for consequences. Button up your coat to the chin, or take it off, and fling it, with your neckcloth after it, into your neighbour's lap; then break forth into a violent strain of abuse, accompanied by the most frantic gesticulation, against the party opposed to you. From this you are to modulate into a scurrilous personal invective against some individual present, calling him all sorts of names, and concluding by an offer to fight him. The American orator should combine the ferocity of the wild-cat with the fire of lightning.

"It is more than probable that you will be interrupted in the course of your harangue. The object of it will very likely make a rush at you. If he does, do you spring forward to meet him. Collar him; wrestle with him: that is the way to grapple with a political opponent. Beat him, bite him, scratch him, kick his shins, tear his clothes off his back, try and gouge him. Never leave him till you are torn asunder. The British bull-dog may be ugly; but the true-born American, when aroused, is considerably uglier.

"Your dirk is to be employed when you are in danger of being throttled by an adversary. Your pistols are to be used in a paroxysm of hate and rancour, which the speech, expression, or appearance of some member whom you detest, may suddenly excite in your bosom. Fire straight at him; if he presents a fair mark all the better: if not, never mind. Were you to warn those around him to clear off, you might be stopped. You shoot two or three others through the body; what then? What are consequences to patriotic enthusiasm?

"You may not, perhaps, wish to take a prominent part in debate. In that case shout, yell, screech, and whistle (after the fashion of gentlemen in another place), when any one is speaking whom you do not like. Or, if you had rather be quiet, take out your piece of hickory, and your whittling knife, which, as a genuine American, you will of course have about you, and whittle. Never think of attending to what is going on, unless it suits you. Your opinions should be like your country; let them not be enthralled by another's. Talk, behave, and do in Congress as elsewhere, just as you please. Restraint and obligation are the shackles of the slave. The nigger may control his inclinations: but the will of the American citizen should be his only law."

This little book is quite an American Chesterfield. It should be in the pocket of every Senator in the Union.

GREAT WANT OF VENERATION.

Puer loquitur.—"I say, lobster, shall I go and fetch you a cab?"

RETRENCHMENTS IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

It will be seen from the papers that what is usually called "a wholesome spirit of economy," is being practised in the royal household, and on Her Majesty's Birthday the usual order for eggs and currants, to make a plum-pudding for the domestics, was countermanded by a special messenger from Buckingham Palace. We don't know how much it cost the special messenger to get down to Windsor to countermand these things, but we suspect he must have swallowed up—as the phrase goes—a tremendous lot of currants in the expense of his journey from London.

This sort of economy is, no doubt, "wholesome," because a rich plum-pudding is considered a very unwholesome thing, and the domestics being deprived of their usual dinner, preserved their own health if they could not indulge in drinking the health of Her Majesty.

We understand that, at the family party assembled at Claremont, Economy was toasted after dinner, which gives to *Punch* a fair excuse for roasting it.

The following were among the "sentiments" on the festive occasion :—

"The House of Brunswick, and may they never forget that a pin a day is a great a year."

"The little Prince of Wales, and may he become eventually great in obedience to the glorious Scotch maxim, 'that mony a little makes a mickle.'"

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and may he always bear in mind—whether at home or abroad—that a penny saved is twopence earned."

"The Servants of the Household."—*Song*—"Dinner forget."

IMPORTANT TO SHOPKEEPERS.

ATTENTION, gentlemen, if you please, to *Punch*. He has a suggestion to make to you; one which concerns your pockets.

Gentlemen, you wisely erect Gothic, Elizabethan, Louis-Quatorze, Arabesque, Grotesque, and Nondescript shop-fronts in first-rate style. May you get credit for your outlay, equal to what *Punch* gives you for your sagacity! For you are very sagacious. You know that a discerning public has decided that good wine *does* need a bush; that all *is* gold that glitters; and that the more you spend in show, the less you are likely to charge for goods.

The notifications of "Awful Sacrifices" and "Tremendous Failures" in your said windows are very clever. Your advertising vehicles are fine notions. The ideal dandy (not to say *beau idéal*) which you in particular, tailors, station in your door-ways, is a capital invention. Your decoy-ducks, or, if you please, yourselves, are very knowing birds: your traps are baited admirably. Still, there is another line that you might try.

What think you, gentlemen, of dressing your assistants *in character*? They are, many of them, very fine young men. You would thus combine the attractions of the common shop with those of the fancy-fair. Consider, with a Romeo, or better still, a Don Giovanni behind the counter, what a throng of beauty there would be before it. Ponder on the advantages of having a Macbeth to serve out the plaids. Some of you, who furnish funerals, put, with a taste and feeling truly admirable, your house-fronts into mourning; why not your shopmen also? Make Hamlets of them. With their faces pale from confinement and over-work they would look the character admirably. Or to match with those of your shops, of which, with a more refined propriety, you render the exterior half sable, half showy, let your shopman be attired on one side as Hamlet, on the other as Harlequin.

You who deal in old armour and curiosities, might serve your customers, through Templars and Crusaders. Tea-dealers and grocers, you might have Chinamen. The 'Squire to the Knight of the Thimble might be Sir Piercie Shafton. Turks would tell immensely in the carpet-warehouse; Hindoos in the India ditto. For a tobacconist, Sir Walter Raleigh would be the very man; and who would suit a bookseller like Dr. Faustus! Ancient Greeks and Romans would do for any business, especially for an "old-established" one. Characters, too, might be selected promiscuously from the whole range of the Drama. Consistency, however, should not be violated; it would be wrong, for example, to have Shylock in a sausage-shop.

Gentlemen, you do not work your shopmen half enough. This assertion seems, on the face of it, an egregious falsehood, perhaps: no matter. You linen-drapers, for instance, are content with turning them away unless they sell so much; and, for their procuring custom, you trust wholly to their native graces. You will say that you dress them in black, with white neckcloths. Pooh! this is the attire of waiters and Young England: the ladies hate it. Give them military uniforms: that would be more to the purpose.

Many of you are in the habit of calling your shopmen "Gents." Henceforth, let them be gentles: remembering that customers are gudgeons. Or as all, doubtless, is fish that comes to your nets—or hooks—let your purchasers be trout, and your shopmen artificial flies—vermilion, green and gold. And, if your business does not experience a "rise," never trust—

PUNCH.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DURING the Whitsun recess, MR. PETER BORTHWICK intends giving, in the racket court of the old Fleet prison, an entertainment to be called "TWO NIGHTS WITH THE HOUSE OF COMMONS." It will be divided into two parts; the first to consist of an entire debate upon any popular question, —the Factory one, perhaps,—in which the honourable member will give imitations of the principal speakers, introducing their favourite sentiments, particular gestures, manners, and axioms. The party-cheering will be given just the same as in the House, and the yelling and hooting will be executed by 658 supernumeraries engaged expressly for the purpose. A division will take place at the end of the debate, and a majority be declared in favour of the bill.

The second part will commence with the second reading of the same bill. The same speakers will speak; but to make the entertainment as perfect as possible, a little opposition will be got up, and an amendment put from the other side; whereupon every member will contradict what he said on the former occasion, and vote on the division with the opposite party. The majority and minority, in fact, will change places, and the amendment be carried by exactly the same number of votes as the original bill. The costumes of the members will be taken from the best parliamentary authorities. The white waistcoats have been made after Young England's own private cut, and the wigs, beards, and mustachios, have been modelled—regardless of horse-hair—from the originals themselves. The whole will conclude with a song, called—"*Who's afraid to speak of eighty-eight?*" (in allusion to the majority), which will be sung by MR. BORTHWICK, in the character of SIR JAMES GRAHAM. Bouquets have been provided for the occasion.

MR. JAMES'S NOVELS.

MR. HORNE has insinuated in his "NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE," that MR. JAMES'S works were written, not by himself, but by so many secretaries kept upon a weekly salary for that purpose. In answer to this, we have received the following statement. It must convince every one, we think, who has at all looked into MR. JAMES'S Novels, that the number published by him every year is not so extraordinary as to induce the belief they were written by more than one person—at least this was our conviction after reading one or two of them.

The number of Novels manufactured by G. P. R. JAMES,

From Jan. 1838 to Jan. 1839,	And from Jan. 1842 to Jan. 1843,
was 3 novels,	was 7 novels,
or 9 volumes,	or 21 volumes,
or 2880 pages.	or 7230 pages.

CAUTION!—All the genuine Novels have the name of "G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ." printed in full on the title-page; and librarians are desired to note that his Novels are made up of never less than three volumes, with an intimation in the work that he is "Historiographer to HER MAJESTY."

G. P. R. JAMES.

☞ At the request of young ladies exclusively engaged in Schools, MR. G. P. R. J. has introduced his MELANCHOLY SENTIMENTAL NOVEL, which is specially adapted to their reading, being of different degrees of Sentimentality and Melancholy, with fine, startling, impossible Events.

Wholesale and for Exportation, at G. P. R. J.'s Manufactory, 19, Burlington Street, Regent Street.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844.

YOUNG ENGLAND'S "OLD NOBILITY."

Lord John Manners, the Home Secretary *in posse*, when Young England shall reign in Downing Street, has published a volume of verse, called "*England's Trust, and other Poems.*" In this volume there are—let the reader prepare for a gasp—the following lines :—

> "Though I *could bear* to view our crowded towns
> Sink into hamlets, *or unpeopled downs* ;"

he could *not* bear that any decay should fall upon the ancient peerage. No, says Lord John—

> "*Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,*
> But leave us still our old nobility."

These lines were quoted by Earl Ducie at the last Anti-Corn-law meeting, but their authorship, and the book that enshrines them, were not given. We supply the information for the benefit of the curious. And now, with every wished respect for the ancient aristocracy of England, we must own we were not aware of its surpassing worth in comparison with wealth and commerce, laws and learning. We were evidently in darkness. Yes ; put all the wealth of Britain —all the labours of its law-makers—all the inspiration, as bequeathed in books to us, of its God-gifted men into one scale, and clap an Earl's coronet into the other, and that little ornament shall make all things else kick the beam ; that is, when the balance shall be held by the pure and just hands of—Young England !

But, after all, would not this said old nobility be a poor, plucked, very shabby thing indeed, divested of all the refinements, all the graces of life ? With no wealth, no commerce, no laws to restrict its ferocity,—no learning to soften it,—would it be little other than a Baron Rawhead and Bloodybones—an Earl Gogmagog, living on lordly pillage ? Let us imagine this old nobility, spared amidst the wreck of all the commerce, all the arts of life.

Our "crowded towns" exist no longer. No : Liverpool is a mere village ; Birmingham, a hamlet ; Manchester, a place where two or three old women ply the spinning-wheel ; Sheffield, a casual home for wandering tinker or knife-grinder ; all Yarmouth shrunk into the huts of a few fishermen who cure herrings ; and where Hull, and Paisley, and Glasgow stood, are swamps and unpeopled downs. Bitterns boom and hares squat, where merchants trafficked and bailies judged. Thousands and thousands of men have withered from the face of the earth—whole towns are but as empty sepulchres ; but let us clap our hands, and utter hallelujahs for the mercy ; there remains to us what is dearer than all—for very dear, indeed, it sometimes has been—"our old nobility."

Well, in this new state of things, let us inquire what Old Nobility would do for itself ? All wealth and commerce annihilated, Old Nobility would of course set about subjugating the rest of society into hordes of serfs and villains. The sword of Old Nobility would exact from Serfdom labour unrecompensed, brutal vassalage, and those sweet privileges of the by-gone day,—the *droits du seigneur*. As for laws, Old Nobility, as of yore, would make its own ; a stout, significant code of timber, easily comprehended by the meanest capacity —namely, a gallows at every castle-gate.

And then for learning, why should Old Nobility care to spell even the monosyllable *sword*, so that Old Nobility had its own sweet will to make its mark with it ?

"Oh, no !" cries the spirit of Young England, "there is such an instinctive refinement, such an inborn benevolence in Old Nobility, that without any other laws or learning than those fashioned and acquired by its own pure heart, it would work the unqualified good of the meaner millions placed by Providence at its disposal." Of course, all history proves the truth of this. We have no doubt that if all the social arts should suddenly perish, and Old Nobility, to distinguish itself from vulgar flesh and blood, should dye its body with its armorial bearings—that in this forked and naked state its first anxieties would be for its unpainted brotherhood. Wealth, commerce, and all learning having perished—save, indeed, heralds' learning—let us imagine a Marlborough, with his coat of arms and legend painted in bright *woad*, after the manner of the Ancient Britons, on his back and breast ; let us imagine him labouring for the comfort and welfare of the unadorned vulgar. What—what would he do for them ? Doubtless, all laws and learning having perished, the impulses of his own noble soul would instinctively supply him with benevolence and wisdom all-sufficient. Without a rag upon him, the Duke would stand up Nature's nobleman ; would show to meaner thousands the workings of his benevolent heart, aye as plainly as though he were Momus's ideal man, with a pane of glass let into his bosom.

It would certainly be a fine thing for the real interests of the world, if all commerce, laws, learning, and arts had perished, and all the children (dear elder sons !) of Old Nobility had no other outward signs of their greatness save their arms beautifully tattooed in their anatomies. Then, indeed, would be seen the inherent value of the griffins, and unicorns, and hydras, and pelicans of the herald. As it is, the exquisite beauty of these glorious creatures is, in a measure, lost by the unceremonious elbowing and jostling of wealth and commerce—by the bold intrusiveness of laws and learning.

It must, however, be a great consolation to the people of England to know in what consist their happiness and refinement as a nation. Not in their wealth ; not in their laws ; not in the wisdom of their buried sages. Oh, no ! Let them despise their colonies—their fleets of ships—their literature, with its wings of light for distant nations—let them look upon all these things as cumbrous vanities, and with thankfulness pulling at their hamstrings, reverently drop down upon their knees before the House of Lords !

The House of Lords ! Yea, that is Nature's prime laboratory ; there, indeed, she toils and labours to "give the world assurance" of her best article. Indeed, the eye of the philosopher—borrowing the glass of Young England—sees painted on the outside of the House of Lords—"*Real men to be had only within. All elsewhere are spurious. No connexion with any other House.*"

Thus, all that we have to do, is to pray for the procreation of Peers. With an Old Nobility, let "crowded towns," with all their wealth, sink and perish — the true national property is in the Lords !

Thus, if Bristol should be again assailed by a devastating mob, let them burn every stick. Why should we care, if Bristol's Earl be safe ?

If all Westminster should catch fire, let it blaze away ; for have we not a nobleman of that ilk dearer than all Westminster put together ?

And, lastly ; if an earthquake should swallow the entire city of Londonderry, ought we to mourn over the desolation,—seeing that Providence has benignly preserved to us a wise and gentle Marquess of that glorious name ? Yes !—

> "Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobility."

THE "BOY JONES."

As we were going to press, we received the following letter from the "Boy Jones," which missive we hasten to lay before the reader.

"Mr. Punch, — It is, I believe, thought in Buckingham Palace that I 'm in the middle of Africa, or some such place. Gammon ! Though where I am I sha'nt tell anybody. However, I write to you about one Mr. George Jones, of the British and Foreign Destitute, who you say is my uncle. Sir, I deny the relationship. I've heard Mr. Jones spout, and I've tried to read his *Ancient America*, and after that, I won't have George Jones at any price. You say you see a likeness between us. I take this as an insult. If I could have done nothing better than Jones, do you suppose I should have ever found myself under the royal sofa ; or tasted the cold custards in the royal larder ? No, sir ; pray do know gold from brass ; do 'scriminate between real genius and downright impudence ; and believe me (as it will ever be my glory to sign myself) no relation to George Jones, but nevertheless 'The Boy Jones.'"

It was only fair to our correspondent to insert his letter, which, however, proves nothing. The Boy Jones may think it due to his vanity of position in the world to deny, in the words of Mr. George Jones, his "affinitive relationship" to that gentleman ; but the world is, after all, not so credulous a world as to believe him. No : Mr. George Jones remains uncle to the Boy Jones.

Pedestrian Intelligence.

A grand running match came off the other day between the Hon. Captain Doo and the Fetter Lane Pet, commonly known as *Muster* Levy. The Captain had the lead at starting, and went away at a capital pace, with the Pet close upon his heels, along the Strand. Levy was now evidently gaining the advantage, when the Captain mended his pace till he got into the Precincts of the Savoy ; and the Pet, having referred to a slip of parchment in his hand, at once abandoned the contest.

PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.

HAVING referred to our Prophecy for the Derby inserted in our hundred and fiftieth number, we find that our prediction was literally and completely verified. After this the MONK OF DEE must hide his head in his own capacious cowl, and FRANCIS MOORE, physician, must allow himself to be infinitely less than we have proved ourselves.

Our prediction, it will be remembered, opened impressively with two characteristic lines, the burden of which was "Swindle, swindle," and thus we dimly shadowed forth the tricks of the turf, till the very felicitous line—

"Bubble, bubble, Ugly Buck,"

at once demolished all hopes of the first favourite being the winner. In the line—

"Shall Orlando head the ruck?"

We asked a question. A question implies a doubt. The doubt implied points of course to the question destined to arise as to his being the winner. In the terse little couplet—

"Ask ye where Ratan shall be?
I will answer, 'You shall see'."

The claims of the other favourite are most summarily knocked on the head, for "You shall see," is a quaint old term that was common with the early soothsayers, and is equivalent to the modern expression of "Oh, yes," "Don't you wish you may get it," "Hooky Walker," and other figures of speech designed to indicate a failure.

In the line—

"Who is he would back Leander?"

There is a faint foreshadowing of the fate of that unhappy horse; while the words—

"Grumble, grumble, fumble, fumble, stumble, stumble,"

allude to his lameness (stumble, stumble); the subsequent searching for his jaw (fumble, fumble); and the grievous complaints (grumble, grumble,) that were made in consequence of the deception that had been practised. The two concluding lines of the Prophecy are, however, decisive as to the winner, or at least they would have been decisive, but for a slight error in the printing. As the couplet stands it runs thus—

"'Tis the horse that first comes in
Shall alone the Derby win."

Now, it is quite obvious to everybody that this is a mere error of the press, and that the lines should have been—

"'Tis *not* the horse that first comes in
Shall alone the Derby win."

Thus at once making the Prophecy perfect, by fixing upon Running Rein, who not being mentioned, must of course be intended, for it is an invariable rule of grammar that a word is said to be understood when it happens to be omitted.

In consequence of the success of this Prophecy, we shall be happy to cast nativities, tell fortunes, and undertake soothsayer's work in general, on very moderate terms.

Damaged prophecies that have not been realised, can be repaired; old nativities recast; and horoscopes kept in order by the year, month, week, day, hour, or minute.

The Lord Mayor and the Steamers.

THE Lord Mayor was in a frightful state on Whit-Monday, in consequence of his inability to control the steamers above Blackfriars Bridge, beyond which his jurisdiction does not extend; and consequently the captains of the craft were enabled to overload their vessels, and laugh in his Lordship's face, which they did with all the *gusto* of clowns at a fair grinning through horse-collars. The Lord Mayor was almost frantic—looking daggers at the crowded steam-boats as they passed before his eyes, and crying out with superhuman energy for "more jurisdiction." We sincerely feel for a dignitary hemmed in by narrow limits, such as those which circumscribe the civic sovereign. Paramount as he is on the Bridge of Blackfriars, his power terminates with the coping of that elegant structure; and, while he is omnipotent on the top of the balustrades, he is utterly powerless in the mud at the foot of it.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

A COLOSSAL statue of Liberty is to be inaugurated at Paris at the *fêtes* of July. This is not the first time that Liberty has been *chiselled* in France.

ENGLAND AND HER BEADLES.

THE BEADLE OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

THIS Beadle—if we are justified in using so strong a term—is an unhappy victim to the principle of economy, for while nominally in the possession of dignity, he is deprived of those externals which serve to make dignity respectable. There is nothing in fact about him to distinguish him from ordinary mortals, but a simple band of narrow gold lace on his hat, while the rest of his attire is that of a copying clerk out of employ, or a second old man in a theatre where the salaries are more—we ought perhaps to say less—than dubious.

We do not profess to be acquainted with the internal policy of the Lowther Arcade, but we have no hesitation in denouncing the parsimony which can put a Beadle into torn Berlins, ill-blacked Bluchers, a rusty coat, and pantaloons that the veriest clowns would feel themselves disgraced by appearing in.

Perhaps it may be urged that there is a sort of republican simplicity in the every-day costume of the official upon whose shoulders the tranquillity of the Arcade is supposed to rest, but we feel bound to say that there is more real despotism under the cheap Gossamer and halfpenny switch of the Beadle of the Lowther, than under the beaver hat and brass-mounted bludgeon of the Burlington. The Lowther Beadle is to the boys in the Strand, what PYM was to the royalists, or, to come nearer to our own time for an illustration, he is a sort of ROBESPIERRE confined to a limited sphere of action. The

dictatorial attitude he assumes when expelling a boy with a basket beyond the boundary, has all the savageness of the first French revolution, tempered, perhaps, by a certain outward regard to the more humanising influences of the present century.

It is generally understood that the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade, like the President of the United States, is an elective officer, but the former enjoys one advantage over the latter, namely, that of being permanently in the possession of his dignity. The Lowther Arcade is inhabited by a people of very primitive habits, who endeavour to allure the passing stranger into a paltry kind of commerce, the principal articles of which are trifling toys, and cheap crockery. The Beadle seldom seems to sympathise with the natives in the hopes and fears which their internal occupations naturally excite; but he confines his attention to the guarding of the frontier from those invasions which occasionally threaten it. While we have felt it our duty to comment rather severely upon the Beadle in his public capacity, we are glad to be able to add that he is—for what we know to the contrary—a tender husband, an attached friend, an unexceptionable waiter at evening parties, an affectionate cousin, a punctual lodger, a good nephew, and in all his dealings with his fellow-men—a good customer.

RULES

To be observed by the English People on occasion of the Visit of his Imperial Majesty, NICHOLAS, *Emperor of all the Russias.*

As the Imperial Autocrat of all the Russias will doubtless make visits to numerous public institutions in this country, it behoves *Punch* to instruct the people, as to their manner of behaviour.

Remember, the man is a stranger—his visit is a surprise (and, perhaps, not an agreeable one—but that, as the poet observes, is neither here nor there), and we must meet this surprising incident with presence of mind.

Britons! NICHOLAS is here: and as he is here, it is our duty to make the best of him.

If you love *Punch*, be peaceful. You have obeyed me as yet: listen to me now. No hissing; no rotten eggs; no cabbage-stalks; no howling; no mobbing—no nothing.

Only SILENCE! All the institutions of the country which he is desirous to see, let him see—if he wishes to examine the *Punch*-office, our boy has orders to show him over the premises. If he is hungry or athirst, beer from the opposite public-house, buns from Messrs. Partington's, the pastrycooks', will be provided—and at our own expense. But all shall be done with a politeness so frigid, that, by JUPITER AMMON! the Autocrat shall consider himself in Siberia. If he leaves money, the Order of "the Swan with two Necks," for the united publishers—snuff-boxes and stars for our chief contributors—we shall know what to do with the same.

ALL ENGLAND must do as *Punch* does. Listen! When NICHOLAS comes, receive him well. Let the manufacturers open their doors, and show him where they lie, work, working, in their factories—*our* emperors of the world. Let our railway people set their engines to work as hard as they like, to convey his Imperial MAJESTY. Let our race-horse keepers show him their studs—even the teeth of their horses—if he have a wish to look that way. Let COLONEL BULDER be civil to him at Woolwich: let the Port-Admiral be polite to him at Portsmouth: let the keeper of Golden Square show him over the green labyrinths and perfumed glades of that delightful resort of enchantment. If he have a mind to eat white-bait at Greenwich, let not LOVEGROVE balk him.

But mark! he will be dropping his money, snuff-boxes, brooches, orders, and what not, wherever he goes. Money costs *him* nothing, remember, and he can afford to lavish it. Friends, Countrymen, swear with *Punch!*—Carry every shilling the man leaves to the Polish Fund. Remember what is the hand that offers those honours. Don't touch his money. Hand it over to LORD DUDLEY STUART.

But why speak? I *know* you won't touch his money. *You* are not mercenary: *you* never traffic money against honour: *you* don't care for titles—no, nor your wives either: the caution is quite needless in our country.

At Ascot, in the Park Reviews, at the Opera, wherever people congregate, the order of behaviour to be laid down is simply this: Any person who hisses or hoots, is to be held as a snob—he does not understand good manners, nor the decencies of hospitality; but if any person hurras, or takes off his hat, you have *Punch's* instant orders to lick him. "Bonnet" that miscreant! Flatten his beaver over his miserable eyes. Tear his coat tails up to his cowardly shoulders. Seize, brethren, seize his trembling legs, and away with him. Ducking was meant by Nature for that man. Pumps long for that man—why call him a man?—that thing, that KICKSHAW, in a word. Friends! you understand what I mean!

You must not be inveigled into a foolish admiration on account of his Imperial MAJESTY'S personal qualities. He is very tall, but the Horse-Guards are as big; very handsome, but WIDDICOMBE is as good-looking; very athletic, but can he do as much as MR. RISLEY or his little boy? He can ride very well, but we offer to back the MARQUIS OF WATERFORD against him; very slim, but he wears stays; he is very broad-chested, but he pads enormously. When the Guards with their silver trumpets play the Russian National Air—beautiful as that melody is—let no man cheer. Remember the trumpets that played it when the Cuirassiers of PASKEWITCH rode into burning Warsaw.

As to the Ladies, the Ladies Patronesses of the Polish Balls, who have determined to continue their entertainment, *Punch* blesses them. Ladies, you have acted like men! Let there be several Polish Balls this year during the EMPEROR'S presence. *Punch* will attend them all. Yes, we will dance the Polka with JUDY there; we will shut ourselves up with BARON NATHAN and practise for the purpose.

As for the politicians—there will be probably a dinner at the Russian Company—and poor PEEL will be called upon to praise his guest—poor fellow!—he can't mean it; but remember it's his business—he'll blow out praises from those active jaws of his, just as the Guards' trumpeters blow "God save the Emperor" from their silver clarions—don't hold either organ responsible for the tune it's made to play. "Poor PEEL, poor dear PEEL! poor BOBBY!" let us exclaim—pitying heartily the work assigned to him.

As for the Press—there is, between ourselves, our friend J—NK—NS—but Heaven help us! never mind what *he* says. We know the poor fellow's state of brains under that powdered sconce of his. Let JENKINS, then, have full liberty to be as complimentary as he likes.

And if his Imperial Majesty does anything handsome for RICH . .

[The Printer respectfully states that Mr. Punch's MS. stops abruptly here, nor has he been heard of at the Office since he went away, it is believed, to Greenwich, to dine with a party of Young England, who are thinking of making him their leader.]

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

E mentioned in our last that the railings of Fitzroy Square had been fresh-painted, and we have now the pleasure of stating that the Lion at the top of Northumberland House has just received a new coat of a light buff colour, which seems admirably adapted for summer wear.

A new watering-cart has been chartered for Russell Square; and the sentry at the Duke of York's column is now wearing every day his regimental ducks. The flag of St. Martin's Church has been scoured and ironed; and the fountain in St. James's Park, which is modelled after an inverted cup and saucer, has begun to play for the summer season. We cannot close this list of picturesque improvements without specially mentioning as a climax, that the Clock of St. Clement's has not stopped once during the last month.

Strange Insult to the King of Saxony.

IT is with much sorrow that we state the following fact, for which, unfortunately, there cannot be the slightest doubt, as our informants are *of the very highest class.* LADY WILHELMINA AMELIA SKEGGS, writing to LADY CAROLINA MARIA JONES, from Pimlico Palace, says—"My dearest love, only think! the very moment the EMPEROR of RUSSIA arrived, he put the KING of SAXONY'S *nose out of joint!*"

DR. BRIDGEMAN has been sent for.—*Morning Post.*

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS FOR THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

HEAR all men! NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, has come over to visit the QUEEN. Of course some of the distinguished readers of *Punch* will ask him to dine with them. On the occasion of a grand dinner, it is usual to propose toasts and sentiments. It is not every kind of toast and sentiment that absolute monarchs approve of; *Punch*, therefore, as a boon to the different Noblemen and Prelates who take him in, and who may happen to have the Emperor for a guest, has cut and dried the following, which, he hopes, will suit the taste of his Majesty:—

"Universal Despotism."

"Persecution, Intolerance, and Civil and Religious Bondage all over the World."

"Brute Force, the Mainstay of Government, and the Preservative of Order."

"Slavish Fear, the sole Source of Obedience."

"The Will of the Autocrat, the Fountain of legitimate Authority."

"Thraldom of Speech and Opinion."

"Servitude of the Press."

"Slavery of Conscience."

"Arrest of Civilisation and Retrogression of Humanity."

"The Perpetuity of Serfdom."

"The King of Prussia, and all Abettors of Tyranny."

"Don Miguel, and his speedy Restoration."

"The Downfal of the Greek Constitution."

"The Extermination of the Poles."

"Woe to the Children of Israel."

"Long Life and Misery to the Exiles of Siberia."

"Severity in the Judge, and Inhumanity in the Gaoler."

"The immortal Memory of Nero."

"Dungeon Extension."

"The KNOUT"—which last toast is to be coupled with—

"The LADIES; may those of Russia never want a Lash, nor an Executioner to wield it."

And "May the *Man* who flogged the Daughters of Poland, never be forgotten."

THE ROYAL ARRIVALS.

THE ARRIVAL OF RUSSIA.

WOOLWICH and BARON BRUNOW were kept in a state of dreadful excitement during the whole of Saturday by anticipating the arrival of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who, with much discretion, assumes the *alias* of COUNT ORLOFF; feeling, no doubt, that though "the rose by any other name will smell as sweet," the EMPEROR of RUSSIA by a different appellation might be a little more welcome. BARON BRUNOW knowing the necessity of being in the way when his Autocrat master arrived, kept rushing backwards and forwards from his hotel to the landing-place every five minutes, straining his eyes from the end of the wooden pier, and clutching telescopes out of the hands of the bystanders with an anxiety that attracted universal sympathy. The Baron was attended by M. BENTSHAUSEN, with whom he conversed frequently in Russian; and, as we could only collect occasionally the words "Koff," "Woptoff," "Cracken," and other equally incoherent exclamations, evidently indicative of fear, we are unable to give the entire purport of their conversation.

At length, at about 10 o'clock, three steamers were dimly perceived through the darkness of the evening, which the Emperor had judiciously waited to take advantage of. BRUNOW instantly jumped into a boat with SIR FRANCIS COLLIER, and pulled off towards the *Cyclops*, which was the vessel that brought the Autocrat, the *Cyclops* being selected, no doubt, on account of its name—the forging of fetters being a pursuit with which the Emperor could sympathise.

The Imperial Russian was dressed in a cloak and cap of pale gray, the colour generally selected on the stage for the costume of Mephistophiles. On meeting LORD BLOOMFIELD, who got out of his carriage in the middle of the street, the Emperor gave him his hand——to kiss, and, without taking any further notice of anybody or anything, the Autocrat repaired to London by a conveyance that had been already prepared for him.

The Emperor's steamer was attended by the *Cerberus*, which was selected as a guard of honour, in consequence of the peculiar fitness of the *Cerberus* to guard the person and temporary abode of NICHOLAS. The Emperor arrived at Ashburnham House at about 20 minutes past eleven, and they got him to bed before midnight.

In the morning, at half-past nine, PRINCE ALBERT arrived to see the RUSSIAN LION, or rather the RUSSIAN BEAR; who, on meeting the PRINCE CONSORT on the staircase, threw his arms round his neck, and hugged him most affectionately. The PRINCE seemed hardly prepared for this mode of salute, but returned it, as the *Times* alleges, "with great *apparent* feeling." The EMPEROR then led the PRINCE to the drawing-room, and they had a long conversation, the subject of which was an invitation from HER MAJESTY to the Palace. RUSSIA said, it would be inconvenient; the PRINCE, on the contrary, insisted it would not, and with much good-humour talked about the number of spare beds they had at Buckingham Palace, with linen always aired, and every convenience. At ten, the PRINCE departed, and RUSSIA went to church, where he heard a sermon by DR. POPOFF—another name that it was thought would sound sweetly in the ears of the Autocrat.

On his return from church he was called for by PRINCE ALBERT, who took him to see the QUEEN, at Buckingham Palace, where a *déjeúner* was prepared for him. He also patronised SAXONY, by going to see him in his apartments, looking on to the Mews, somewhere at the back of the Palace. The EMPEROR was pleased to say that SAXONY seemed a very respectable sort of person for a third-rate sovereign; and slipped a handsome present, at leaving, into the hands of MINKOWITZ, the Saxon prime minister.

The EMPEROR then went with PRINCE ALBERT to pay a round of visits to the Royal Family. In going through the Park, SAXONY and MINKOWITZ were met in a gig by the Russian *cortège*, and the EMPEROR gave a familiar nod, which was returned by SAXONY touching his hat respectfully.

The EMPEROR then proceeded to Apsley House, to see the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, to whom the Autocrat offered his hand, as he had done to LORD BLOOMFIELD; but the hero of Waterloo, instead of kissing it, shook it with much cordiality. The EMPEROR looked a little astonished; but PRINCE ALBERT explaining in Russian that it was "only the DUKE's odd way," the Autocrat condescended to talk to his Grace on the subject of ——his elegant mansion and splendid furniture. The EMPEROR greatly admired the cornices in the drawing-room, from which the curtains were suspended; upon which the Duke observed in bad French—"*Votre Majesté préfère les Cornices aux Poles. Les Poles sont hors de la mode à présent; grâce à votre Majesté.*" (Your Majesty prefers cornices to Poles. Poles are out of fashion at present, thanks to your Majesty.) After this very dreary specimen of Iron Ducal wit, the Emperor went home to his apartments, and, as the *Times* informs us, "*fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not wake until nearly 6 o'clock.*"

While RUSSIA was asleep, SAXONY and MINKOWITZ called to pay their respects, but went away, afraid to wake him. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE also called during the imperial *siesta*, and also went away. Though he began to talk so loud in the passage that His Royal Highness may be said to have been rather pulled away by KNESEBECH, who attended him. CAPTAIN RAY, the Police Commissioner, and a body of the A division, with a Superintendent and two or three Inspectors, have been appointed to attend the EMPEROR during his stay in London. Why is this?

A COMPLIMENT TO RUSSIA.

BY the Constantinople correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* we are favoured, among other news, with the following:—

"We learn by a letter from Trebizond, that ABDULLAH PACHA, the governor of that province, put three men to the torture, who had been accused of the robbery and murder of a Russian merchant. The cruelty of this proceeding is almost unexampled. Red-hot copper caps were put upon their heads, which, on being removed, carried off the scalp; red-hot balls were applied to the temples till the eyes started from their sockets; their feet were held before the fire till the flesh was burnt off, and other cruelties were practised upon them, too shocking to be related. We understand that the Pacha thus refined upon his usual cruelties, from *a desire to please the government* of which the murdered merchant was a subject."

The Governor of Trebizond has, evidently, a fine knowledge of the various pleasures of various governments. England, France, and others might have been satisfied with the mere death of the murderers of any one of their merchants: but not so Russia. Oh, no! To "please" the social appetite of NICHOLAS, it is necessary to cocker it with the scalps of murderers, taken from their living heads by red-hot copper caps. Even at the banquet of the Great Fiend, NICHOLAS might—after this—show himself an epicure, hinting at tit-bits of human agony, unthought of, aye, by MOLOCH himself.

British and Foreign Destitute.

HANOVER SQUARE, 30*th May*.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM requests us to state, that the next lecture will be delivered in his study. Chairs will be placed for two.

The last lecture gave such general satisfaction, that the four destitutes who attended it have expressed a wish that it be printed, for the benefit of the cheesemonger who supplies Mr. BUCKINGHAM's family.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE HOLBORN MONTEM.

THE success of the Montem at Eton has encouraged the young students of the various Metropolitan Charity Schools to get up a Montem on their own account; and Holborn Hill, in consequence of its central locality, has been fixed upon. It had been hinted that their demand for salt would have been answered by pepper from the police; but in conformity with the well-known maxim of the English Constitution, that all are equal in the eye of the Law—except when the Law voluntarily shuts its eye, and can't, therefore, be expected to see—the Holborn Montem passed off very successfully.

In accordance with the example set by the future statesmen, &c., who are being educated at Eton, the young gentlemen of St. Giles's sat down to an excellent breakfast, before sallying out to collect, by playful robbery, the means to pay for it. Many of the old St. Giles's boys were present, among whom were some of the most distinguished cadgers of the present day, who regretted that they could not partake in the fun that was in store for their youthful successors.

The hill or mound called Holborn Hill, is well known to all who have been there, and this spot was the grand centre of attraction. At the appointed hour, the procession moved from St. Giles's towards the Hill,—the whole of the boys being divided into classes or Dials, each of them belonging to one of the Seven Dials of that peculiar school in which they are being educated.

On reaching the place, the young gentlemen commenced their demand for salt on the numerous omnibuses and vehicles that descended Holborn Hill, and gave to each person who contributed a sort of receipt, with the words "*Pro More*" engraved on a kind of cab-plate; but on these being shown, a fresh demand was humorously made, the gallant young Diallers declaring *Pro more* to mean that *more* must be given. It was really delightful to see the rising youth mounting the omnibuses, and in the most pleasant way imaginable seizing the purses, pocket-handkerchiefs, pins, seals, and watches of the passengers, who were, of course, highly delighted at the robbery being practised upon them. Master SPRIGGINS, of the Seventh Dial, was remarkable not less for the elegance of his fancy costume than the boldness of his demands for "salt;" and being armed with real weapons, after the example set by Eton, the reality of the scene was much enhanced, and the resemblance to highway robbery was more perfect and satisfactory.

The police authorities had, in the handsomest manner, lent a strong body of men to facilitate the arrangements made by the young gentlemen for securing their plunder. The costumes were many of them exceedingly elegant. Among the most remarkable was that of Master SHORTSHANKS, of the fourth Dial, who was dressed after the celebrated statue—of a boy—over the school-house at Kensington. The dress consisted of a coatee, of the cut of the ancient order of jockies; a pair of leather breeches, of the time of George the Third; a waistcoat of the middle ages—or, rather, a middle-aged waistcoat, with shoe-buckles of the time of PYM and the Puritans.

Master PODGER wore a shirt, with hanging sleeves—that is to say, the sleeves of his shirt were hanging in ribands about his arms, in accordance with the style of Henri Quatre. He also had a coatee slightly slashed, with puffings of white calico lining protruding from the aperture.

It will hardly be believed that some attempt was made in the course of the Holborn Montem, to stigmatise the whole affair as a gross mixture of highway-robbery and mendicancy; but its close resemblance to the affair at Eton, of course led to its being viewed, as it deserved to be, in the light of a youthful frolic. The plunder at Eton was, as we are told, invested in the name of the Captain, to finish his education; the result of the Holborn collection will, it is understood, be devoted to the defraying the costs incurred by any of the Seven Dial boys going through the usual degrees, till they attain to a fellowship in the Thieves' Fraternity.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

CIRCULAR ROAD, DUBLIN.

DEAR SILVY O'PELLICO,

One of my young chaps had got ready a caricature of you, with about three hundred-weight of chains on your old legs and shoulders, and you in a prison-dress.

But when he heard that you were *really* locked up, he said he would not for the money's sake (though I pay him well for it), publish his paltry picture, or do anything just now that would give you pain.

Neither shall I crow over you because it has come to this, and because having played at bowls, you have at last got the rubbers. If you did not organise a conspiracy, and meditate a separation of this fair empire—if you did not create rage and hatred in the bosoms of your countrymen against us English—if *you* did not do, in a word, all that the Jury found you guilty of doing—I am a Dutchman!

But if ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it: if ever a people had a cause to be angry, it is yours: if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might now: for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us?

Though we may lock you up; yet it goes against our feelings somehow to think that THE GREATEST MAN IN THE EMPIRE, (for, after all, have you not done more for your nation than any man since WASHINGTON ever did?) should be put in a Penitentiary ever so comfortable, in a road ever so circular.

Though we may lock you up; yet for the life of me I don't see what good we can get out of you. As I said to *Mrs. Punch* yesterday, "If any friend from Ceylon were to make me a present of an elephant—what should I do with it? If a fine Bengal tiger were locked up in my back-parlour—what would be my wish? Out of sheer benevolence I should desire to see the royal animal in the Strand."

Though we may lock you up, let us remember that there are seven out of our five-and-twenty millions of fellow-citizens to whom your punishment is a shame and a bitter degradation; and it is ill to set so many hearts rankling against us.

Are they not bitter enough already—the fourth part of the men of our empire—and have they not cause? Does the world show a country so wretched as yours? If you were to send over the Lion of Judah to Lambeth, and the Dove of Galway to London House, wouldn't we turn their Lordships out; and shall we be too hard upon you for trying to do likewise, and failing?

No. And though your sentence is a just one in spite of all they may say, yet, please GOD, let it be inflicted with a gentle heart. I like the judge who burst into tears when he passed it.

Vulgar triumph over such a man as you—chuckling over such a great discomfiture as that—is the work of low-minded, sordid knaves. If ever I laugh, it shan't be because a great man falls. I wish you would come out of prison, for how can I poke fun at you through the bars?

Why did you invent stories of murder and massacres which we never committed? Why did you brag and swagger so much? Why did you tell so many untruths regarding us Saxons? The Truth was bitter enough, and hard enough to be told. We are mighty angry with NICHOLAS about Poland; but, until lately, has somebody else treated Ireland better?

I tell you what is to be done. It was arranged in a Cabinet Council last night—where the Right Honourable *Mr. Punch* was called in—it was arranged that her MAJESTY should take a trip of pleasure in the summer (after a certain interesting event), and that her steps were to be directed to a kingdom called Ireland, which I have occasionally heard described as the greenest and most beautiful spot in the world.

She is to go suddenly, and without beat of drum. She will take the first car at Kingstown Pier: and LORD DE GREY will be disgusted, and the people of the city surprised, to see the Royal Standard of the Three Kingdoms floating on the tower of the seedy old Castle of Dublin.

After a collation, another car (or "cyar," as you call it in Dublin—and a confounded vehicle it is) will be called; and her MAJESTY, stepping into it, will say, "Car-boy, drive to the Circular Road."

He will know what it means. THE QUEEN HAS COME TO IRELAND TO TAKE DAN OUT OF PRISON.

"Let bygones be bygones," Her MAJESTY will say, (only more elegantly expressed,) a fib or two more or less about the Saxons won't do us any harm: but try now, jewel, and be aisy: don't talk too much about killing and eating us: don't lead poor hungry fellows on to fancy they can do it. The Irish are strong men, and won every battle that ever was fought. That is very well. From Fontenoy upwards, we give them all to you. I have no objection to think that CÆSAR's Tenth Legion came out of Tipperary; and that it was three hundred of the O'GRADYS who kept the pass of Thermopylæ.

Nevertheless, have no more of that talk about bullying JOHN BULL. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can't do it. It's no use trying: we won't be beaten by the likes of you.

But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted; and as sure as Justice lives, righted you shall be.

Such are the words that I wish to whisper to you in your captivity,—words of reproof, and yet of consolation; of hope, and wisdom, and truth!

PUNCH.

THE RECTOR OF HENDON—A CHRISTIAN PEACEMAKER!

AT the Edgware Special Sessions, the Rev. THEODORE WILLIAMS—a gentleman not unknown to fame—was charged with provoking a MR. FOSTER SMITH, a neighbour, to a breach of the peace. The Rev. THEODORE, it appeared in evidence, "shook his fist"—his apostolic fist!—in MR. SMITH'S face; and with lips that are, doubtless, wont to drop oil and honey, said—"You are a dirty fellow, a shabby fellow; you are a coward." The Reverend peacemaker then added—"You dare not fight." Truly, a severe reproach from the Rector of Hendon—from one who hath the cure of souls.

Well, evidence being heard, the magistrates—after an hour's consideration—fined the Rev. THEODORE "in the penalty of 40*s.* with the costs." It is a rule—a very good one—with the Police Commissioners, to expel a policeman from the force if fined or imprisoned for any offence. Ought not this rule to apply to brawling rectors? Will the Reverend THEODORE WILLIAMS still take his seat, as a magistrate, upon the bench, seeing that he has so lately flourished as an offender at the bar? If so, then may every brother magistrate exclaim, with *Falstaff*, "If I'm not ashamed of my company, I'm a soused gurnet."

FROM THE STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE.

Drury Lane Portico.

MR. PUNCH,—A night or two since, some goodnatured folks gave a piece of plate to Mr. BUNN, for his "unvarying urbanity" in the "seasons 1843-44." Well, I don't complain of this: but I *do* complain of being kept perched above the portico of a house in which I have no longer the slightest interest. Pray put it to your writer of the *Comic Blackstone*, whether I cannot be removed somewhere on a *habeas*? Or, if I must remain, at least let the lovers of the drama show some sympathy with my condition; and, whilst the admirers of opera and ballet are *plating* Mr. BUNN, let *my* friends—if I have any—japan me; or, at least, bestow upon my forlorn condition a handsome suit of durable black paint.

Yours, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.—THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

PROFESSOR LEADENHEAD opened the business by reading a paper on the probable duration of the world, in which he undertook to prove that it could not last much longer, because the Russians were rapidly annihilating the Poles. He endeavoured also to show that the globe, continually revolving on its own axis, must, sooner or later, be cut completely through by the axes alluded to.

The Chairman then made a few observations on heat in connection with the precious metals, and illustrated his remarks by stirring a glass of hot grog with a silver tea-spoon. He observed that it had been erroneously alleged that glass was a non-conductor of caloric, but he begged leave to refute the fact by conducting a quantity of "warm with" to his lips, through the medium of a common glass tumbler. The rest of the sitting was devoted to a series of experiments in confirmation of this discovery, which appeared to give general satisfaction.

Legal Intelligence.

IT is whispered in legal circles that the silk gown, rendered worse than vacant by the elevation of MR. ROEBUCK, will not be filled up at present. It is, we understand, proposed to constitute a new class of barristers below the dignity of the coif, who are to be called Corporals, to distinguish them from the Sergeants.

It is generally rumoured that a case was laid before Mr. ROEBUCK by the traversers on the state trials, to advise whether they could move in arrest of judgment. MR. ROEBUCK'S opinion is said to have been that they could not, in consequence of arrest being now abolished on mesne (or mean) process, and the whole process of convicting the defendants having been marked throughout with the greatest meanness.

JUDGES' SENTENCES.

It is an old prejudice, that the rate of punishment of an English culprit depends upon the enormity of his offence. Many recent sentences convince us to the contrary. Sure we are that it more frequently depends upon the biliary secretions of the judge who dooms. A sentence of seven years may be sufficient to the constitution of one judge, whilst another may ask fourteen; and a third be by no means satisfied with less than transportation for life. A taste for punishment varies with the Bench, even as their taste for port wine: some think that a felon can have no chance of coming up good, save with fourteen years' keeping. Hence, are we frequently startled by the discrepancy of sentences! Hence, are certain judges known by their rigour beyond the law. How often—himself, we grant, unconscious of the wrong—does the judge wreak his own bad temper, his own bad health, in his sentence on the felon in the dock! How many a convict owes an extra seven years of slavery to the indigestion of the learned baron who tries him! With only the difference of a few grains of calomel, how different had been his doom! Nevertheless, the offender is sentenced—he has no appeal from the hard bowels of the man who judged him—and away he goes! Away goes the convict-boat (as Barry Cornwall sings)—

"Bearing its wicked burden o'er
The ocean, to a distant shore;
Man scowls upon it; but the sea
(The same with fettered as with free)
Danceth beneath it heedlessly!"

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly has gained the grudging leave of Sir James Graham to bring in a bill to give the criminal—in certain cases—a right of appeal to the Queen's Bench. On a trial for property, the losing party has such right; and Mr. Kelly would make human character and human freedom merely as valuable as chattels and money. Sir James Graham shakes his head at the measure: he declares his belief in the surpassing purity of criminal judgments: avows this in the teeth of truths illustrative of the contrary, delivered by Mr. Kelly, who, quoting several instances, dwells particularly upon one case in which he saved a man's life, by incessantly importuning the judge who doomed him to take the opinions of his brothers of the bench; and they reversed the sentence.

At present, the culprit harshly doomed, has this chance of justice. He petitions the Home Secretary, who knows nothing of the case, but who asks the opinion of the judge who presided at the trial! The judge will scarcely stultify himself, and the petition is dismissed. Thus, when Sir James Graham was implored to consider the case of Mary Furley, he went to Justice Maule who had made the injured woman a long, hanging speech, and she was therefore ordered for execution! She was, however, reprieved; and Graham—we presume again consulting his Maule—inflicted upon frantic wretchedness a captivity of seven years!

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly observed "there was a fearful responsibility attached to the Home Secretary in these matters." At this, the House cheered, but did *not* cry—as it ought to have cried—

"With a scream that shoots
To the heart's red roots,"—

—"Mary Furley, Mary Furley!"

Literary Intelligence.

Great expectations have been raised by the rumour of a new work from the pen of Mr. Silk Buckingham, with the title of "How to Live on Nothing a Year." This gentleman's long experience in adapting the means to the end—that is to say, other people's means to his own end, will peculiarly fit him for the task he is said to have undertaken. The work will be remarkable for some new theories in the science of arithmetic, and a curious sum will be worked out, by which it will be shown, that if there are a thousand members who pay an annual subscription, those thousands may be made to go into one, and leave nothing over. As a specimen of subtraction we have heard it hinted, that with the public for the subtract*ee*, and Silk Buckingham for the subtract*or*, it will be possible to take anything from anybody, so as to give an enormous remainder.

REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

We are requested to state, that the above society denies all connexion with that of a similar name lately established in Hanover Square.

THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

This railway was opened on Whit Monday, according to a printed bill, and shut up again on Tuesday, in compliance with a notice in pen and ink pasted over the printed bill alluded to.

The opening on Monday was celebrated by a breakfast at the lodgings of the superintendent; the superintendent himself occupying the chair, supported by his wife and family. It had been originally intended that the Directors should have had a *déjeûner* at a neighbouring hotel; but this scheme, on examining the company's cash-box, was abandoned. At the hour appointed for the starting of the first train a consultation was held as to where it should go to, when it was announced to the public—verbally from behind the counter of the station, that the trip would comprise the entire distance to Wormwood Scrubs—passing Shepherd's Bush, and back again. Four boys immediately took advantage of the new railway, and returned in about ten minutes highly gratified. A neighbouring newsman was at the platform with the whole of the daily papers to meet the train on its arrival. Having muttered "*Times*," "*Herald*," "*Post*," "*Chronicle*," which would have been exactly a paper a-piece for each (boy) passenger, he retreated from the station. The police arrangements were admirable, there being one policeman to open the carriage door, five to keep the stairs clear, and three to take the tickets at the gate for the egress of passengers.

The select band of juvenile vagrants were in attendance during the day, and played off some of their most popular airs upon the railroad authorities. The Directors have in the most spirited manner hired a guard, who wears a belt with a box for despatches attached to it. There being no despatches, a bye-law has, we understand, been passed, allowing the guard to fill the box with sandwiches—either for his own use, or to sell to the passengers. *The* engine has been behaving splendidly all the week, running backwards and forwards for the amusement of the boys with the most good-humoured condescension.

If this railroad has no other effect it will at least effect a communication between Shepherd's Bush and Wormwood Scrubs, so that if it does nothing else, it will cement that union between the Bush and the Scrubs which the Scrubs no less than the Bush must be, or ought to be, anxious for.

PUNCH TO THE PHILADELPHIANS.

Philadelphians!

Asses, blockheads, boobies, clowns, dolts, empty-heads, fanatics, flats, fallow-brains, gabies, geese, hypocrites, ignoramuses, jobbernowls, knottypates, loggerheads, mooncalves, numskulls, oafs, pumps, quacks, rogues, ruffians, sumphs, simpletons, tomnoddies, yokels, zanies*——

What do you mean, you incomprehensible Yankies, by behaving here in the nineteenth century, and in that boasted glorious, free, and enlightened Republic of yours, like a stupid, savage, bigoted populace in the dark ages, or rather like a horde of barbarians and cannibals, shooting one another through the head, and burning down houses and churches; committing, in short, arson and murder by the wholesale, right and left! Why, the wild Indians, nay, the very niggers, are angels to you! And what is it that has prompted you to this reciprocation of atrocities! Religion, forsooth—Religion! The Turks would cry out upon you, Catholics and Protestants both. Call it by its right name—sanguinary, intolerant bigotry. These ruffianly proceedings, which have disgraced you before the universal world, will go down to posterity with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Sicilian Vespers.

And you in particular, you addle-brained Irishmen, at a time when the welfare of your native land especially requires that you should keep quiet and orderly, and show that you can live like peaceable citizens under a free government—how dare you behave in this outrageous manner! You, I say, especially, who pretend to believe in a faith which expressly denounces revenge, and prescribes as a duty patience under insult and contumely.

I will tell you what: were it not that such a set as you, all of you, are, are not worth the expense, I would recommend a subscription for the purpose of sending over to you a supply of strait-waistcoats, an army of barbers to shave your heads, and a staff of physicians and surgeons, selected from our principal asylums, to keep you, lunatics, in order. So much for you from

PUNCH.

GENEALOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

Mr. Peter Borthwick has made the very important genealogical discovery that the country proctors are the "Sons of Zeruiah." Of course, the brothers of the proctors are the nephews of Zeruiah, and if the county proctors should have any grandfathers living, those venerable personages must stand to Zeruiah in the relation of uncles. We have heard of necessity being the mother of invention, though we have sometimes doubted the fact, inasmuch as we do not see for instance how the invention of what are called Jennies can be the offspring of a necessity for housebreaking.

VESTED RIGHTS OF THE PEA AND THIMBLE.

DEPUTATION TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

It having been rumoured that Sir James Graham intended to follow up his determination of putting down the harmless recreations of *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, *under-seven-and-over-seven*, stick-throwing, turning for nuts, and other manly and athletic sports, practised time out of mind at Epsom, Doncaster, and other places,—a deputation of gentlemen peculiarly interested in the matter, waited on the Home Secretary on Monday last, to learn his final purpose respecting Ascot. Sir James received the deputation with his customary urbanity, whilst the various speakers delivered themselves.

Mr. Slippery spoke first. He had, he said, under the implied acquiescence of government, invested his whole fortune in a deal table, three thimbles, and a pint of peas; and he put it to the Right Honourable Secretary, if his profession—his means of bread—should be thus arbitrarily destroyed,—whether he (Mr. Slippery) ought not to be remunerated by the State? He looked upon the masculine game of pea and thimble as a time-hallowed pastime. Queen Elizabeth had played at it. It had also received the sanction of the illustrious House of Brunswick; for he—a humble individual—had had in his day the honour of winning ten sovereigns, at his own deal table, from Prince George of Cambridge.

Mr. Longnail followed. He had grown gray and venerable at thimble-rigging. The flower and bloom of the aristocracy, by participating in the sport, had, as he humbly conceived, sanctioned it. He had known the Duke of Richmond play at it as a boy, and a capital player he was. When everybody else lost, his Grace—by the force of superior genius—generally contrived to get off with money in his pocket.

Here Sir James Graham begged that the speaker would avoid all personalities, and strictly confine himself to the object of his visit.

Mr. Longnail continued. Trusting that the government would never break faith with him, he had recently taken a handsome mansion on a long lease at Brighton, for the benefit of the sea air. The least that government, under the worst circumstances, could do, would be to pay the rent for him.

Mrs. Pandora said, that for five-and-thirty years she had visited races with the Lucky Bag. She might be wrong, but she thought that once the Right Hon. Secretary himself had patronised her, having, with his usual good fortune, drawn a very handsome mug, with "*Sweet Home*" in gold letters upon it. (Here Sir James dissenting, shook his head.) Well, she might be wrong; but it was just such another nice, good-tempered looking gentleman. Having every trust in government, she had, on her vested interests in the Lucky Bag, put her daughters Calista and Arabella to school at Dunkirk. Let the Lucky Bag be abolished, and she would like to know who was to pay for them? She would also like to know what would be safe? Put down the Lucky Bag, and in six months she wouldn't give two pins for the bag of the Lord Chancellor.

Will Walnutdye (a gentleman of the gypsy persuasion) said that for twenty years he had rented a piece of ground at Epsom and Ascot for the throwing of sticks at knives, snuff-boxes, needle-cases, and other jewellery. He looked upon these sticks to have as good a right to their places as Her Majesty's Ministers had to theirs; to be plain, he didn't see a bit of difference atween 'em. He had heard something about some Six Clerks in Chancery-lane; how that they had sacked a lot of money, because they shouldn't be disturbed in what was called their domestic relations. Well, trusting to the faith of government, he hadn't long ago married three wives—how could he provide for 'em as they deserved, if government didn't leave a stick in his hand? Why wasn't *his* domestic relations to be considered as well as those of the Six Clerks?

Here Mr. Twirl, a small, meek-mannered man, begged to ask the Right Hon. Secretary if he intended to abolish the round-about?

Sir James Graham, putting his hand upon his heart, said that he had no such intention. On the contrary, his whole political life would show his devotion to the round-about.

At this stage of the proceedings, several gentlemen—distinguished owners of *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, and hazard tables—began to speak at once, whereupon Sir James hastily rose, looked at his watch, and observed, that having given every attention to the various arguments adduced, his determination was unalterable.

Hereupon the deputation was shewn the door. Gaining the street, the whole body called six safety-cabs, and immediately drove to the house of the Duke of Richmond, who in the blandest manner assured the deputation that he would immediately bring their case before Parliament, and most certainly protect their vested interests by means of a short bill.

This assurance seemed to give some satisfaction to the deputation: nevertheless, several of them, shaking their heads, observed, "that them Six Clerks in Chancery-lane was lucky chaps."

THE PICKPOCKET REWARDED.

Mr. Kohl, in his *Russia*, has a marked tribute to the genius of Russian pickpockets. A Russian Grand Duke, for a wager with a French Ambassador, who boasted of the superiority of the pickpockets of Paris, caused His Excellency to be robbed at dinner of ring, watch, snuff-box, tooth-pick, everything, by a Russian operator, selected by the police for the experiment. "The pickpocket," says Mr. Kohl, "was dismissed with a present." A greater reward, however, unknown to the historian, was subsequently heaped upon him. He was, for his peculiar talents, made Russian Consul to a certain city in the state of Pennsylvania. Could there be a higher, or a more delicate compliment paid to the drab-coloured repudiators?

To the Generous and Confiding.

Wanted immediately, 500 candidates, to replace those gentlemen who have signified their intention of retiring from the British and Foreign Destitute: no questions asked. *Also*, four dummies, to sit as committeemen of the Destitute every Wednesday, at half-past three precisely—the *society's van* will set them down and call for them at four o'clock. By the laws of the Destitute five make a *quorum*.

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REPORT OF A COMMISSION

TO

INQUIRE INTO THE OVERLOADING OF RIVER STEAM-BOATS.

JUDGING from the following extracts, which are taken from the evidence laid before the Committee, the nature and extent of the evil that is sought to be remedied, must be frightful indeed.

THOMAS TARLESS—Is captain of the Daffydowndilly steam-boat. Has been in the naval profession two months, but has been many years accustomed to the water, having been employed by the water company as a turncock. Never served any apprenticeship as a sailor, but has seen MR. T. P. COOKE play *William* in *Black-Eyed Susan*. Understands the different parts of a vessel. The companion is the mate, the painter is a respectable plumber, who gave her a fresh coat at the beginning of the season; and the captain's gig—if he happens to keep one—is a tilbury. Going before the wind, is starting off rather earlier when a breeze is expected, and a ship's papers are the tickets given on the payment of their fares to the passengers. Three bells is the sign of a public house at Putney, and boxing the compass is putting the compass away in a box until it is wanted.

JOSEPH SNOOKS—Is a linen-draper's assistant, and has often travelled in the river steam-boats; generally wears a rowing shirt, and sits on the top of the paddle-box. Does not know how many passengers a boat will hold, but thinks there is no limit—at least he never saw any attempt made to put any. So, as the vessel keeps above water, presumes it must be safe. Has seen it roll from side to side, owing to the number of people, but thought it good fun, because it reminded him of the Nore—which he once passed in going to Margate. Does not know if he went to Margate in a larger boat. Forgets how high it was above the water. Thinks it must have been more than two inches. Fancies it must have been three. Is sure that the river-boat was not above one-and-a-half, when it was rolling about on the occasion when he thought it good fun. Is sure of that, because the water came on to the feet of the passengers. He did not care,

because he was on the paddle-box. Did not know whether a sudden movement might have upset the boat. He did not think of that at the time. Believed himself to be a great patron of the aquatic interests, for he went often during the season up and down by the fourpenny boats. Had been in a collision. Rather liked it. Did not exactly know why, but thought it was good fun—because it made the women scream. Had been under one of the arches of Westminster Bridge when the water was so high that the boat would hardly go under. It shaved off the chimney, the two paddle-boxes, and the hats of all the taller passengers. Did not like that quite so well. Did not talk generally to the man at the wheel, because it was generally a boy—who also ran for ginger-beer, if any was wanted by a passenger. Did not know how the vessel was steered, when the boy left the wheel. Supposes the Captain regulated its course by walking about the paddle-box.

Several other witnesses were examined, but their testimony was devoid of interest.

SIGHTS SEEN BY NICHOLAS.

IT may be remembered that, as a part of the hospitality of St. James's towards NICHOLAS, a favoured policeman was, in the handsomest manner, placed at the EMPEROR's disposal—a *fidus Achates* from the chosen Letter A. This good man (whose name we are not yet in possession of) deserves well not only of Russia but of England. Seeing that NICHOLAS was wasting much of his valuable time, choosing toothpicks and breast-pins at STORR and MORTIMER's—criticising the door-handles of Apsley House, and uttering small-talk to the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY—the said policeman intimated to the EMPEROR that there were other English matters (which he should be too happy to show and explain to him) equally worthy of the Imperial consideration. Whereupon the EMPEROR, in the blandest manner, placed himself at the policeman's disposal. The *Court Circular* has been singularly silent on the matter; but the couple sallied out together, unaccompanied by any other person. The policeman, desirous of shewing to NICHOLAS a most favourable illustration of the wholesome freedom of the press, brought him to our office, and purchasing our last, (which may, indeed, be called the EMPEROR's number) explained to RUSSIA the various cuts in *Punch*, and then, immediately translating us into very fluent French—(the policeman, be it understood, had in his day been a dramatist)—made a serious impression on the Imperial mind. Indeed, as the EMPEROR took the whole of our number to his *heart*, he may be said to have unconsciously lithographed it.

The EMPEROR, having seen a specimen of English liberty of the press, was next taken to the sheriff's court; where his guide explained to him—shewing the twelve men in the box—the whole process of trial by jury.

After this, the policeman led his imperial Majesty to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the EMPEROR was lucky enough to hear a motion made for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

We will not vouch for imperial sincerity, but NICHOLAS professed himself to be much moved by these things; and when he returned to the Russian Embassy—he, with something like a tear freezing in the corner of his eye, presented to his guide and instructor, a gold snuff-box, filled with sovereigns.

The reader will feel a pleasurable emotion in learning that the policeman (noble fellow!) immediately sent both box and sovereigns to Lord DUDLEY STUART, to be devoted to the Poles; who may certainly receive the golden gift, it having been purified in its transit from the EMPEROR by the honest hand of Letter A.

Mr. Moon and the Emperor of Russia.

"MR. SHERIFF MOON," we find, from the Court Circular, "paid his respects to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, on Thursday, *through* his Excellency BARON BRUNOW." We know very well that MOON would go through anything to poke himself upon the notice of royalty. BARON BRUNOW must have been dreadfully bored by having the sheriff's respects sent right through him to his imperial master. MR. MOON will never be able to approach royalty, on account of his own personal claims; it can only be through something or somebody, apart from himself, that he ever can succeed in doing so. We would, however, prefer that he should make a thoroughfare of a Russian Baron, than use British art as a medium for thrusting himself on the attention of royalty.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

OMNIBUSES have been put upon the Station to meet the trains of the Kensington Railway. The meetings have hitherto been strictly private, no one being present but the Driver of the Omnibus and the Guard of the Railway.

STATISTICS OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.

We are happy to find that the annuitants upon this Bridge are this year to get exactly eight-pence more than they did last, for the few hundreds which they have sunk—below the very foundations, we suspect—in this noble structure. The report was, of course, exceedingly glowing in its language about the increase of eight-pence to the dividends, which, as they amounted to only eleven and four-pence before, made a very serious addition to the profits!

It appeared, that since the last meeting, the tolls had risen partly from a gentleman at Kennington having started his gig, and partly from a tradesman in the Blackfriars-road, who keeps a cart, having got a new customer in the vicinity of Covent Garden. These and other causes had added the eight-pence to the eleven and four-pence, which was the amount of last year's surplus.

The report went on to build a variety of aërial castles, the foundation of all of which appeared to be, that the Bridge might pay at some time or another.

A romantic allusion was made to some new street, which it was presumed would set people scampering over Waterloo Bridge, who at present never thought of going there.

Our old friend, Romeo Coates, made the best suggestion on the subject, which was, to dispose of it by lottery; though if the expenses are, as was asserted, £20,000 a year, we pity the fortunate winner of the property. Perhaps if George Robins could knock it all down at once, it would be the best lot that could befall it.

THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE.

Continental gossip says, that the Prince de Joinville having had a row with his royal father, concerning his famous pamphlet, rushed away to Saint Cloud, where he slept at an inn, and dreamed the following dream:—

* * * *

Stealthily we speed along
I and my black steamers,
None can see the colours three
Painted on our streamers.
Not a star is in the sky,
Black and dull and silent;
Stealthily we creep along
Towards the wicked Island!

Ne'er an English ship is out
Somehow to defend it;
So we reach the Thames's mouth—
Swiftly we ascend it.
Then I give a lesson fit
To Albion perfidious;
Properly I punish it,
For its treasons hideous.

Swiftly down the Thames we go,
All pursuit outstripping,
Blowing every village up,
Burning all the shipping.
Fancy Ramsgate in a blaze,
Margate pier a-dropping,
Woolwich burnt, and red-hot shot
Plunging into Wapping!

London town 's a jolly place,
England's pride and wonder;
Mortal eyes have never seen
Such a place for plunder.
Lord! it is a glorious night
As my steamers pretty
Moor there, and my lads and I
Pour into the City.

"Here's enough for each, says I,
Whatsoe'er his rank, lads,
Pierre shall rifle Lombard Street,
And Jean shall gut the Bank, lads;
Every seaman in my crews,
Shall take as much as suits his
Wish, and needs but pick and choose
From Jones and Loyd's to Coutts's.

When my speech the seamen hear,
Each man does salute his
Admiral with loyal cheer,
And then begins his duties.
Some burn down the Monument,
And some the Tower invest, sir;
Some bombard the Eastern end,
And some attack the West, sir.

Gods! it is a royal sight,
All the town in flames is
Burning, all the way from White-
Chapel to Saint James's!
See the Mayor, in cotton cap,
Asking what the blaze meant?
When we hang his worship up,
Fancy his amazement!

Kill me every citizen,
But spare their pretty spouses;
Hang me the policemen up
At the station-houses.
Beat St. Paul's with red-hot balls,
Set Temple Bar a-blazing;
Burn me Paper Buildings down,
And Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn.

List to no man's prayers and vows,
Grant to none their pardons;
Blomfield hang at London House,
Peel at Whitehall Gardens.
Apsley House is stormed and won,
Seize the Iron Duke, boys;
Have him out, and hang him up
To the lantern—hook, boys!

Gods, it is a noble flame!
Now my fellows thunder
At the gates of Buckingham—
How the Prince does wonder.
Out he comes with sword and lance;
Boys, stand back, impartial,
See an Admiral of France
Pink an English Marshal!

Tell us who 's the best at blows,
The Army or the Navy?
Carte and Tierce! and down he goes;
Albert cries, "Peccavi."
"Spare my precious husband's life:"
The Queen upon her knees is,
The little Princes kneeling round
In their night-chemises.

* * * * * *

Just as I had raised my arm
To finish Albion's ruin,
Came a cock, and crow'd a cursed
Cock-a-doodle-dooing.
It was morning,—and I lost
That delightful vision—
Cruel morning, to dispel
Such a dream Elysian!

The King of Saxony and the Prince of Wales.

"The members of the family of Saxe Coburg are all Dukes of Saxony," says the *Observer*, "and the King of Saxony recognised in the infant Prince of Wales one of his future nobles." We should suggest that the recognition be made the subject of an historical painting. Saxony in the act of starting back with surprise and delight, would fill up the foreground; while the future noble, in a high nursery chair, would give a richness to the back-ground, and admit of a quantity of fore-shortening in the infant's legs, which a great artist would know how to handle.

A HINT TO PHRENOLOGISTS.

On the first day of the Emperor of Russia's arrival, he visited Storr and Mortimer's, and ordered jewellery to the amount of £6,000. The second day, the nobility rushed in hundreds to call upon the Emperor. How largely the bump of "snuff-box-ativeness" must be developed in our aristocracy!

THE NURSERYMAID IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I LOVE to see the grass and yonder trees ;
I wish they 'd let me swing upon their boughs.
How like my uncle's orchard—were there bees,
An ass, some geese, and cousin's spotted sows.

(Now, Charlie ! come along.) Oh ! see that duck,
'Tis painted different colours !—pretty dear !
I wish I had but half the creature's luck.
(Now, Janey, leave that water-side—d'ye hear ?)

How sweet the flowers are ! smell thro' that hurdle !
(Now if you touch them, Miss, I 'll tell your Ma !)
They are so nice, they make my feelings curdle.
(You imp ! How very obstinate you *are!*)

A PLOT !—RUSSIA'S TROUSERS.

"You're a clever fellow ! Who made your breeches ?" In the course of our long and useful life, we have frequently heard this sentence—indeed, who has not ?—but could never make out the legitimate connection between the assertion and the interrogative. A late event helps somewhat to explain the matter to us ; to show that there is an inevitable sympathy of littleness or greatness between the tailor and his customer ; to prove if an EMPEROR OF RUSSIA be sagacious, passing the sagacity of ordinary men, that an INKSON, of Ryder-street, St. James's, must consequently be a tailor watchful far beyond the ordinary brotherhood of tailors. He must have an eye that winks not, an eye open as the eye of his own needle —an intelligence, sharp and piercing as its point. Let the subjoined Bow-street history prove the truth of this :—

"COUNT OSTROWSKI, a Pole, was held to bail on a charge of threatening to shoot the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. On Saturday, the CHEVALIER BENKHAUSEN, the Russian Consul, had an interview with Mr. JARDINE on the subject. Some mystery is made of the Police proceedings."

COUNT OSTROWSKI himself has sent a statement to the *Morning Chronicle*, of which this is the kernel :—

"On Monday last, COUNT OSTROWSKI called at his tailor's, Mr. INKSON'S, in Ryder Street, St. James's ; and, observing a *pair of trousers* of rather *striking appearance* lying on the counter, he happened to inquire for whom they were intended. He was informed they had been ordered by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS ; at which COUNT OSTROWSKI expressed some surprise, and added, *in a jocular manner*, he should like to have the trying of them on. MR. INKSON *converted this remark into a threat against the life* of his imperial *customer*."

The pair of trousers was of striking appearance ; that *is*, they were made of singularly exquisite Saxony—a touching compliment from NICHOLAS to his brother monarch and fellow-guest—and hence excited the innocent curiosity of the COUNT ; who, his question being answered, thereupon made a jocular remark. The event shews that no man should joke with tailors. They are—CHARLES LAMB has proved it—a serious, saturnine race, ever baking their blood with the hot thoughts of politics. MR. INKSON immediately converted the COUNT'S innocent joke into a deadly threat. If the man—thought MR. INKSON, with an eye to the moralist JOHNSON—who makes a pun will pick a pocket, why, it is a natural deduction that the man who will utter a rollicking joke will shed blood. MR. INKSON (a cruel compliment to the COUNT) saw no difference between his jokes and bullets ; they were of one and the same material,—and hence an appeal to Bow-street !

We have no doubt that the now widely-known sagacity of INKSON will greatly enlarge his business. A tailor who can "convert" things as he can, must be invaluable to a very large body of customers, who with limited means would make the most of their apparel. What a genius he must have for turning ; arriving at the conclusions he has, what a hand for fine-drawing !

There lie the innocent Saxony trousers, "of rather striking appearance," on INKSON'S shopboard, when a Polish Count utters a joke, and immediately INKSON sees in the nether apparel, trousers

"Cut i' the eclipse, and sewed with curses dark !"

All sorts of horrors rush into the tailor's brain. The desperate Pole may waylay the shopman on his road to the EMPEROR, and an arrangement having been made with his showman, the republican BARNUM for the purpose, GENERAL TOM THUMB, armed to the teeth, maybe insinuated into the watch-fob, and when there strike a mortal blow at the imperial vitals ! With these thoughts, what could INKSON do but fly to JARDINE ! The sagacious act was worthy even of NICHOLAS. Indeed, it would seem to only emanate from a tailor, fully alive to the measures of the EMPEROR.

The historical moral of all this is, let no man joke on the trousers of emperors. They are serious, solemn things, not to be lightly spoken of. Indeed, if King *Duncan* were among us, we much doubt if it would be safe, in the presence of an Inverness INKSON —to risk so much as a pun upon the royal kilt.

It is, however, soothing to our spirits—after the flutter they have suffered—to record, as a bright conclusion to the dark tale of conspiracy, the gratitude of man. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has, in the handsomest manner, forwarded to MR. INKSON, tailor—as at once the reward and the emblem of his sagacity—a golden goose. May it lay golden eggs, for INKSON'S children's children to sit upon !

A SORRY MONARCH.

(*To Punch, or whatever he calls himself.*)

ELLOW,—Happening to take up the last number of your truly worthless and contemptible journal which, I perceive, is devoted to the ridicule of everything that is great and admirable, I observed in it, with extreme disgust, several articles and caricatures tending to the disparagement, not only of that illustrious and excellent monarch, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, but also of those sacred principles of which he is the representative and champion. It is quite plain that you are putting yourself forward as the antagonist of social order ; and I am the more confirmed in this opinion by seeing what pains you have been also taking to bring into contempt and derision that most useful body of men, the Beadlery of England. You are the worthy ally of those good-for-nothing idle varlets whose infant sedition and liberalism are vented in the scorn of parochial authority. It were vain to request that you would suppress your impertinences ; but if you must indulge in them at the expense of your superiors, there is one crowned head on which you might crack your jokes with comparative decency—I mean, that of the KING OF SAXONY. Here is a man, who, utterly forgetful of his dignity as a Sovereign, and regardless of the example of his Royal fellows—the Princes of the Earth —demeans himself by prosecuting science ! Cannot a King find something better to *prosecute* than that ! He actually cultivates botany and geology ; and, what is worse, for their own sakes. Had he any political, or other sensible motive for so doing, it would be another matter. What has a King to do with geology ? His business is to rule his land, and not to find out what it is made of, supposing that possible, which it is not, for everybody knows that geology is all humbug. Of what use is botany to a Prince ! Instead of going poking about in the fields and hedges, and rooting up chickweed and stinging-nettles, he ought to employ himself in weeding out bad and refractory subjects ; such, *Mr. Punch*, as impudent and mischievous *scribblers*. Let him copy the wise, good, and much-abused NICHOLAS, who has transplanted so many of such weeds to Siberia. Not only is the KING OF SAXONY given up to the low and unkingly pursuits of science and literature, but like most others who are so, he has a grovelling, paltry contempt for all those splendours and glories of a Court which are so necessary to command the veneration of a great people, and which are intrinsically so imposing to a lofty mind. He affects to avoid parade and ostentation ; which is an implied insult to the aristocracy of this country. He is said, too, to be religious, without bigotry. Religion, of course, is highly proper ; but appearances must be observed as well : and, to my certain knowledge, he was seen the other day at the Bavarian Chapel, saying his prayers, and apparently minding nothing else, and, withal, so plainly dressed, that several persons mistook an officer of his suite, sitting behind him in a blue surtout with frogs, for himself. As to his being without bigotry, that, of course, means, that he lets everybody in his dominions think as they please ; which is horrible. We are told, moreover, that he is humane and enlightened. Humanity and enlightenment are all nonsense ; and I am convinced they will be the ruin of this country. Then he is beneficent, they say, to the extent of his limited resources. Beneficent, indeed ! Limited resources ! Yes :—of course his resources must be limited, so long as he chooses to follow his own counsels, to fly in the face of his order, and to act in contravention of that grand maxim of all government, that the people are made for the Prince, not the Prince for the people. And what respect is due to a King with "limited resources !" The truth is, he might make a very good physician, or lawyer, or clergyman, or writer, or philosopher ; but he is not fit to be a King at all.

One word, fellow, at parting. You twit the beloved and august NICHOLAS a great deal with the *knout*. In my opinion it is an exceedingly useful instrument, and I very much wish it could be introduced into this country, if but for the sake of keeping such as you and your confederates in order. You may laugh ; but if I had my way, you should laugh on the other side of your mouth.

I am, &c.

ONE OF THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

RUSSIA AND RUSSIA'S BEAR.

DOUBTLESS it is known that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA visited the Zoological Gardens in the Park. It is equally well known that he has an extraordinary memory of persons whom he has once seen. Thus, the EMPEROR, looking down into the bear's pit, immediately recognised a brown bear that, in its cubhood, he had seen at St. Petersburgh: and, strange to add, the bear as readily knew the EMPEROR. Hastily climbing to the top of the pole, the sagacious beast began to growl the very purest Russian, and was answered in its native sounds by NICHOLAS. The following may be depended upon as a faithful translation of the colloquy :—

Bear. Bless my heart! What, Nicholas! Is it really you?

Emperor. What,—you remember me!

Bear. Remember you! What bear, with a liking for blood, could ever forget you! Ha, sire! this, after all, is a sorry country.

Emperor. Why, you look sleek and fat.

Bear. But *what* fat! I've very little of my natural victuals. All my Russian courage is taken out of me with buns and biscuits, that short commons of flesh compels me to eat; buns and biscuits from the hands of girls and babies, and that, too, when my mouth waters for one of *them*. Ha, how I could relish even a hard old Pole!

Emperor (*with a dim smile*). I think you have one.

Bear (*with a knowing wink*). Pooh! you know what I mean. But now, to talk of yourself. Ar'n't you afraid to shew your nose in England? Those rascally newspapers! And then that scoundrel, *Punch!* They blab everything. 'Twas only yesterday that I saw a sweet little boy in a white frock and red shoes: I know I could have dined upon him—for the nursery-maid was giggling with a Life Guardsman—but then, again, I knew the rumpus there'd have been. First, that WAKLEY. and then an inquest, and then a bullet through my body; and so these rascally English would not only have had my blood upon their heads, but my grease too. And so, thinking of all this, with tears in my eyes, I munched a dry biscuit, and let the child—ha! you should have seen its chubby legs; amongst all the babies you stole from Warsaw, there wasn't a fatter one—and so, with a sigh, I let the child be.

Emperor (*laying his hand on his bosom*). I can feel for you.

Bear. But to speak about yourself. Ar'n't you afraid to come where the newspapers have made your reputation so well known?

Emperor (*significantly touching his pockets*). Not in the least.

Bear. The folks here know all about your doings at Warsaw.

Emperor. What of that! I shall give an order for a gold service—and buy some jewellery, too—at STORR AND MORTIMER'S.

Bear. They know, too, of the Poles—whose patriotism was their guilt—whom you have sent to Siberia!

Emperor. Very well. I shall subscribe five hundred pounds for a yearly cup at Ascot, and the mob there will cheer me—and fling up their caps—and want to hug me in their arms for the dearest, the sweetest, of emperors—a piece of legitimate anatomy, filled with ichor; with no stain, no rank odour of blood upon me. I know JOHN BULL; he blusters well enough; but he'd bear strokes with a lacquered, shining face, from the knout itself, if it were only made of gold.

Bear. NICK, you know a thing or two.

Emperor. And so, you see, I shall give some money for an annual piece of plate to be raced for. And after that to talk of the Poles! Pooh! JOHN BULL at such a time doats too much upon horse-flesh to think of the flesh of a few thousands of men, women, and children.

Bear. Nevertheless, your character is in such bad odour with these English——

Emperor. Nonsense! you are over-anxious for me. I know them. They abuse me when I'm at St. Petersburgh, but they love rank too well when it comes to them to question its little failings. If the Prince of Darkness himself were to come *as a Prince*, there are plenty of people here—high ones, too—to cheer him for his horns and tail.

Bear. Well, NICHOLAS, your reception will go far to test that fact.

Emperor. And then when JOHN BULL would act meanly, inconsistently, he can always lay his hand upon a pet virtue to cloak himself with. Thus, he will feast me, and hurrah to me, and swear that he is only civil from his excessive hospitality. But then JOHN knows I'm rich—immensely rich; and with all his far-seeing, telescopic philosophy, he can see no spots in a golden sun; no, but Christian as he is, worships it like any Persian. And then, because I'm an emperor, I shall be feasted by Whigs and Tories; and men who abuse me in Parliament, will, if I vouchsafe so much, kiss my hand—yes, my felon hand, branded by Lucifer with "POLAND."

Bear. I hope you may find it so. By the way, too, it happens very unluckily that they're going to give a ball to the Poles.

Emperor. Not at all—it all makes for my game. I shall talk to the Lady Patronesses, and offer to give them any money for their very benevolent purpose. And then I shall be praised for my forbearance—my humanity.

Bear. Very likely. Just as if a man, who had set fire to his neighbour's house—killed his wife and children—stolen his goods, and left him naked in the highway,—should, touched by sudden humanity, magnanimously bestow upon the wretch a pair of garters.

Emperor. Exactly.

Bear. Nevertheless, there is this untoward matter to get over. You talk about going amongst the lady aristocracy of England—the lovely, the refined, the tender. How will you get out of that very black business—the flogging of Polish women!

Emperor. Nothing more easy. I shall bow and smile at the Opera.

And here ended the talk between NICHOLAS and the Bear.

Fine Arts.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—*West, Theatrical Print-Seller, London.*

THIS picture is interesting, less as a specimen of art, than as an historical portrait, which will hand down the true character of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE to posterity more faithfully than could be done by the pen of the historian.

This amiable PRINCE is represented in the costume of a French Corsair—carrying out the principles of his own pamphlet, by that happy union of fire and sword, bombs and bombast, which are so congenial to his happy disposition. There is not the smallest doubt that the PRINCE looks at his profession with the eye of an artist—a dramatic artist we mean—and that in talking of an action he would be prepared to go heart and soul into those little bits of valour—such as bullying a prisoner, or knocking down a defenceless marine—which, with a naval hornpipe thrown in to impart a certain degree of lightness, may be regarded as the chief points in the composition of a stage seaman.

The whole bearing of the portrait is valorous in the extreme. The determined cocking of the pistol and the eye at the same moment; the firmness of the position; the unflinching sternness of the brow; are all truly characteristic when taken in conjunction with the fact that if the PRINCE were to look round him in all directions he could not catch a glimpse of an enemy.

"BROTHER, BROTHER, WE 'RE BOTH IN THE WRONG!"

THE LAY OF THE LAST COACHMEN,

A Dramatic Eclogue,

AFTER THE MANNER OF VIRGIL.

TIME—ANNO DOMINI, 1901.

Enter TWO ANCIENT COACHMEN, *in the costume of Shepherds, followed by their flocks.*

WIGGINS *loquitur.*

THRICE happy swain! whose aged hands enfold
Thy woolly flocks, as in the days of old!
While I—though now the herdsman of these sheep,
Was one time wont with bit and rein to keep
In measured pace the tricks and antics wild
Of the fierce steed—to *me* a playful child!—
But I digress—my words and fancy chime.
Fine morning! swain! pray tell us what's the time.

BUGGINS.

Mistaken shepherd! (True, the day is fine,
And Hampstead clock proclaims 'tis half-past nine.)
But list to me, and on my person look,
Nor deem me rustic, though I bear this crook.
My name is BUGGINS!—on the Queen's high-road
I held the ribbons and I plied the goad.

WIGGINS.

Unhappy swain! one half my trouble's gone,
To find I'm not in the wide world alone.
Say, shall we roam these furze-bespangled hills,
Together muse upon our common ills;
Together tend our soft, tick-bitten flocks,
And tell our sorrows to the list'ning rocks?

BUGGINS.

Done! MR. THINGUMBOB—and I'm your man;
We'll roam these dales, and share one flowing can,
One pot, one pipe, one bacca' box, one flock,
One crook, of mutton and of wool one stock.

WIGGINS.

List, "Gentle Shepherd!"—o'er the Hampstead hills
The milkmaid's voice, in lying numbers thrills,
Proclaims the produce of the dangling dug,
While chalk and water mingle in the mug;—
And see, now scampering on his hairbrain'd way,
The butcher's youth sustains th' ensanguin'd tray;
While, round us scatter'd, the short herbage crop

Our milk-white ewes, ambitious of the shop.
Then let us sing the progress of our lives,
While each for victory in numbers strives,
"In strains alternate let our measures move,
For strains alternate do the Muses love!"

BUGGINS.

Mellifluous swain! what an immortal plot!
I say, "Agreed"—but don't you find it hot?
What shall we have?

WIGGINS.

Well! I don't care!—A pot!

BUGGINS.

Done!—but we need a witness of our rhymes,—
And see! the landlord of the "Fleece" betimes!
Neighbour! we sing the sorrows of our youth,
And strive for victory in rhyme and truth,—
Say, Boniface! wilt thou, then, stand our friend,
And serve the liquor, when our strife shall end?

BONIFACE.

With pleasure, swains, but let your song be short,
For then the sooner shall we sip the quart.

BUGGINS.

Ye little robins, and ye sparrows brown,
Come list to me, and "leave the flaunting town!"
Ye Hampstead donkeys! be it yours to learn
The bitter pangs that in my bosom burn!

WIGGINS.

Assist me, Muse! like Orpheus of yore,
The doleful wailings of my heart to pour!
List to my strain, ye sheep, and ye, oh rills,
Suspend your course to hear my mighty ills!

BUGGINS.

Proud was this heart, when damsels came in flocks,
To gaze at BUGGINS on the lofty box;
And sweet the moment, when I chanc'd to spy
A village maiden wink with lovelorn eye!

WIGGINS.

Fair AMARYLLIS and DORINDA sweet
Look'd on with love, when I drove down the street;
And beauteous CHLOE my affections sought,
Who dwelt with DAPHNE in St. Martin's Court.

BUGGINS.

Thrice blessed steeds! who on the well-known stand,
Mumbled your nosebags in the muddy Strand!
But 'busses came, those visions to destroy:
"Ah! happy days! once more who would not be a boy!"

WIGGINS.

How like a dream the railroad carriage rose,
The fairy reckonings of my books to close;—
How like a dream, we gently died away!
The four-in-hand became a two-horse shay!

BUGGINS.

Enough! sweet WIGGINS! let us leave the world,
Nor mind its proud lip in derision curl'd;
Above its scorn, and its contempt beneath,
We 'll hire yon cot, and roam this lonely heath!

WIGGINS.

Done! gentle BUGGINS! so we 'll smile at Fate,
And, swan-like, sing, while Death is at the gate,—
No more for steam we 'll care one brazen button;
While men have mouths, they always *will* have mutton!!

BONIFACE.

Cease! tuneful swains! your landlord bids you cease!
And let us wander to the "Golden Fleece!"
I cannot tell—so well each play'd his part—
Who 'tis has won, or who has lost the quart;—
We 'll draw the stout, and when the first is done,
A second quart perhaps may be begun.
Thus both will win and both will lose the day,
And both their tribute to the Muse will pay.

THE SLIGHTS OF SAXONY.

We are very much afraid that Saxony is being snubbed on account of the presence of Russia, who appears to have completely put out of joint the most prominent feature in the Saxon Monarch's countenance. To re-set the royal nose would be to *Punch* a most delightful task, could he only accomplish it. Russia is invited to breakfast everywhere, though he can't go, while Saxony, who would only be "too happy," is asked nowhere. We regard this treatment as very unfair towards one, who, though only "a third-rate power," is a very gentlemanly fellow—a character we have always heard of the snubbed, but good-humoured, Saxony. When he visited West Cowes, three of the royal carriages were in attendance upon him; but when the rumour of Russia's arrival was spread, nobody seemed to care what became of Saxony, who found himself at Southampton, reduced to a common fly for the conveyance of his *suite*—his luggage being actually taken by hand from the steam-boat. How the *suite* that had occupied three carriages at West Cowes, contrived to cram themselves into one fly at Southampton, is more than we can understand. The treatment, altogether, that Saxony has received, appears to us to be very ungenerous. It is fortunate for us he is only a third-rate power, or we might "hear of it" in an awkward way at some future period.

ON THE

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THORWALSDEN'S STATUE OF BYRON

FROM THE CELLAR OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

Thorwalsden's work has disappeared,
Where could the sculptur'd Byron go?
The Custom House at length is clear'd,
The statue 's not in *statu quo*.

Perchance the treatment it had met,
Down in a cellar rudely thrown—
(Such treatment genius ne'er had yet!)
At last has moved the very stone.

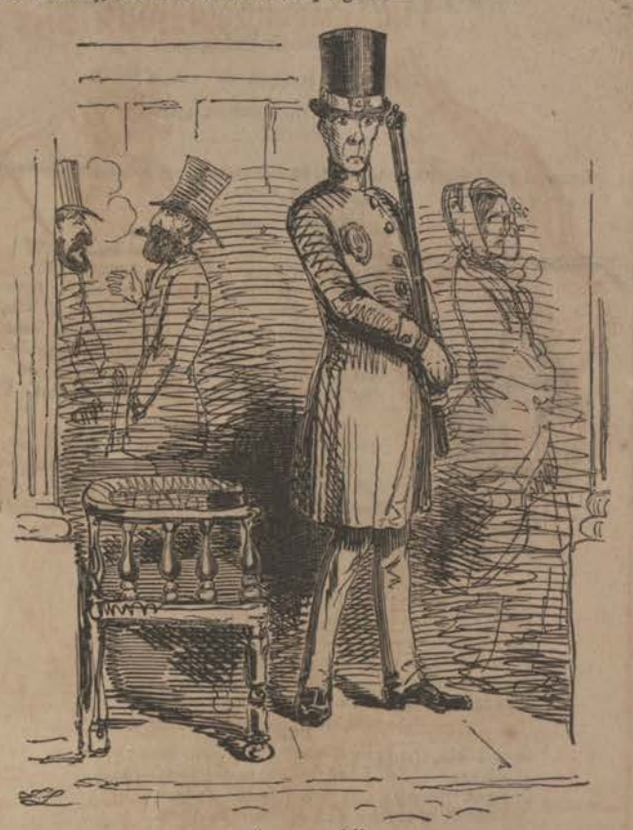
ENGLAND AND HER BEADLES.

THE BEADLES OF THE QUADRANT.

Though the Quadrant Beadlery is a comparatively recent institution—though the tip of the staff is not hallowed by the rust of time—though the Beadle's power cannot boast of that antiquity which is supposed, like the highness in the game, the decay in the Cheshire cheese, or the ripeness in the Stilton, to make it all the richer and better—though the Beadle's chair has not yet arrived at that palmy state of rickets and craziness which, as indications of age, are presumed to give solidity,—in spite of all this, the Beadles of the Quadrant—we say Beadles in the plural, or rather the dual, for there are two—in spite of all this, we repeat, the Beadles of the Quadrant are very fair average Beadles in the long-run, and they are by no means a disgrace to the order they have been lately added to.

How the Quadrant, which had been, from the time of its first construction, under no regular government, came to assume the shape of a duarchy, would form an interesting nut for the application of the crackers of research by the modern antiquarian. To ourselves we confess it is a regular cocoa-nut, too large to be cracked off-hand by the mere force of jaw, and not worth the trouble of hammering away at with the mallet of perseverance. We therefore cease to ask how the Beadles came to be Beadles, satisfied with the fact that Beadles they are, and as Beadles we have a right to deal with them.

There has been a great deal said recently in Parliament and in the Press about Young England, and there can be very little doubt that this "Young England" spirit is to be found more or less in all our institutions. Young England is not the only symptom of the new generation, as depicted by Mr. D'Israeli in his lately-published novel of *Coningsby*. No! We have Young Beadle as well as Young England, and we have no hesitation in pointing to the Quadrant as the spot in which Young Beadle is about to develope himself. There is the same mixture of old forms with new ideas; the same regard to personal dignity, blended with a condescending courtesy of demeanour; the same love of fixed institutions (the Beadle's chair is chained to the column), added to a desire for progress—



"Move on!"

is ever the Beadle's cry—all these ideas, or entities, are, we repeat, the same in Young Beadle as they are in Young England, and the union of notions gives to the mind at once a picture and a parallel.

Having looked at the Quadrant Beadle in a constitutional light, let us take a glance at him—or a squint at the pair—in a social point of vision. The very publicity of his position will prevent Young Beadle from abusing his power, as it also discourages his temporary subjects—his dominions extend from Glasshouse Street to the County Fire—from resisting it. If actual service were needed from either of these Beadles, we say it most advisedly, that we doubt their nerve. We believe them to be constitutionally timid, and useful only so far as their uniform and staff are calculated to inspire terror in the minds of the refractory. Perhaps, however, the Quadrant Beadles, on the principle of two negatives having the force of an affirmative, may be said to be powerful from the fact of their duplicity.

The Beadles are elected by a body, of whom a woollen-draper in the neighbourhood is said to be the leader, and as it is a dealer in Saxony broad cloth who has virtually the power to elect, the Beadles may be said to be under vassalage to the Elector of Saxony. As it is a rare, and must be an interesting sight to see a Beadle unbeadled, we recommend the public to watch the Quadrant at about five in the afternoon, when one of the Beadles may be seen at his tea, throwing aside for a time the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious Beadledom,"

his mind no longer immersed in the cares of office, but his nose immersed in a pint of that salubrious decoction of four-and-ninepenny-mixed, which is strongly recommended to families.

Pictorial Mediators.

When the French do a good thing, we at least have the sound taste sometimes to copy them. It is said that the court of the Tuilleries sent over Horace Vernet, the painter, to bring about a reconciliation between Nicholas and Louis Philippe. Taking the hint, we are informed that Her Majesty intends to despatch Maclise to Morocco to negotiate a peace between the African Emperor and the King of the French.

THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

So the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS has subscribed 500 guineas yearly for the purchase of a piece of plate, to be run for at Ascot races. Well; this is handsome, certainly. England will be the richer by plate to the value of 500 guineas per annum at the expense of NICHOLAS. The Autocrat has come down gallantly. It was politically done. Henceforward let not a whisper be breathed against him. Surely a donation of 500 guineas annually is an all-redeeming act of virtue. We would canonise a Nero on the strength of it.

Of course, the plate will have to be designed; and, as necessarily, the design will be a matter of competition. Under these circumstances, *Punch*, who would have no objection to receive a couple of hundreds or so for an idea, has set to work and devised a cup, which he proposes as the prize to be provided by the Emperor.

Though a 500 guinea cup should, one might think, be composed entirely of pure gold, yet *Punch* would have this slightly alloyed with silver, as well to render it the more durable, as in regard, for an obvious reason, to the mines of Siberia.

The utensil is to be supported on a skull; and its stem to be decorated with carvings or small models of the knout; the same being emblematical of the foun dations of despotic government.

The sides of the cup to be garnished with festoons of fetters; ornaments which may be regarded as the insignia of Autocracy.

On its sides various devices are to be engraven in *bas-relief;* one compartment to contain a group of exiles, driven by the bayonets of soldiers to Siberia; the gold of the back ground being *frosted*, for the better indication of the locality. On another are to be delineated young dress-makers and servants, undergoing corporal punishment. A third is to exhibit a *tableau* of houses dilapidated or burning, with peasantry, women, and children, running away under a charge of cavalry. A fourth, the deportation of a Jewish community, some in a state of semi-nudity, others characteristically attired in old clothes. The whole to typify the social and political phenomena of Muscovite life.

The handles of the cup to consist of female forms in Polish attire, weeping into the bowl; females, Polish or otherwise, being very apt to weep when they are bereaved or turned out of doors; and especially if they are whipped into the bargain.

Hurrah for NICHOLAS! He is an Emperor worth more than five hundred sovereigns—a year to us. He has given a very splendid cup to JOHN BULL, who, of course, will "bury all unkindness" in it.

A LITTLE BILL.

(For the accommodation of anti-Gambling Legislators.)

"**Whereas**, an Act for the Prevention and Suppression of Gambling hath been already for some time in operation, and hath lately been successfully acted on, to the downfall of thimbleriggers and the discomfiture of Art Unions, by means whereof a great many fools, who would otherwise have parted with their money, have been caused to retain the same in their pockets, or peradventure to spend it in something like a sensible way:

And whereas it is expedient that all manner of gambling, of what name and description soever, be utterly and entirely suppressed, prevented, and abolished:

And further, whereas divers and sundry subjects of Her most gracious Majesty VICTORIA, being seised and possessed of wealth or of title, or of both, do notoriously waste the one and disgrace the other by various acts and proceedings which are plainly and confessedly neither more nor less than downright gambling at the very best, and do in many cases involve extensive cheating and scoundrelism into the bargain:

Be it Enacted, for the self-preservation of fools of distinction, the protection of their wives and families, the better security of their estates from mortgage, and of their goods and chattels from Jews and Sheriffs' officers; also for the encouragement of the breed of horses, and the extinction of that of black-legs and other swindlers, That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall be lawful for no manner of person or persons, under any pretence whatsoever, to play any game of chance or hazard; whether with cards, dice, dominoes, counters, pieces, or any sort or description of implements, for money or goods: And be it enacted, That no person or persons shall stake or venture any sum of money, or any amount of goods or property, on any stand, race-course, in any betting-room, or other place, on any horse, mare, colt, pony, mule, ass, or any other beast or animal: And whereas certain persons, subjects of Her said Majesty, do sometimes unlawfully meet together, and contend with their fists, till one, by reason of his wounds and bruises, shall confess himself beaten, or do struggle for the mastery in running, leaping, wrestling, or other feats of strength and agility, or in the shooting of certain fowl denominated pigeons and sparrows: **Be it Enacted**, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to lay, with respect to the issue of such contention, struggle, or competition, any sort or kind of wager: And further, whereas other certain persons, also subjects of Her aforesaid Majesty, do, at the Stock Exchange and elsewhere, venture and hazard enormous sums in divers and sundry speculations, by means whereof they, with their wives, families, and dependents, are oftentimes reduced to beggary in one moment: **Be it Enacted**, That no person or persons shall be suffered so to hazard and venture any sum of money, except by way of lawful investment; for which provision shall be made hereafter: And lastly, **Be it Enacted**, That any person or persons offending against any of the provisions of the above Act, shall incur and be liable to the pains and penalties of gambling."

Punch is sorry to deprive any nobleman or gentleman of innocent recreation; but the legislature, which would restrain the immorality of the poor, should be equally considerate with regard to the rich.

Joining Issue.

THE French papers are continually complaining that England never makes any advances to France. Now we contend that the very fact of the Dover pier being carried out further into the sea every year, is a proof to the contrary, and shows most forcibly that England is willing to meet France at least half-way. Let France on its side only do the same from Calais, and the Straits that at present divide the two countries will be most practically removed, and the union between them cemented in a most literal, and, if the sea will allow it, a most permanent manner.

SIR R. PEEL AT THE REVIEW.

It was the general remark at the Windsor Review, that SIR ROBERT PEEL, the only individual out of uniform, pranced about considerably in advance of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the other royal personages—as much as to say, "Look at me, I take the lead in everything." Whether it was, that the military array frightened the Premier's horse, or that the Premier desired to keep at a respectful distance from the drawn swords of some of the staff, certain it is, that he cantered on first amid the suppressed titter of the soldiers, and to the utter amazement of the lookers-on among the public. SIR ROBERT, as everybody knows, likes to ride the high horse when he can, and it is a complaint with some of his old Tory allies that he is going on rather too fast—a charge which he was certainly liable to, on the day when he most uncourteously preceded two crowned heads during the review at Windsor.

PUNCH AND MR. GEORGE JONES.

ALL our readers must recollect a letter of MR. GEORGE JONES published in *Punch*. MR. JONES, at a meeting of the members of the British and Foreign Institute, has declared that letter to be a forgery. The signature, nevertheless, he avows to be a *fac-simile* of his own. We shall do all in our power to test the authenticity of the document, and, therefore, inform MR. JONES, and all whom it may concern, what we have already done, and what we further propose to do.

Ere this sheet shall greet the eyes of the world, the letter to *Punch*, signed GEORGE JONES, will have been lithographed, and a copy of the document despatched to every member of the British and Foreign Institute. By this means the envious will be enabled to observe if the signature of MR. GEORGE JONES, (*which he acknowledges*), and the body of his epistle, be *of one and the same character*.

We shall furthermore cause the original document to be framed and glazed at our printing-office, for the satisfaction of the empire at large, and of MR. JONES in particular.

Forgery is a grave charge; and if, in proving our guiltlessness of such enormity, or even of our careless participation in the fault of others, we use very straightforward measures painful to MR. JONES, however we may lament the cause, we cannot help it. As *Punch's* old friend *Cardinal Wolsey* says—

"'Tis the rough brake that virtue must go through."

The cause is now PUNCH *versus* GEORGE JONES; and heaven send the innocent "a good deliverance."

PATRIOTIC TOASTS FOR PAROCHIAL DINNERS.

THE Parish! and may it never forget that the battle of civilisation is to be fought with the beadle's staff rather than with the musket.

The Reform Committee for parochial purposes! and may it ever maintain the glorious principles that first seated it on the benches of the tap-room at the Pig and Pencil Case.

The Churchwardens! and may they ever bear in mind the fate of HAMPDEN, who fell in the field; nor cease to remember, while repairing the Church, that SYDNEY died on the scaffold.

The Rate-payers in general, and those patriots who won't pay the rates in particular!

CONSOLATION UNDER AFFLICTION.

WE never knew what really was "the comfort of knowing the worst," till it was announced that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had come over, and would only stop a week.

The London Clocks.

OUR Marylebone Correspondent writes us, that the Church Clock in the New Road is still in a very unsatisfactory state, and the unhappy time-piece is said to be going fast. The pendulum, which ought to be at sixty, is at nearly seventy, and the wind-up is despairingly looked forward to.

EXTREME SENSITIVENESS.

THE Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has just completed the fourth volume of its "Biographical Dictionary," which ends with A S S. SIBTHORPE declares this is grossly personal.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844.

CARTOON FOR THE MERCHANT TAILORS.

MOSES AND SON ATTIRING YOUNG ENGLAND.

THE novel of Coningsby clearly discloses
The pride of the world are the children of MOSES.
Mosaic, the bankers—the soldiers, the sailors,
The statesmen—and so, by-the-by, are the tailors.
Mosaic, the gold—that is worthless and hollow;
Mosaic, the people—the bailiffs that follow.
The new generation—the party that claim
To take to themselves of Young England the name;
In spite of their waistcoats much whiter than snow,
It seems after all are the tribe of Old Clo!
Then where in the world can Young England repair
To purchase the garments it wishes to wear—
Unless to that mart whose success but discloses
The folly of man, and the cunning of MOSES?

"OUR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS."

REEMEN! one of the toasts proposed the other evening at the Conservative Dinner, at Covent Garden, was Our Ancient Institutions. *Punch* very much questions if those who drank it knew what they were drinking. By this, he means no insinuation against the wine; although he will confess, for himself, that he never dined at a public dinner yet at which he did not wonder what the Port and Sherry were made of. He would only ask whether, when Our Ancient Institutions were drunk, the company had any idea of what they swallowed? Because, if not, he begs to tell them, and, in case they are jolly fellows, the information may be worth having, that the said toast might be very advantageously subdivided into several others, which, celebrated with a bumper each, would go far to make any gentleman comfortable. He will just mention a few:—

"The Forest Laws."

"The Feudal System; with the Power of Pit and Gallows."

"Trial by Battle and Ordeal;" which last toast might be coupled with "Speed the hot Ploughshare."

"The Application of Dental Surgery, for the increase of the Crown Revenues, to Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion."

"The Statute De Hæretico Comburendo."

"Ditto, against Witchcraft."

"The Star-Chamber."

"The 'Peine Forte et Dure;' and Examination by Torture."

"Hanging, Drawing, and Quartering."

"The Penal Laws, with the Test and Corporation Acts."

"The good old Criminal Code, with its Punishment of Death for stealing a Yard of Muslin."

In connexion with the above, various accessory Toasts, emblematical of the wisdom and goodness of our Ancestors, so evinced in their Institutions, might be proposed; as, "The Rack," "The Thumb-screws," and "The Scavenger's Daughter."

A BISHOP "WITHOUT A SEAT!"

WE do not often weep; no, we have seen too much of this hard-grained life to go through the world like a watering-pot; nevertheless, we should hold the heart within us to be no more than a vile, torpid toad, did it not sometimes melt, and gush out at our eyes. Well!—the BISHOP OF LONDON has drawn sympathising water from us. In the late debate on the proposed union of the Sees of Bangor and St. Asaph, there was some talk about that embryo bishop, the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, which good MOTHER CHURCH is some day to produce. "But," cried the BISHOP OF LONDON, "what is to become of the Prelate, without a seat in the HOUSE OF LORDS?" And then did our dear Brother, JOHN of LONDON, touchingly paint the forlorn condition, with no resting-place in the Upper House of Parliament. Truly, we were melted. A Bishop without a seat! Well, we have seen many cases of human destitution, but——a Bishop without a seat!

Indeed, we were so affected by the arguments of the BISHOP OF LONDON—so convinced of the vital connexion between the Church and the seats of her Bishops—of senatorial dignity and Christian faith,—that we almost questioned whether the Founder of that Faith was really born in a stable at Bethlehem, or in the Roman Forum.

THE EMPEROR'S HARD LYING.

VULGAR people have, it seems, a very erroneous notion of the luxurious repose of crowned heads. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, it appears from the papers, on his voyage to Rotterdam, slept upon a truss of straw covered with leather. It is, doubtless, from this imperial love of a hard couch—and from no other motive—that the Emperor has awarded to so many of the Poles, a bed of thorns!

WANTED A PLACE AS GOVERNOR OR AMBASSADOR.

MINISTERS, we say it to their shame, can never read the papers, otherwise they certainly would notice the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY'S frequent advertisements for a place of *any* kind. It was only at the last Merchant Tailors' dinner that that nobleman, quoting the late devotion of SIR HENRY HARDINGE, said he was quite ready, at a minute's notice, to follow his example. Can nothing be done for the MARQUESS, at the present moment, in Morocco?

PROTECTION OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.

IT appears that electrical rods have been placed from the base to the summit of the DUKE OF YORK'S Pillar, to bring down the lightning. When—ask certain creditors—is it intended on the part of his Royal Highness to *bring down the dust?*

THE GOOD EMPEROR.

Tho' shouts were rais'd for NICHOLAS, yet some
would raise a doubt,
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for
knout!

A FAIR DEDUCTION.

BROUGHAM was the other night making a violent attack in the Peers on the Swan of Avon, and one of the arguments of the noble Lord was this:—"SHAKSPEARE must be an immoral writer, inasmuch as it has actually been found necessary to advertise a 'FAMILY SHAKSPEARE.'" What, then, is the inference to be drawn from the fact that repeated advertisements are to be seen of "FAMILY BROUGHAMS!"

THE "INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS" TO PUNCH.

FROM two of the "Industrious Fleas" *Punch* has received a very touching note—a note, as he conceives, of very just complaint. It is as follows :—

"MR. PUNCH.—Many of the public who have visited us, have been loud in their talk touching a certain dwarf known as TOM THUMB, who, on the score of his exceeding littleness, has been very much petted by Her Majesty and the Royal Family ; giving great delight to them by his imitations of the Emperor Napoleon. The force of contrast was, of course, the great charm of such mimicry ; that anything so ridiculously small should imitate such royal greatness, was the fun of the thing, and nothing more.

"Now, MR. PUNCH, is the QUEEN ignorant of the fact that she has among her subjects, industrious Fleas ! Is she not aware that, for years past,—a fact constantly published to the out-door world by pictorial placards,—two of us have imitated not only NAPOLEON, but NAPOLEON'S charger ! And if diminutiveness is to be a passport to the palace, surely myself and friend have a more legitimate right to the *entrée* even than TOM THUMB. Besides, we have other claims.

"We were both of us for some time, as they say in the *Court Circular*, 'about the person' of the Emperor at St. Helena ; whence, after many adventures, we were brought to England in the blankets of SIR HUDSON LOWE, and were ultimately disposed of for sixpence each, on account of our size and intelligence, to our present proprietor.

"As we have heard that Her Majesty is a constant and improving reader of *Punch*, we have written to you that our complaint may meet the royal eye ; and to state that, being infinitely smaller things than TOM THUMB, we, the Industrious Fleas, shall be happy as NAPOLEON and his Horse to have a night with the Royal Family.

"Awaiting their commands,

"We loyally remain,

"THE NAPOLEON FLEA AND HIS CHARGER."

APPROACHING EXHIBITION AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made for the opening of the Exhibition of Statuary, &c., at Westminster Hall, and several cart-loads of masonry have been conveyed thither to the immense astonishment of the legal functionaries, who imagined that the tremendous packages done up in brown Holland were articles to be "put in," as the legal phrase goes, as proofs of something or other in some of the causes being tried at the Sittings. We caught a glimpse of the helmet of BRITANNIA protruding from a very large brown pinafore, and we fancied we recognised the nose of JANE SHORE peeping from beneath a sheet,—which, by-the-bye, it may be intended she should wear during the exhibition, in order to keep her in strict accordance with history. HENRY THE EIGHTH was done up in brown paper, and arrived most ignobly by the Parcels Delivery ; while, to add to the awful desecration, there was a row between the company's cad and the door-keeper of the Hall about the payment of the carriage. RUFUS was conveyed in a hamper with no top to it, while WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR came in a complete suit of haybands.

Russia's Tribute to Nelson.

NICHOLAS has left £500 towards the completion of the Nelson column. We understand that a petition has been presented from the Greenwich Pensioners, praying that the money shall be returned ; or if not, that it shall be appropriately distributed among the convicts of Woolwich, giving the highest share to the most notorious footpads, burglars, and child-stealers.

Claude Duval Rivalled.

THERE is a story of that gallant highwayman, CLAUDE DUVAL, that, having stopped a gentleman and his wife upon the road, and robbed them of everything, he afterwards in the most charming and fascinating way, treated them to a tune on his fiddle, on which, says history, he was an expert performer ! The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, ere he offered a subscription to the Polish Ball, had doubtless heard of this story. Having stripped his victims of possessions, home, and country,—he had still no objection to stand a little music.

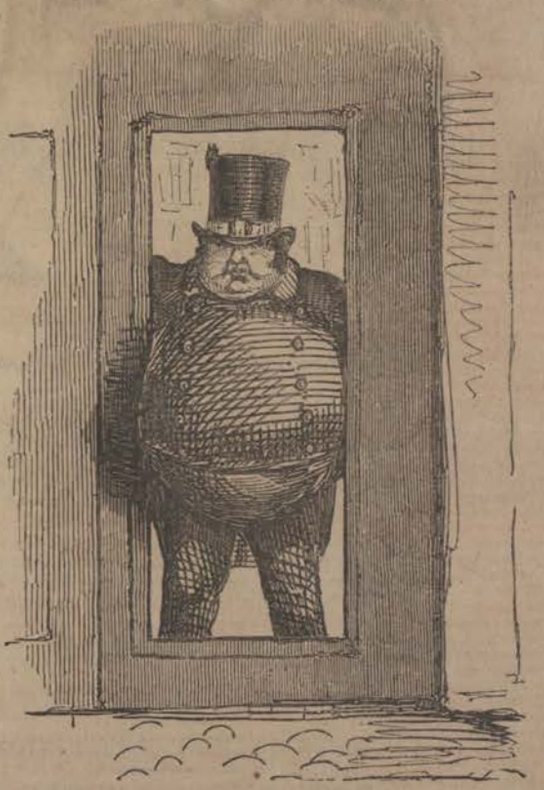
A HOME-SECRETARY OF "LETTERS."

WE beg leave—on the part of SIR JAMES GRAHAM—to inform the public, and all parties who, since the Secretary's appointment to office, have failed to receive post-letters directed to them, that such letters are, at this moment, in the Home-Office. If they have been delayed until now, it is because of the pressing avocations of the Right Hon. Secretary ; SIR JAMES will, however, cause all the letters to be posted directly he shall have read them.

N.B.—A few good hands wanted who can open letters with secrecy and despatch. Persons who have studied FOUCHÉ's plan will be preferred. Apply at the Home-Office.

ENGLAND AND HER BEADLES.

THE BEADLE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



As in the English army there are Lieutenant-Majors and full Majors, so in the English beadlery are there Lieutenant-Beadles and full Beadles, of which latter class the Beadle of the British Museum is a prize specimen. We have contemplated Beadledom under its different aspects, but we hardly know in what light we ought to regard the official who presides over the court yard—we had almost said the destinies of this greatest national collection. The powers of this beadle appear to embrace the right of search, and a species of inquisitorial vigilance, forcibly bringing to mind the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition in the very centre of Great Russell-street. He is empowered to seize sticks and umbrellas, with a rapacious hand, from persons going in, and to search pockets, reticules, or muffs, of persons going out, lest any of them should be attempting to carry off the Elgin marbles, the celebrated Siamese stopper, the fossil flea, or any other of the precious relics which enrich this glorious piece of Inigo-Jonesian architecture. What INIGO JONES did for doors, WREN did for windows, and BARRY has subsequently done for chimney-pots. But we are forgetting the Beadle : on the whole he exercises his great power with firmness (towards boys), tempered by discretion (towards grown-up people). He makes it, we believe, his boast, that during all the exciting period of the Easter Monday of '42, he did not allow one umbrella to escape his eye, nor one boy in a pinafore to obtain admission.

JOHN BULL RINGED BY RUSSIA.

FROM the quantity of jewellery given away by NICHOLAS on his late visit, it is evident that he thinks the surest way to lead JOHN BULL by the nose, is to put a diamond ring in it.

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